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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXI

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

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AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XXXII

327

CONCORD, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1902

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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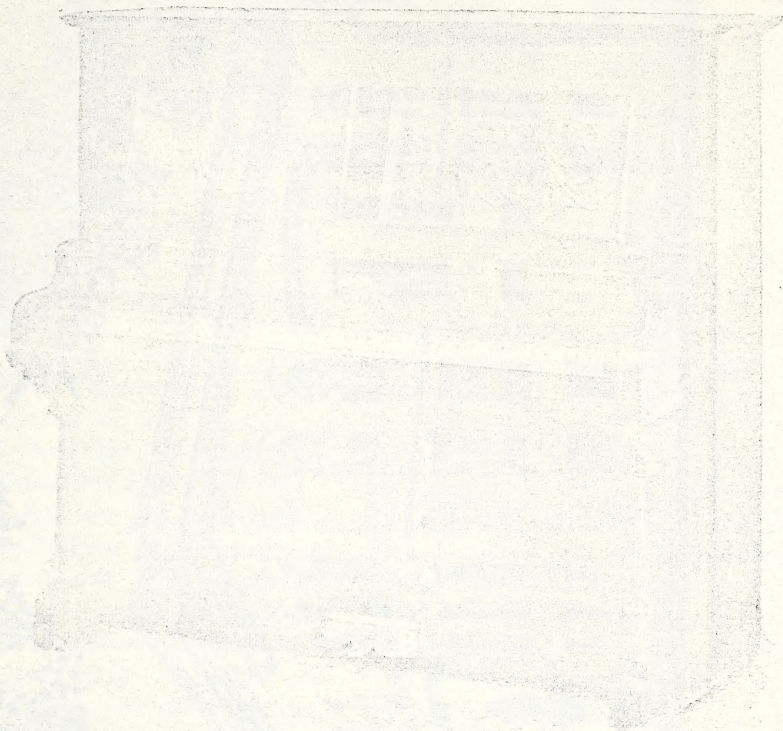
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CONCORD N.H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

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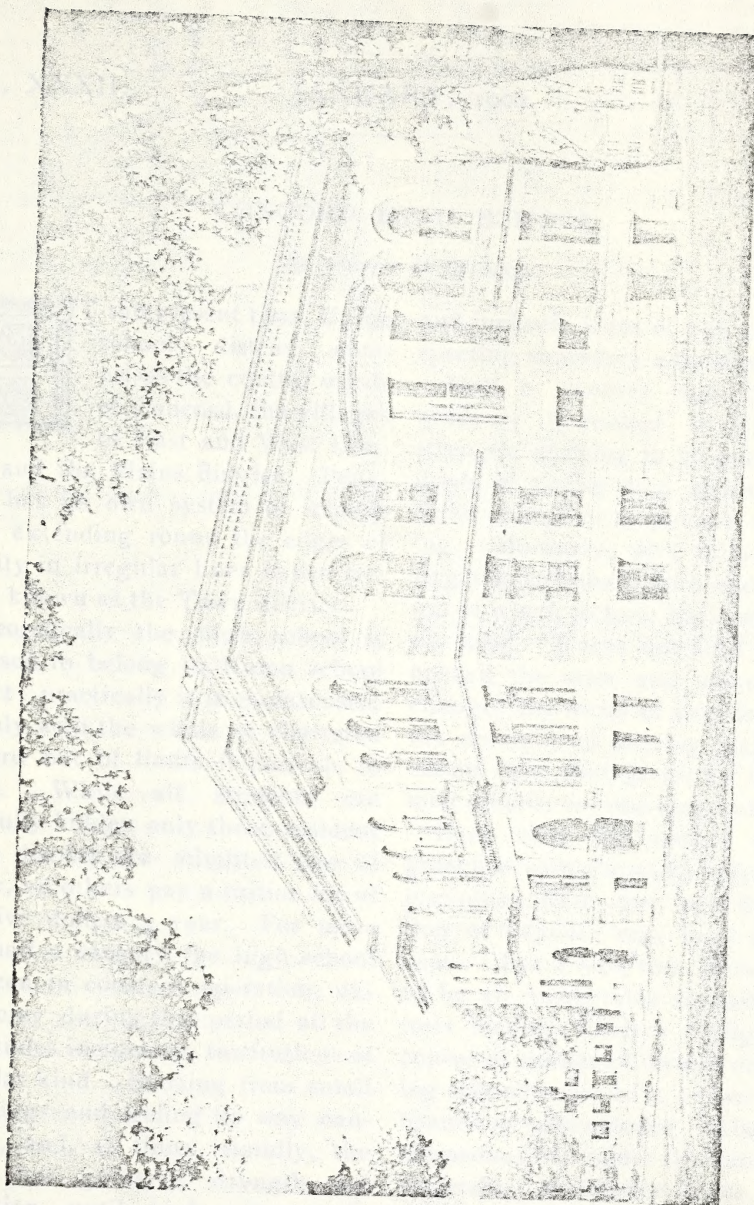
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY



CONCORD HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXII.

JANUARY, 1902.

No. 1.

CONCORD HIGH SCHOOL.

By Charles R. Corning.

AT the present time, Union school district comprises the central wards of Concord, the villages of East and West Concord and the Plains district. Penacook has its own system of schools while extending round the edges of the city in irregular lines is the territory known as the Town district.

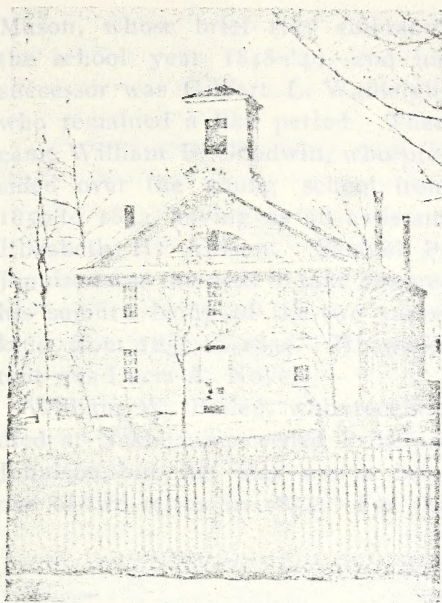
Theoretically the high school is supposed to belong to Union school district; practically it is co-extensive not only with the whole of chartered Concord but of limits impossible to define. While all students are cheerfully bidden only those resident in the district are admitted free of charge, all others pay a tuition fee of forty-five dollars a year. For more than half a century the high school has been in constant operation, experiencing during that period all the vicissitudes incident to institutions of a similar kind. Starting from small beginnings and feeling its way cautiously, and, at times, timidly, the school has gathered strength and reputation until to-day it stands prominent among the best public schools in New England.

In tracing the history of this school it must be borne in mind that its early years run counter to the fixed

and inelastic ideas of our citizens respecting secondary education.

Half a century ago the town academy flourished in vigor and strength, drawing to its portals hundreds of young men and women to fit for college or to prepare for teaching. Moreover, save in few of the larger towns, the wealth and material out of which to form high schools did not exist. It was not until railroads opened the state and manufactories changed the trend of population that the necessity of offering higher education than that given by the common schools became manifest.

Even then the project was approached with uncertain steps for the prejudices were deep and the question of expense was hard to overcome. For a long time there seemed to be an insuperable obstacle to efforts looking toward enlarging the course of studies or toward constructing schoolhouses with a view to their beauty or convenience. About 1840 Massachusetts, under the intellectual leadership of Horace Mann, blazed the way and solved the doubts. In 1845 our legislature advanced the cause of education by passing the High School act, and three years later it supplemented its good work by passing the well-known Somers-



Second High School Building.

Built in 1847. Torn down in 1893.

worth act. Here was an opportunity certain to promote higher education and Concord was gradually persuaded to take advantage of its provisions.

The opening of the Concord railroad soon followed by the opening of the Northern railroad brought a swift change over matters educational. The village soon grew into a smart and enterprising town, and the schools soon felt the tide of progress.

Several meetings called for the purpose of consolidating districts 9, 10, and 11 were held and discussions took a wide range. The situation, plain enough to those having school privileges near to their hearts, was otherwise with the class that measured all things by dollars and cents, therefore these meetings brought about no immediate result. But District 10, comprising the central portion of the town, was bound to include

a high school in its precincts, notwithstanding the refusal of the adjacent districts to join in the project.

Consequently that district voted to build a brick schoolhouse on the spot occupied by the famous old Bell building whose wooden walls were put to rest in another part of the city. This was in 1846-'47. The structure



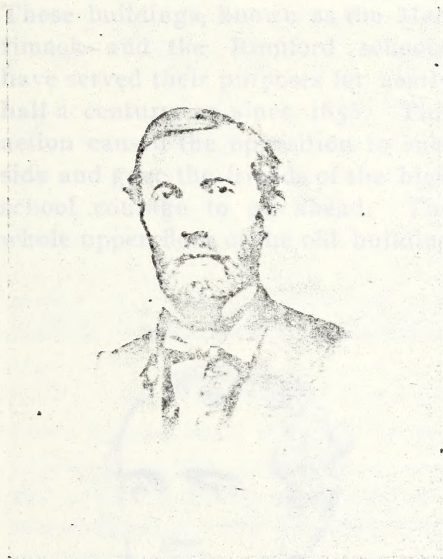
Third High School Building.

Built in 1864. Destroyed by fire April 25, 1888.

replacing it was two stories high surmounted by a cupola and bell, the ground floor being divided into three rooms assigned to primary and intermediate grades, and the second floor into two large assembly rooms and two recitation rooms. The rooms at the east end were used by the grammar scholars, while those at the west were given to the students of the high school. That, then, was historically the beginning of the Concord high school. The first principal was Hall Roberts, who taught during 1847-'48. Our older citizens will remember that gentleman who spent the remainder of his life here engaged in keeping a private school, and subsequently in banking. Mr. Roberts died in 1862. Next to take charge was Reuben W.

Mason, whose brief stay embraced the school year 1848-'49, and his successor was Gilbert L. Wadleigh, who remained a like period. Then came William F. Goodwin, who presided over the young school from 1850 to 1852, having as an assistant Elizabeth H. Allison. Samuel P. Jennison was the next to take charge, his sojourn being of the two years' kind, from 1852 to 1854. His assistant was Lucia A. Noyes.

William W. Bailey, who recently died at Nashua, succeeded Principal Jennison, but his stay was a brief one of two terms in 1854. For the



Henry E. Sawyer.

remainder of the school year, from December of that year to March of 1855, Nathan F. Carter, now librarian of the New Hampshire Historical Society, was at the head of the high school.

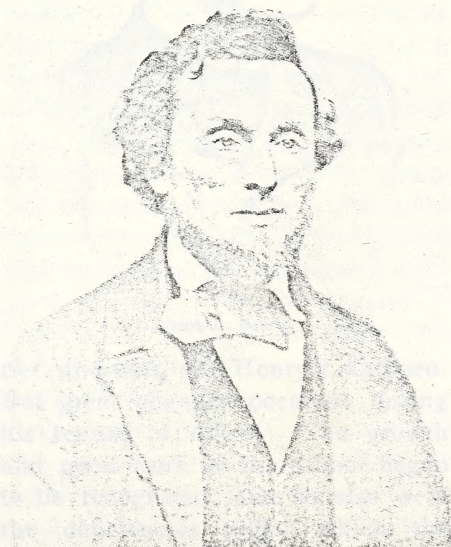
The next in succession was Simeon D. Farnsworth, who remained in charge from the autumn term of 1855 until the spring term of 1857,

assisted by Misses E. A. Dunn and Clara Palmer.

Joseph B. Clark, afterward mayor of Manchester, and a well-known lawyer, filled the principalship for the spring term of 1857. Up to this time the high school had been maintained wholly by the taxpayers of District 10, but the continued growth of the central sections of the city in population made a change imperative.

Forced at length by the advance in material conditions the project of a Union school district became a prominent theme of conversation for all recognized the inadequacy of the little organization known as the high school. The consequence was that Districts 9, 10, and 11 were merged into one district in 1856.

About this time steps were taken to make the course of study more thorough and to place the high school on a plane more consistent with advanced high school training.

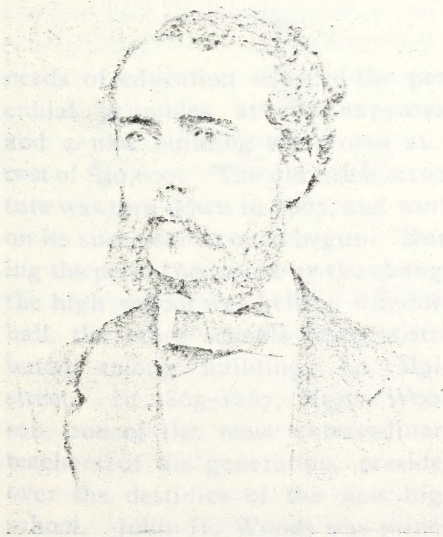


Moses Woolson.

But before much was done toward so desirable an end an opposition suddenly rose threatening for a while to thwart the whole plan.

People began thinking that the high school was receiving more than its share of money and attention and that the lower schools were suffering in consequence. It required some time to set the people right for local jealousies were strong and not readily allayed. Again special meetings were held, and after the usual amount of discussion it was voted to build two schoolhouses, one at the North end and the other at the South end for the grammar and lower grades. These buildings, known as the Merimack and the Rumford schools, have served their purposes for nearly half a century, or since 1858. This action caused the opposition to subside and gave the friends of the high school courage to go ahead. The whole upper floor of the old building

was now occupied by the pupils of the high school, yet the inconveniences were many and severe. The first principal of the new and remodeled school was Henry E. Sawyer, a good teacher, and a man of strong influence among the students. The school numbered from eighty to one hundred, and was presided over by the principal and his assistants, Misses Dunn and Palmer. From the advent of Mr. Sawyer the real history of the school began. He remained at its head for eight years, resigning at the close of the school year in July, 1865. Among Mr. Sawyer's assistants were Misses Carter, Salter, Cur-



John H. Woods

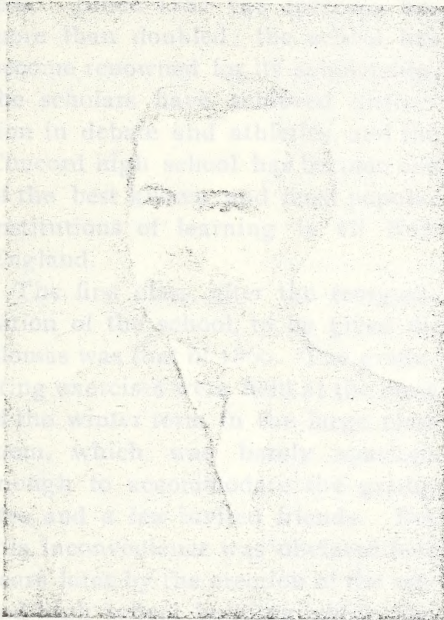


Joseph D. Bartley.

rier, and Otis, and Henry J. Crippen. But great changes occurred during his tenure of office. The growth and good work of the school began to be recognized, and so also were the deficiencies under which the school labored.

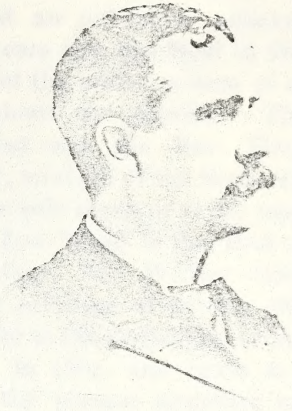
Term by term the good repute of

the school continued to emphasize the crude and scanty accommodations imposed upon teachers and pupils until the conditon called loudly for redress. Concord was then in the midst of heavy taxation caused by the Rebellion, yet the



John L. Stanley.

needs of education silenced the perennial grumbles at city expenses, and a new building was voted at a cost of \$30,000. The old brick structure was torn down in 1863, and work on its successor at once begun. During the period occupied by the change the high school was held in Rumford hall, the other schools being distributed among buildings on Main street. In 1865-1867, Moses Woolson, one of the most extraordinary teachers of his generation, presided over the destinies of the new high school. John H. Woods was principal in 1867, and then came the long



John F. Kent.

principalship of Joseph D. Bartley from 1868 to 1875.

The next principal was John L. Stanley, whose tenure extended from the resignation of Mr. Bartley until 1882. During the autumn term of that year the position was held by Luther B. Pillsbury, and at the beginning of the winter term John F. Kent began his remarkable and successful career as principal of the Concord high school. In the eighteen years since Mr. Kent took charge the transformation of the school has been complete. In all its features the institution has undergone complete change, while in its material aspect, not a brick remains of the building in which he came as principal so many years ago.

In April, 1888, fire destroyed the old school building, compelling the high school to seek quarters in City hall, where it remained two years, or until the present building was completed in 1890. The increase in at-

tendance has been as astonishing as the improved courses of study and thoroughness of instruction have been commendable. To-day the number of scholars is 258, a number that taxes the accommodation to the utmost, and which presents to the board of education a difficult problem. Since 1882 the increase has more than doubled; the school has become renowned for its scholarship, the scholars have achieved distinction in debate and athletics, and the Concord high school has become one of the best known and most popular institutions of learning in all New England.

The first class, after the reorganization of the school, to be given diplomas was that of 1860. The graduating exercises were held at the close of the winter term in the large class room, which was barely spacious enough to accommodate the graduates and a few invited friends. But this inconvenience was obviated four years later by the erection of the second high school building which contained a hall in its third story especially designed for graduating exercises and other school purposes. In this hall were held the annual public school meetings for several years. The members of the first graduating class are as follows:

Mary Hackett Brown, Sarah Elizabeth Brown, Arabella Maria Clement, Elvira Sargent Coffin, Sarah Eastman Coffin, Mary Isabelle Greeley, Sarah Jane Leaver, Anna Avery McFarland, Sarah Frances Sanborn, Anna Eliza Shute, Josephine Tilton, Charlotte Augusta Woolson.

Practically contemporaneous with the changes incident in the high school was the passage of a legisla-

tive act creating a board of education for Union school district consisting of nine members. This board has now enjoyed an unbroken existence for forty years and has held in its management the entire system of schools throughout the district. The first president was the Rev. Henry E. Parker, minister of the South church, and the sole survivor of his associates of the first board is the Hon. Joseph B. Walker. Mr. Walker enjoys the unique privilege of having officiated as orator at the dedication of the high school in 1864, and again as orator when the present structure was opened to the public in September, 1890.

Since the graduation of that class, in 1860, nearly a thousand young men and women have received their diplomas at the hands of the board of education, and a very remarkable fact connected with this is that fewer than ten per cent. of that number have passed from earth. The graduates are scattered throughout the country, while a few dwell in foreign lands. And among the graduates may be counted men distinguished in various walks of life by learning, executive and financial ability, by philanthropy, religious prominence, and collegiate leadership.

The school has now reached a standard in college preparation that compares most favorably with Exeter and Andover, and from every graduating class a good proportion of the scholars go at once to the leading universities and colleges in the land. The reputation of the school is firmly established among institutions of learning, and its repute and popularity throughout the state is a matter of personal pride to the citizens of Concord.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE SNOW-STORM.

By Isabel Ambler Gilman.

The clouds that hung o'er Ossipee
 In ominous darkness frowned,
 A deepening gloom obscured the crests
 Of all the hills around ;
 Winnepesaukee's surface blue
 Assumed a dull and leaden hue,
 And Belknap mountain passed from view
 'Mid silence most profound.

Wolfeborough and Tuftonborough Neck
 In distance shrunk away ;
 Bear Island faded out of sight
 Among the shadows gray.
 The storm clouds lowered like a pall,
 A deathlike stillness over all,
 And thick and fast the snowflakes fall
 On grim old Ossipee.

The sombre shadows nearer came
 And Red Hill disappeared,
 And lake and pond and neighboring farms
 Grew indistinct and bleared ;
 Yet not a breath, or sound, or sigh,
 The maples looked like monsters high,
 And dark against the threatening sky
 Their heads the poplars reared.

Walled in on every side by dense
 Impenetrable gloom,
 A veil of snow hung over us
 Like some impending doom.
 The clouds at length began to weep
 And down the frozen teardrops creep
 Till Mother Earth lay buried deep
 Within her winter tomb.

Two days it snowed and then it stopped ;
 That evening, just at dark,
 The mercury took a downward plunge
 And reached the zero mark.

Out came the moon and its pale light
Revealed a world of glistening white
Beneath the great arched dome of night
Where gleamed one shining spark.

New Hampshire slept. Afar there came
A murmur faint and low,
A trembling breeze that gently swept
The surface of the snow.

And then a stronger blast went by
That snapped the twigs and branches dry
And flung the crystal flakes on high
And stirred the mass below.

The Storm King roared his battle cry
And forth his legions dashed ;

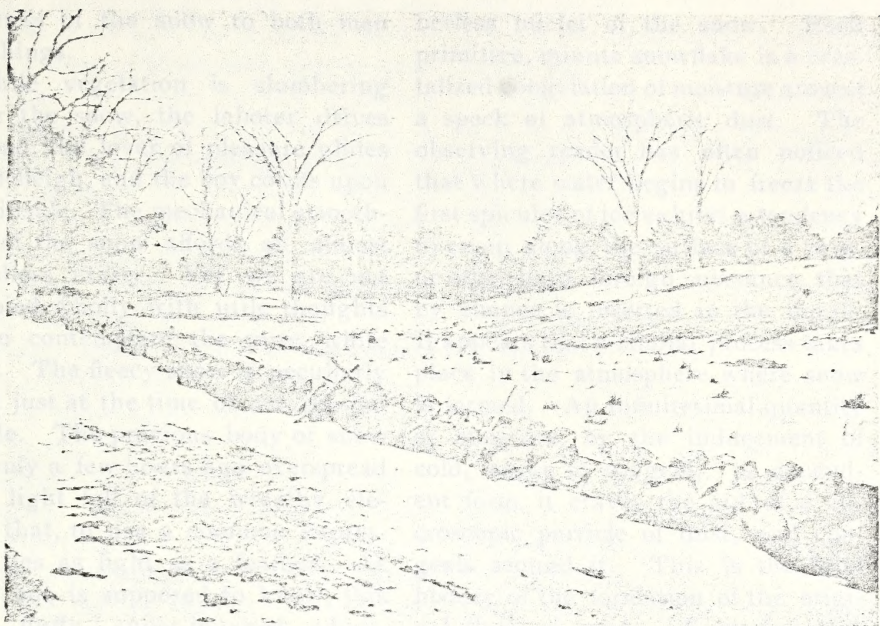
The forces of the elements
In ærial warfare clashed.

A moaning sob, a distant wail
That swelled into a furious gale,
And thundering over hill and dale
Among the mountains crashed.

The armies of the upper air
With earthly sprites engaged
And 'mid the freshly fallen snow
A royal battle waged,—
A blinding, choking, deafening storm.
The buildings creaked in wild alarm
As all night long around the farm
The howling blizzard raged.

A million demon spirits leaped
From out the North Wind's lair,
Caught up the feathery, flaky mass
And tossed it in the air,
And round and round it danced and whirled
In waves of foamy whiteness curled.
Into the cuts the drifts they hurled
And left the ridges bare.

New Hampshire woke. The morning sun
Peeped over Ossipee,
The clouds dissolved at its approach
And blue replaced the gray.
The sunbeams sparkled in delight
And played among the crystals white.
The air was crisp and clear and bright—
A perfect winter day.



RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

By C. C. Lord.

[The above is the title of a series of papers to be published in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* during 1902. They are written by C. C. Lord, of Hopkinton, and express the imaginative experience of one who rambles out of doors once a week for a year and tells what he observes. There are, consequently, fifty-two of these rambles, and they contain simple and instructive reflections upon meteorology, zoölogy, botany, history, etc. The scenes are also laid in Hopkinton and mainly cluster around Putney's hill, the home of the writer. The literary style of these rambles is graceful and entertaining, and each monthly installment of the papers will bear an appropriate illustration.—Ed.]

RAMBLE I.

THE SNOW.

THIS is the first week of the year. It need not be said that it is winter. This location in central New Hampshire is a sufficient assurance of the present state of the climate. The snow is on the ground. The landscape is adorned with a pure, white, fleecy mantle.

In rambling this week one is im-

pressed with thoughts of the usefulness and beauty of the snow. When a small boy we once remarked that we could see no use in the snow, though we could see much benefit in rain; but grandmother, a very sensible old lady, immediately corrected our reflections, specially pointing out the preservation enjoyed by vegetable forms beneath the thick, warm covering cast upon the wintry earth by the snow. Her suggestion awakened a train of thought that led on to an extended conception of the bountiful

goodness of the snow to both men and things.

While vegetation is slumbering under the snow, the laborer drives his load, the lover of pleasure glides in his sleigh, and the boy coasts upon the hillside. The mechanical smoothness of the snow affords an almost boundless utility. Yet we are not occupied wholly with utile thoughts as we contemplate the pure, white snow. The fleecy snow is peculiarly a fact just at the time of our present ramble. The previous body of snow was only a few hours ago overspread by a light fall of the wreathy element that, to use a common expression, lies as light as a feather. As every one is supposed to know, this light, fluffy, super-imposed adornment of snow is an aggregation of minute, icy crystals, delicate in form and beautiful in shape. How wonderful it is that, as the scientific sages tell us, every one of these tiny crystals represents a combination of frosty angles, each of which describes either sixty or one hundred and twenty degrees! The precision of nature's processes often excites our admiration if not also our awe. Who, in a light fall of snow, has not, with pleasure, observed the pretty, white crystals that drop down so gently upon the surface of one's garments, the pure, tiny specks, though varying in many other features, being every one perfectly six-sided? The artistic treasures of the snow often suggest a smile in the presence of the otherwise frowning aspects of winter.

Snow is not ice nor frost merely, though it is an aggregation of congealed moisture. In other words, snow is not simply snow on its own account. Science affirms the num-

berless nuclei of the snow. Each primitive, minute snowflake is a crystallized congelation of moisture around a speck of atmospheric dust. The observing reader has often noticed that where water begins to freeze the first spicules of ice exhibit a tendency to creep along the surface of a twig, or other hard, foreign substance, that by chance is inserted in the liquid. It appears that a similar process takes place in the atmosphere where snow is formed. An infinitesimal quantity of moisture, by the inducement of cold, seeks to congeal. A dependent form, it craves the aid of a microscopic particle of dust, and congeals around it. This is the brief history of the formation of the original fleck of snow. A confirmation of the idea is obtained in the sediment, or scum, appearing with the water that is melted from the purest snow.

There is utility in the nuclei of the snow. The atmosphere is purified by the mundane deposition of dust effected by the falling of snow. The accumulation of dusty particles upon the surface of the earth also incurs increased fertilization of the soil, the atmospheric dust affording essential elements of the food of useful trees and plants. It seems to be indisputable that the ordinances of the snow have been decreed in unfailing wisdom by the beneficent Creator of this wonderful world.

The winds of winter will almost daily blow, and as we ramble our path betimes seeks some bleak spot where the light snow exhibits a tendency to drift. How luxuriously beautiful are the pure, white heaps of snow that greet us so frequently during a winter in New Hampshire!

In a landscape glorified by hills and vales such as those existing in our own town of Hopkinton appear numberless evidences of the sparkling grandeur of huge, spotless drifts of snow. Yet the drifting of snow by the force of the prevailing westerly winds of this region in winter exhibits an occasional aspect of beauty which perhaps everyone has not observed. At the close of some calm day in winter, let us ascend to the summit of delightful old Mt. Putney. There is a light snow upon the ground. The sun is sinking in the west. We assume the westerly night wind is rising. What is that beautiful, white fringe that decks the far western horizon, above the delicate visual outline of the distant mountains and hills? It is the aroused and drifting snow. The advancing wind is bearing it rapidly on towards the east. In an hour hence the place where we stand will be the scene of a tumultuous bustling of the elements. We can feast our eyes but a moment longer, and then descend homeward, where the kind shelter of the domestic roof will protect us from the howling blast and the blinding snow, while we give thanks to the Providence that blesses us with beauty and comfort, even where relentless winter reigns supreme.

RAMBLE II.

TREES IN WINTER.

We are going to ramble among the trees to-day. It may be that some people conceive that the trees in winter afford a very little entertainment; yet trees in their wintry aspects give us many suggestions of both profit

and pleasure. The trees are our friends and companions at all seasons of the year.

Because this is the winter season, it is hardly necessary to remark that the trees of the field and of the forest are largely divested of their summer foliage. In New Hampshire, the autumnal falling of leaves is a phenomenon that needs no description. The evergreens are, of course, clad in verdure. A few young oaks and beeches display an endowment of *induvie*—dead foliage that still adheres to the branches—rustling harshly in the chill, passing breeze. There is a somberness in the sound, the ghost-like accent of a once sweetly lisping summer.

In the retreat of the evergreen shades, we listen to the soft sighing of the winter wind and reflect upon the kindly aspects of the economy of nature. Here the air is less brisk and chill to the senses. No doubt creative wisdom designed the evergreen trees of the field and forest for the better protection of beasts and birds from the severer blasts and storms of winter. In this temporary shelter we pause to think upon the common character of all the leaves. Strictly speaking, all trees are deciduous and cast their leaves, but the leaves of some trees have a longer lease of life than those of others. In this geographical latitude most leaves are born in spring and die the next autumn. Yet the leaves of the pines and the spruces—which include the larger number of our local evergreen trees—have a lease of life that extends to the length of a year or more. At last they fall like all other leaves. Look at this white pine. Its clusters of five needles each extend over



hardly more than last summer's growth of wood. The older sections of growth are mostly or wholly bare of leaves. On this hemlock, a spruce in botanical classification, the short, flat, opposite green blades exhibit evidences of a greater longevity.

We will leave the shelter of the evergreens and walk among the

naked trees. How abundant are the suggestions of art and beauty in their bark and branches! We remember a friend of our earlier years who was gifted with the perception of the artistic element of lovely nature. By this friend our attention was first called to the beautiful intermingling of neutral tints in the bark of a tree.

This hoary beech affords a special illustration of the idea. To the heedless observer its bark is only of a gray hue. To the careful inspector this apparently uniform grayness resolves into a wide variety of tints of lighter and darker intensity. In fact, the bark of the beech is beautifully mottled. The same may be essentially said of many trees that are capable of affording much pleasure for the artistic eye when their bark is made a special study in view of the matching of its colors.

The gray and white birches stand up in distinctness in the perspective of the wintry landscape, like spectres in their paleness. But they are beautiful in their barrenness. Witness the frequent gracefully conical grouping of the branches around the trunks of these trees. Many an arboriculturist has sought, by artificial means, the pleasant result of quenouille training, but in the wild birches, as in other trees of the wold and wood, the same essential effect is the product of unaided nature. A glance is sufficient to attest the beautiful aspect of one of these trees fully outlined against the wintry sky.

In observing trees, one cannot fail to notice the difference of treetops in the field and in the forest. In the open field, the occasional trees have larger tops, the branches extending down their trunks nearer to the ground. The opposite description answers for the prevailing form of forest treetops. The isolated trees of the field need larger tops. They have to shelter themselves from the hot, scorching rays of the summer sun. But this is a fact observable at one season as well as another. Yet the wintry aspects of the occasional

trees of the field afford an opportunity to observe more fully the different forms of divergence in the branches and twigs. The distribution of the subordinate parts of some trees represents very irregular angles. This barren white oak presents an emphatic instance. Quite often the branches of the thrifty maple shoot up at an acute angle from the trunk in a manner suggestive of sharp severity of disposition and dignity. The complacent and companionable black birch exhibits a delicate tracery of branches and twigs that gradually diminish in size distally from the trunk till the terminals become as graceful and supple as even the willow itself. When, in certain aspects of the wintry climate, these long arms and fingers of the black birch droop with a loaded incrustation of crystal ice, the brilliant effect in the dazzling sunlight is such as to try the most gifted power of description.

Individually and collectively the trees in winter present more attractions than we can mention in one short ramble. We leave them now, their potentially fruitful buds slumbering and dreaming in anticipation of the glory that in a few months shall be revealed to a revived and happy world.

RAMBLE III.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

In indulging a wintry ramble in this part of New Hampshire, one is apt to be impressed by the apparent absence of wild animal life. Indeed, in both the field and forest, in a day of winter, one might wander far and not see the form nor hear the sound

of a single specimen of living beasts or birds. Yet the broad expanse of snowy country is not unoccupied with wild life. The wold and wood are the residences or romping places of a considerable variety of living creatures, though a careless observer may escape the view of a single one among them.

To-day there is a special inducement to remark the presence of undomesticated animal life in the field and forest. The silent earth is mantled with a soft, light snow, and there are many tracks in it. The latest fall of snow this season was only yesterday, yet the busy inhabitants of the wold and wood have already identified themselves by their footsteps which are traceable, as it were, everywhere. Some of these tracks are larger and more clearly defined, while others are smaller and less distinctly observable. There are, indeed, a few vestiges of animal life in the snow that are so small and faint an experienced eye alone is practically able to detect them.

Wild animal life in New Hampshire is not so abundant as it was even but a few years ago, and to-day there are fewer varieties of tracks in the snow for our special investigation. Yet there are enough of the vestiges of the unseen life we are now contemplating to enable us to entertain some ideas of classification. Let us wander and look briefly, for this ramble is designed as a pleasure and not as a task.

As we stroll in the open country that slopes eastward from the summit of Mt. Lookout, we see the sign of the careful tread of a wild quadruped. We are mindful of the words we use when we pronounce it a careful tread.

Evidently the creature sauntered along leisurely over the heights from the westward, but each imprint in the snow suggests the exercise of a steady caution in progress. Perhaps our impression of this track is partly the result of the association of ideas, yet our judgment is essentially correct. This is the track of old Reynard, the fox, and he is universally regarded as the impersonation of slyness and cunning. When he passed this way he was doubtless moving with caution, and if we were to follow his tracks some distance we might discover the place where this stealthy, leisurely trot breaks into a succession of long and rapid leaps. We are moved to this reflection by the baying of the hound which we hear in the eastern valley where courses the historic stream called Dolloff's brook.

The next track that we notice is something unusual. It is an uncommon track except in the milder days of winter. This track was made last night. The impression upon the snow is peculiar. There is a regular series of steps attended by a furrow in the wreathy element. This animal had short legs that caused his body to leave the appearance of having dragged. The odorous mephitic, commonly called skunk, passed this way in the dark, looking for a bit of food to satisfy the craving of his earnest stomach. Both the fox and the skunk are carnivorous, or eaters of flesh, and, no doubt, appreciate a choice of dishes, but in the wintry season neither is exclusively of epicurean habits, since necessity often compels them to devour any accidental morsel of dead flesh that may be within their privilege.

The carnivores often walk. They put their feet forward in a rhythmically alternate manner that is peculiarly ambulatorial, unless they are in great haste, and then they advance by leaps. Far different is the case with the rodents that seldom, if ever, walk. As we approach the wood just before us we mark the frequent tracks of the rodents, or gnawers, that, whether fast or slow, seem to be forever hopping along, the feet making that triangular imprint which is the result of placing two of them relatively near together and two similarly apart, essentially a tracking result of many ambulatorial quadrupeds when they are impelled to increase their speed to a run. The tracks of the rodents increase as we enter the forest. This tiny triangular impression, hardly visible, is that of a mouse; this, a little larger, of a rat; this, still larger and more saltatory, or leaping, in its evident movement, of a squirrel; this, the largest of all, of a rabbit. These animals, some by day and some by night, have sought food in this locality, but there has been another object of activity. The suddenly diverted direction of some of the paths described by these tracks of rodents indicates that some of these four-footed wanderers have been, apparently, at play.

There are few tracks of birds in the snow. The ruffed grouse walked along the forest a short distance and then took flight. We see the impression of the extended wings where he rose. A tiny bird, possibly a snow-bunting, hopped along a little and then sought the air. The birds find more to eat in the buds and seeds of trees, shrubs, and weeds that rise above the snow.

Where is the wild life of the field and forest at this moment? The skunk, the mouse, and the rat are probably in their dens for the day. The squirrel may be in his hole in a tree. Very likely more than one silent resident of wold or wood is watching us at the very time we are speculating with regard to his location. The squirrel may yet bark or chuckle at us from his high loft. The others, if abroad, will not notify us of their visible presence unless by accident.

RAMBLE IV.

WINTRY RURAL SOUNDS.

Winter in a rural district often impresses us by its predominant silence. Yet winter in such a place is far from being absolutely silent. We may assert this fact if we bear in mind only the sounds expressed by inanimate and untamed nature.

If one rambles in the field and forest in winter, and suppresses those feelings and reflections that are peculiarly suggested by the barrenness and chilliness of the same, he will find much pleasure in contemplating the voices of nature. The wind sighs thoughtfully in the trees and rustles fervently in the dead leaves that in occasional instances cluster upon their branches. The air sighs in the evergreen pines and spruces with an intonation that appeals vividly to the imagination. In the winter, beneath the trees, one can loiter and reflect upon the accents that poets in all ages have referred to the mystic sprites inhabiting the deep recesses of the grove, and derive much happiness therein.

But in a wintry ramble through the wold and wood we are apt to find

our ear greeted by voices proceeding from creatures more material than the dryads of the forest. As we walk along to-day a red squirrel salutes us from a tree. He is on a ramble himself. In an apple tree from which he barks and chuckles at us is an occasional decayed specimen of last autumn's fruit, and the seed can furnish a palatable variation of his wintry diet. In our quiet perambulations we should not have noticed him but for his inevitable disposition to announce his presence by his voice. We will kindly give him a moment's passing attention.

The trait of some wild animals to salute their natural enemies with a voice that is peculiarly deriding in its suggestions is worthy of a considerate notice. The little animal before us doubtless conceives of man as a hostile being, so many representatives of the squirrel race having fallen victims of human predatory instincts. Then why should not this red squirrel in reason steal away from us in silence and cultivate perfect concealment? The inquiry suggests an anomaly in nature that is often manifested. Those creatures that by nature are peculiarly exposed to danger often seem to have a corresponding instinct of daring and defiance. This fact is even true of the human family. Who has not abundantly observed the disposition of boys to court the nearest possible proximity to danger that can be made with safety? Let us remain perfectly quiet and likely enough this squirrel will creep cautiously forward until he is almost within reach of a hand, all the time keeping up his voluminous barking and chuckling. Yet if we move he will dart away with a degree

of speed that is nothing less than phenomenal. May it not be that he is simply daring and defying us? In view of an apparent disposition of exposed natural life, we may assume that without a corresponding instinct of courage such life would be too speedily exterminated by its enemies.

We pass by the squirrel in the apple tree and take our way to an evergreen shade. Here our ear is greeted by the note of a tiny bird. In the higher branches of the pines and hemlocks the little, sprightly, black capped titmouse salutes our hearing with his "Chickadee-dee-dee!" His frequent peculiar refrain has given him the popular name of chickadee. He is too far up in the branches to justify us in the conclusion that he has certainly indulged his chant this time on our account. But why does he indulge it at all? We have observed a titmouse with his feathers raised upon his head while he chanted his "Chickadee-dee-dee!" with an emphasis that seemed to breathe unmistakable anger. If this is his way of hurling defiance at his real or imaginary enemies, he is, apparently, very much of the time out of temper. The chant which has given him a name appears to be a vocal feature of all seasons of the year. Yet this bird also has a soft refrain of two notes—one higher and one lower—which he sings betimes in summer and winter, to the delight of our ear.

A blue jay screams from a high treetop, but he is apparently too busy with his own affairs to convey an impression of interest in the humbler matters of the earth below. The blue jay is an active bird, seemingly ever hopping from bough to

bough or flitting from tree to tree. Like the titmouse, he stays with us all the year, and he also screams, apparently, in every season. Yet different birds seem to have a more restricted range of vocal tones in winter than in summer. It may be that in winter these birds utter only those notes that imply a struggle for existence, while in summer they have a greater latitude of purpose and voice.

In winter in this region a woodpecker will chirp loudly and shrilly from a tree where he clambers up, down, and around in search for a grub or two in the dead wood of a defunct branch. He stays with us the year round. Occasionally a hawk will scream from the higher regions of the air, but not often. Now and then a crow will caw from the top of a tree, and then he is popularly esteemed the harbinger of a warm wave of the atmosphere. This is, doubtless, because here in New Hampshire we are only a relatively short dis-

tance from the ocean, by whose brink the crow can easily abide all winter if he chooses. Being often by the sea and in comparative proximity to his summer haunts, he is tempted to fly inland betimes. In the instance of one of his wintry visits the sound of his familiar caw is a cheerful reminder of the returning warm season, and its associations easily afford a conception of prophecy.

We now return homeward. As we pass a cluster of young pines we hear a "Quit!" and a number of ruffed grouse whirr away on wings of thunderous sound. The grouse is apparently a timid bird and flies quickly on the approach of danger. Hark! a peculiar sharp yelp is heard on the hillside. A fox barks. We are not interested enough to contemplate the motive.

This evening, when the sky is heavily curtained with dark, the owl will likely enough hoot in the forest, but we shall not be out.

MIDNIGHT REVERIES.

December 31, 1901.

By W. M. Rogers.

I'm listening for the midnight chime
 For nineteen hundred two
 Which ends the old year's lease of time
 And ushers in the new.
 Back through its threescore years and ten
 My soul with memory strays,
 To those who passed from human ken
 Along those by-gone days.
 An army of those spectres comes
 To meet my searching view,
 Like solemn beat of muffled drums
 They greet the lingering few.

On borrowed time my lease I hold,
And list the muffled oar
That soon or late through waters cold
Shall seek the shadowy shore.
To-morrow brings my natal day,
And faithful memory turns
To childhood's hour so far away,
Whose vestal fire still burns.
I follow on with eager pace
Through youth's bright sunny hours,
Where manhood's shadows interlace
Those ever vine-wreathed bowers,
And on and on through gathering years
Whose mile-stones mark the time,
Along the path of hopes and fears
Now reft of manhood's prime.
Those joyous hours have passed away,
And youth's bright hopes have fled,
Yet o'er my soul they hold their sway
With memories of the dead.
Across the darksome river's tide
The shadowy boatman pale
Has borne the loved ones from our side,
Where none may lift the veil.
But leave, my soul, the shadowy past,
The present hour is thine;
Thy westering sun, though gliding fast,
Is bright in life's decline.
Around thee shine the joys of home,
With loving hearts to cheer,
Past joys are fleeting as the foam
To those that greet thee here.
Adown life's smooth declivity,
'Mid peaceful scenes I glide,
The sweet songs of nativity
Still drifting down the tide.
'Mid "pastures green" I lie me down,
By "waters still" am led,
I need no Lethean stream to drown
Life's sorrows quickly sped.
In happiness I bide my time,
My cup with joy runs o'er,
With pleasure list the midnight chime
Nor dread the muffled oar.



REVEREND ENOCH COFFIN.

CONCORD'S FIRST PREACHER, 1726-'28.

By John C. Thorne.



HE subject of this sketch was descended from an ancient and honorable family, and is presumed to be of Norman origin.

The first of that name in England was Sir Richard Coffyn, Knight, who accompanied William the Conqueror on his invasion of that country in 1066.

Sir Richard held the rank of general in the army. The lands received by him from the king were upon the borders of the river Severn, and have descended in direct line in the family for upwards of seven hundred years.

The genealogy of Concord's first preacher which is here given back to Peter Coffyn, in England, is far enough to answer our purpose. It is like this: Enoch Coffin⁵ (Nathaniel⁴, Tristram, Jr.³, Tristram², Peter¹) was born in Newbury, Mass., February 7, 1696. Graduated at Harvard college, 1714; died August 7, 1728. He married January 5, 1716, Mehitable Moody. They had four children. All died before reaching maturity. His father was Hon. Nathaniel Coffin of Newbury, deacon of the first church, and clerk of the town, also representative to the General Court three years, 1719-'21, Councillor of the Province in 1730, and Special Justice of the Court of

Common Pleas for Essex county in 1734. He had eight children. Two of them, the Rev. Enoch Coffin and Samuel B. Coffin, graduated at Harvard college. He died in 1749, aged eighty. Upon the tombstones of his grandfather and grandmother in the "First Parish Burying Ground" are these inscriptions:

To the memory of Tristram Coffin Esq., who having served the First Church of Newbury in the office of Deacon 20 years, died, Feb. 4, 1703-4, aged 72 years.

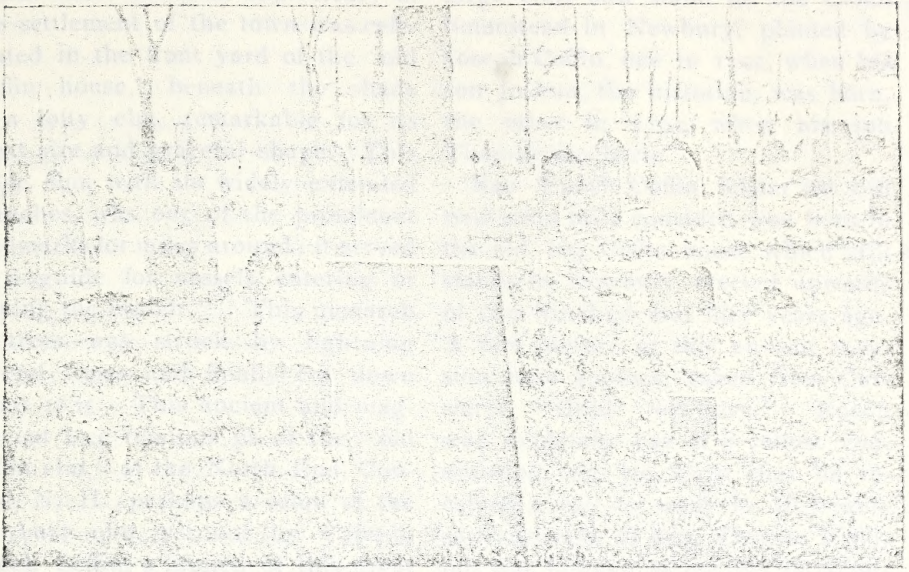
On earth he pur-chas-ed a good degree,
Great boldness in the faith and liberty,
And now possesses immortality.

He was made a freeman of the colony April 29, 1668. Elected representative in 1695, 1700, 1701, and 1702. Also,

To the memory of Mrs. Judith, late virtuous wife of Deac. Tristram Coffin Esqr, who having lived to see 177 of her children and children's children to the 3d generation, died Dec. 15, 1705, aged 80.

Grave, sober, faithful, fruitful vine was she,
A rare example of true piety,
Widow'd awhile she wayted wisht for rest,
With her dear husband in her Savior's breast.

Enoch's great-grandfather, Tristram, was born in Brixham Parish, County of Devon, England, in 1609, and came to this country in 1642, on account, it is said, of the success of Oliver Cromwell, he being a firm Loyalist, with his mother, wife, two sisters, and five children. The de-



"First Parish Burying-ground," Newbury, Mass.

From History of "Ould Newbury," by permission of the Author.

scendants of Tristram were very numerous—indeed there were born between the years 1652 and 1728, 1,582 children, of whom 1,128 were living at the latter date.

Hon. Peter Coffin, Esquire, the eldest son of the above, born in 1630, was a prominent man in those days,—he was Judge of His Majesty's Superior Court of Jurisdiction, and first member of His Majesty's Council of the Province. He lived in Dover, N. H., and Exeter, where he died on March 21, 1715, aged eighty-five years.

From Tristram and Peter are descended all of the name of Coffin along the Merrimack valley.

Joshua Coffin, great grandson of Nathaniel, born October 12, 1792, on the old homestead, died June 24, 1864. Was a graduate of Dartmouth college and a noted schoolmaster. Was town clerk of New-

bury for seven years, and justice of the peace for the county of Essex. In the old mansion where he was born and died he collected the material for and prepared his History of Newbury, published in 1845.

The "Quaker Poet," Whittier, was one of his pupils and friends, and refers to him in the lines addressed "To my old Schoolmaster."

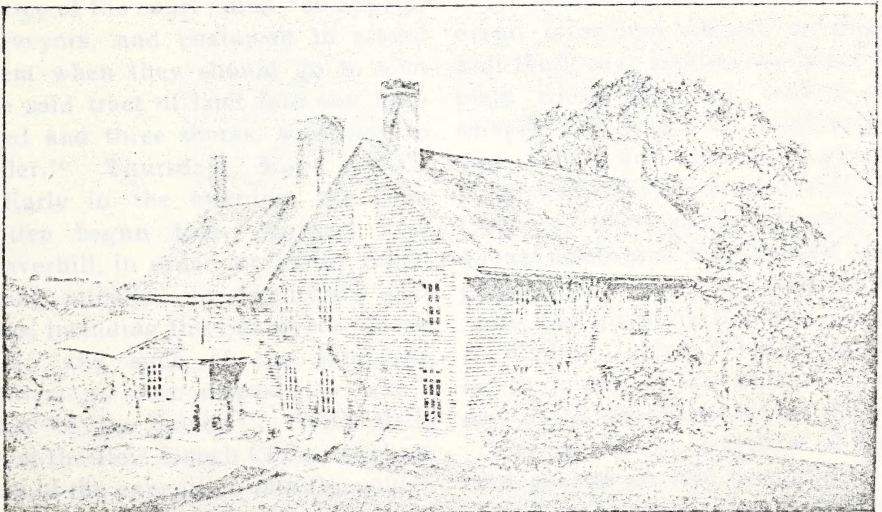
I,—the man of middle years,
In whose sable locks appears
Many a warning fleck of gray,—
Looking back to that far day,
And the primal lessons, feel
Grateful smiles my lips unseal,
As, remembering thee, I blend
Olden teacher, present friend,
Wise with antiquarian search
In the scrolls of State and Church ;
Named on history's title-page
Parish clerk, and justice sage ;
For the ferule's wholesome awe
Wielding now the sword of law.

Tradition asserts, so says Currier in his history of "Ould Newbury,"

"that the centennial anniversary of the settlement of the town was celebrated in the front yard of the 'old Coffin house,' beneath the shade of a lofty elm, remarkable for its great size and graceful shape. This noble elm, with its widely extended branches, was one of the prominent landmarks for miles around; it served as a guide for vessels entering or leaving the harbor." This monarch of trees was struck by lightning several times and finally cut down about 1885. This ancient and magnificent tree reminds us of the "old Coffin elm," at the North End, Concord, N. H., perhaps a scion of the Newbury elm, set out by Captain Enoch Coffin, a branch of this great family, in 1782, also known as the "Webster elm," as it was planted the year of Daniel Webster's birth. This stands to-day on the former Coffin homestead, a grand and majestic tree outlined against the sky in form of strength and beauty. Two

large elms now stand on the Coffin homestead in Newbury, planted by Joseph Coffin, one in 1792, when his son Joshua, the historian, was born, the other in 1794, when his son Thomas was born.

Rev Enoch Coffin, whom we will now more fully consider, was born in the old, big Coffin house which still stands in Newbury, erected upwards of two hundred and fifty years ago. A fine picture of this ancient mansion here appears, taken from Currier's "Ould Newbury." Enoch was evidently not of a robust constitution, for we learn that he received a call to settle in Dunstable as a successor of Rev. Thomas Weld, but was obliged to decline in consequence of ill health. Feeling, perhaps, the need of an invigorating expedition into the forests, and finding a new home among New Hampshire's health-giving hills, he arranged to leave Newbury. We see by the records of the proprietors of



"The Old Coffin House," Newbury, Mass.

From *History of "Ould Newbury,"* by permission of the Author.

Penny Cook, that on the 17th of January, 1726, the "Great and General Court" of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, decided to set apart "Penny-Cook Plantation" as a township, in answer to a petition of the previous June. On the second of February following, the committee of the general court met at the house of Ebenezer Eastman, in Haverhill, for the purpose of admitting settlers to the township of Penny Cook. In this they proceeded with great caution "in order to the admitting of such as shall be thought most suitable." After much inquiry and examination the requisite number of one hundred was obtained. Here in this careful selection of the first settlers of Concord, men of worth and high character, we see was laid the foundation of a strong, upright, moral community. Among the early applicants and who was accepted, was the Rev. Enoch Coffin, then a young preacher of Newbury. On the seventh of February the committee of the court voted "to appoint surveyors, and chainmen to attend them when they should go to allot the said tract of land into one hundred and three shares, according to order." Thursday, May twelfth, "Early in the morning, the committee begun their journey from Haverhill, in order for Penny Cook, being attended by twenty-six persons, including the Surveyors, Chainmen, and such of the intending settlers as were disposed to take a view of the Lands." With these went the Rev. Enoch Coffin, as chaplain of the expedition into the wilderness. Says Moore in his *Annals of Concord*, 1824, "The settlers of Penny Cook, like those of all the

older towns, strictly observed the religious institutions of their fathers. Rev. Enoch Coffin, of Newbury, Mass., accompanied them on their first visit to their new lands." Late on Friday afternoon, the party arrived and "Encamped on a piece of Intervale Land, or plain, called Sugar Ball plain." On Saturday they proceeded with their surveys of the "township according to the General Court's order."

"Sabbath day, May 15th. This day Mr. Enoch Coffin, our Chaplain, performed divine Service both parts of the day. Fair and Cool." John Wainwright, Esq., clerk, has most graphically related in his journal the details of this journey, which most fortunately has been preserved, and from which I have been able to quote. So, as stated above, on the Sabbath day, May 15th, 1726, was held the first religious service in Concord, or even in central New Hampshire, the Rev. Enoch Coffin, preacher.

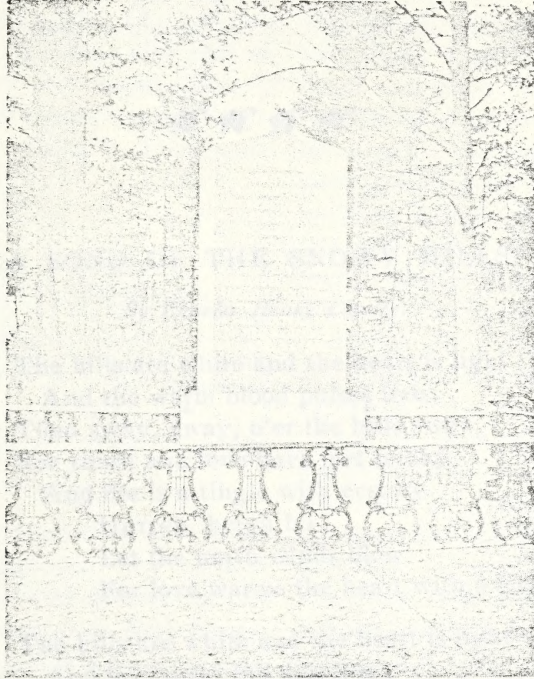
To commemorate this important event, there was erected, on Sugar Ball Bluff, over-looking the beautiful plain where the first settlers encamped and held their religious service, a neat and substantial granite monument. This was dedicated October 26, 1899, at the fifty-seventh annual meeting of the Concord Congregational Union, at which an address was given by the Hon. Joseph B. Walker; John C. Thorne presenting the report of the work as chairman of the committee of the Union.

The monument, which is of Concord granite of fair proportions, as seen in the accompanying illustration, stands some seven feet in height, and is erected in Memorial park, a plot

of ground comprising about three-fourths of an acre. It bears this inscription:

On the interval below this spot a committee of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, their surveyors and attendants there present to locate and survey the Plantation of Penny Cook, conducted the first religious service ever held in the central part of New Hampshire, on Sunday, May 15, 1726. Rev. Enoch Coffin, Preacher.¹

the one hundred and three intending settlers, was that of Enoch Coffin. He drew No. 36 "House Lot," of one and one half acres, located at the extreme south end of the Main street; also No. 26 the "Home Lot," of about seven acres on the interval, in the section designated as the "Great Plain." There is no doubt that the



Monument on Sugar Ball Bluff, Concord, N. H.

From the "Congregationalist," Boston, by permission.

On the obverse it is inscribed:

Erected by the Congregational Societies of Concord, October, 1899.

At the meeting of the committee at Andover, Mass., February 7th and 8th, 1726, for the drawing of lots for the land at Penny Cook, we find that the first name on the list of

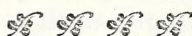
Reverend Mr. Coffin located in the town, being one of the original proprietors, and that he was employed to minister to the settlers. He preached more or less to the people for some two years, for, consulting the records again, we read "That at a meeting of the proprietors held at Bradford, Mass., March 12, 1729, it was voted: That the sum of four pounds be allowed and paid unto the heirs of the Reverend Enoch Coffin,

¹The last line, "Rev. Enoch Coffin, Preacher," has been cut upon the monument, in justice to the facts, since the photograph was taken for the above half-tone illustration.

deceased, for his preaching and performing divine service at Penny Cook, in full discharge." He was not Concord's first minister, but was its first preacher. The Rev. Timothy Walker was settled as the first regular minister of the town November 18, 1730.

That Mr. Coffin well and faithfully performed the duties of his high

office there is no question. He was, however, obliged to lay down his work, after a short service for his Master, at the early age of thirty-two years, and passed on to his reward. We cherish his memory as one of the religious pioneers of his time, and Concord owes him honor and reverence for his faith and works within her borders.



A SONG OF THE SNOWY HILLS.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

The hills are white and the heart is light
 And the warm blood pulses free ;
 Then away, away, o'er the hills away,
 For youth and love have met to-day,
 And life is a-tingle with ecstasy.
 Hurrah, heigh ho !
 Let the north winds blow,
 For love warms the heart with a tender glow.

The hills are white and the heart is light
 And joys press full and free ;
 Then away, away, o'er the hills away,
 For love's sweet dream come true to-day,
 And the sleigh bells tinkle with melody.
 Hurrah, heigh ho !
 Let the north winds blow,
 For love warms the heart with a tender glow.

The hills are white and the heart is light
 And life's crown is won for me ;
 Then away, away, o'er the hills away,
 For love and joy clasp hands to-day,
 And the pulses tingle with ecstasy.
 Hurrah, heigh ho !
 Let the north winds blow,
 For love fills the heart with a joyous glow.

MISS MARY PICKERING THOMPSON.

By John Scales, A. M.

MISS MARY PICKERING THOMPSON was born in Durham, N. H., November 19, 1825; she died at her residence in that town, June 6, 1894. She was a daughter of Ebenezer and Jane Demerit Thompson.



The Ebenezer Thompson Homestead.

Her paternal grandfather was Judge Ebenezer Thompson, the distinguished citizen and patriot of the Revolutionary period in New Hampshire, a man who was a leader among the leaders in that great contest with the British government, and who rendered distinguished service to his native state after it had won its independence and while it was passing through the organizing process preparatory to taking its place as a full-fledged and successful state in the American Union.

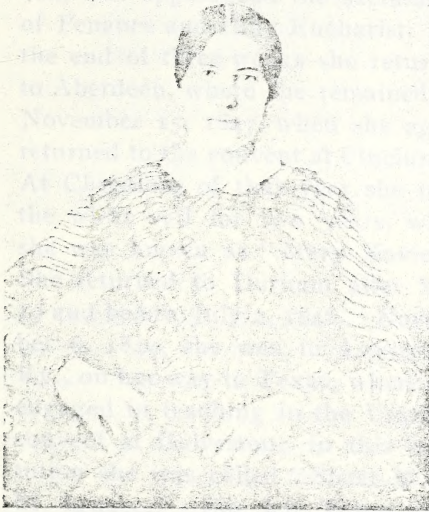
Ebenezer Thompson was descended from the first settlers of old Dover, which constituted the present towns of Dover, Durham, Somersworth, Rollinsford, Madbury, Lee, and Newington. Miss Thompson was also con-

nected by ancestry with several of the leading old families of New Hampshire, and her character and life show conclusively that good blood and good breeding are essential qualities in a successful career, for such was that of Miss Thompson, who ranks second to no other woman in New Hampshire in literary abilities, and who was incontestably the most eminent woman ever born in the town of Durham, or old Dover.

At the early age of three and a half years she commenced attending school in her native town and continued to attend the public and the private schools of Durham village till she was fifteen years old. She easily mastered all that those schools could give her, so that in the spring of 1840 she was sent to the Adams Female academy at Derry, where she remained one year. During that time an academy had been organized and put in operation at Durham; as it was more convenient, she returned from Derry and entered the home institution, which had a popular and successful career for nearly two decades following. At this school she easily took the front rank and held it till she left for Mt. Holyoke Female seminary, where she graduated with honor in 1845. Mr. Berry, principal of the Durham academy, said that she was the most brilliant student in the school during her attendance there. Her Mt. Holyoke diploma

was signed by that distinguished founder of the school, Mary Lyon, who was the first educator to open the way for the higher education of women.

After graduation Miss Thompson remained at home a year, devoting her time to general reading and domestic duties. January 4, 1846, she



Mary P. Thompson.

This photograph was taken at Wellesley college.

was admitted to the Congregational church in Durham, the distinguished Rev. Alvan Tobey being pastor. A few days later she left for South Hadley to pursue a post-graduate course in Mt. Holyoke seminary for the purpose of preparing herself for teaching, Miss Lyon urging her to take that step.

After remaining there six months, on the recommendation of Miss Lyon, she was given the position of teacher

of mental and moral sciences in the Oakland Female seminary located at Hillsborough, Ohio, about fifty-six miles from Cincinnati. While at this school she was corresponding secretary of the Missionary society, which shows the deep interest she felt in religious matters. She was so successful in her work that Governor Slade gave her an urgent invitation to leave and teach in Indiana, but she declined; she left Oakland March 29, 1847, to accept a more desirable position in a school at Aberdeen, Ohio.

April 9, 1847, Miss Thompson asked for a letter of dismissal from the Congregational church in Durham, and a letter of recommendation to the Presbyterian church in Maysville, Kentucky. This town is just across the Ohio river from Aberdeen. Rev. Mr. Tobey, the pastor of the Durham church, was exceedingly rigid in his anti-slavery views, and would not fellowship with any Christian society which upheld, or in any way recognized, slavery as right; hence it came about that the Durham church refused to grant Miss Thompson's requests for a letter of dismissal and a letter of recommendation, on the ground "that Maysville is in a slave state, and the Presbyterian church there *probably* has members who are slave holders."

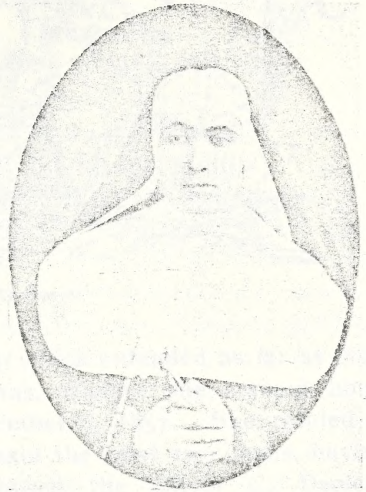
Miss Thompson was a proud spirited, independent woman of twenty-two years; this refusal aroused her as she never was aroused before; she began to study and think for herself; the result was that during the summer of 1847 a great change took place in her religious views, and she turned from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic church; as she ex-

pressed it, she "turned to the Church of all ages, to the one so much calumniated, but still the mother of the faithful, still pure in doctrine and filled with wholesome discipline."

She was prompt to act in accordance with her radical change of religious views, and August 31, 1847, she entered the Notre Dame convent at Cincinnati, Ohio. While there she was baptized and confirmed by the Right Reverend Bishop Purcell, and approached the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. At the end of three weeks she returned to Aberdeen, where she remained till November 15, 1847, when she again returned to the convent at Cincinnati. At Christmas of that year she took the white veil for two years, when she was known as "Mary Xavier." She returned to Durham after May 19 and before July 2, 1848. November 6, 1849, she was in Louisville, Ky., on her way to Texas, where she engaged in teaching in the Ursuline convent at Galveston; in this institution she was called "Sister M. de St. Ignace." She left Texas prior to October, 1851, when she was in Louisville, Ky. In February, 1852, she was at Portsmouth, N. H., and the following month she spent at Durham. This change of religious views surprised her friends in Durham and New Hampshire, and caused a great amount of talk among all classes as such a thing was unheard of before in this community.

Miss Thompson was elected vice-principal of St. Mary's Female seminary, St. Mary's Co., Maryland, September 30, 1852; she accepted the position and remained there one academic year as teacher of French,

arithmetic, philosophy, astronomy, history, geography, and grammar. This was a pretty large position for one person to fill, but she did the work to the satisfaction of her patrons and resigned July 31, 1853, and returned to her home in Durham, where she remained till February, 1854, when she left for New York and sailed for Europe on the 16th.



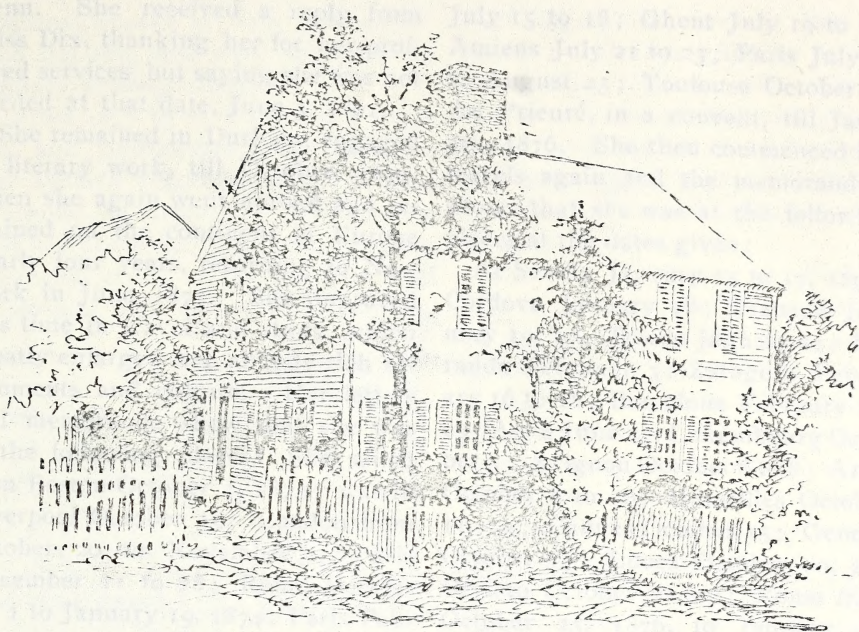
Mary P. Thompson.

Photograph taken at Toulouse, France, Oct. 8, 1850.

Miss Thompson was now twenty-eight years old; a brilliant scholar, an accomplished linguist, strong in her religious convictions, and vigorous in her defense of what she believed was right. Her passport from New York for Europe is dated January 21, 1854, and it gives the reader a clear-cut description of her personal appearance, as follows:

"Age, 28 years; stature, 5 feet eight inches; eyes, dark; nose, rather small; mouth, medium size; hair, dark; complexion, dark; face, small."

Leaving New York February 16,



Home of the late Mary P. Thompson.

she reached the English Channel, February 26, arriving at Havre, France, February 28. She entered the convent at Au Prieuré Auch, France, April 17, where she was known as Marie de St. Edmond. Later she was stationed at other convents on the continent. She was at St. Orens Priory, August 9, 1856, also in September of that year, as appears by her letters. October 1, 1856, she was at the monastery of the Holy Family, Toulouse, France. October 8, she had a daguerreotype taken at that place, dressed as a nun, and it gives a good idea of her personal appearance at that time. Soon after this she left for home, arriving in New York November 8, and in Durham November 12, where she remained about three months.

After having a good rest in the paternal mansion, and among her old friends and girlhood scenes, she took

a trip which extended as far as New Orleans, whence she arrived home November 2, 1857. She resided in Durham the next two years, having purchased the Oliver C. Demerit house, in the village, which remained her home till her death in 1894. Her mother resided there till her death in 1869. In this house was done the larger part of her literary work, most of which appeared in Roman Catholic publications, hence was never known by the general reading public. Had she written for the popular magazines of the day her brilliant qualities, as a writer, would have won for her a high place in general literature. When the Civil War broke out, the patriotic blood of her ancestors, which flowed in her veins, aroused all her energies and sympathies for the Union cause. She offered her services as nurse in the army, while visiting at Bristol, in Bucks county,

Penn. She received a reply from Miss Dix, thanking her for her proffered services, but saying she was not needed at that date, June 3, 1861.

She remained in Durham, engaged in literary work, till October, 1873, when she again went abroad and remained on the continent of Europe nearly four years, returning to New York in June, 1877. She improved this time in travel and study, which greatly enlarged her already rich attainments and culture. Her letters and memoranda show that she was at the following places: She sailed from Boston October 4, 1873; was in Liverpool October 19; London from October 20 to November 3; Paris November 11 to 28; Rome December 1 to January 19, 1874; Paris February 9 to 15; Florence from March 1 to April 6; Venice April 8 to 16; Milan April 17 to 21; Lac de Como April 21, 22; Verona April 22; Bologna April 23, 24; Ravenna April 25; Loreto April 26 to 28; Assisi April 29, 30, May 1; Perouse May 1, 2; Canto May 7, 8; Piso May 10, 11; Genoa May 11, 12; Geneva May 12 to 19; Marseilles May 19, 20; Lourdes May 21 to 23; Pau September 10; Rocamadour April 18, 1875; Clermont April 28, 29; Le Puy April 29, 30; Lyons May 2 to 5; Cleury May 7; Bourg May 8 to 10; Armecy May 19; Lausanne May 21; Fribourg May 21, 22; Bern May 22, 23; Einsiedeln May 27; Zurich May 27, 28; Munchen May 29 to June 2; Prag June 3 to 5; Dresden June 5 to 19; Berlin June 19 to 25; Frankfort June 27, 28; Heidelberg June 28, 29; Mainz June 30, July 1; Colon July 1 to 3; Bruxelles July 3 to 5; Rotterdam July 10; Amsterdam July 11 to 13; La Hague July 13 to 15; Amers

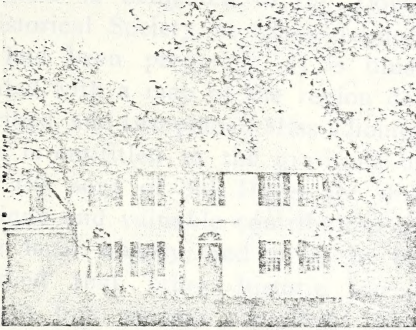
July 15 to 18; Ghent July 19 to 22; Amiens July 21 to 23; Paris July 25 to August 23; Toulouse October 6; Au Prieuré, in a convent, till January, 1876. She then commenced her travels again and the memorandum shows that she was at the following places at the dates given:

At Sevilla January 15 to 17, 1876; Cordova January 18; Granada January 19, 20; Toledo January 24; Miranda February 3; Zaragoza February 16 to 18; Barcelona February 22, 23; Auch June 24; Luxembourg October 3; Avignon October 6 to 8; Arles October 8 to 10; Marseilles October 11, 12; Cannes October 15; Geneva October 17; Lucca October 20, 21; Orvieto October 21, 22; Rome from October 23, 1876, to January 23, 1877; Naples January 30; Casino, Parine, April 28; Florence April 23 to 29; Milan April 30 to May 3; Grenoble (Alps) May 4; Geneva May 7 to 10; Paris May 12 to June 2; London June 8 to 16; thence she returned to New York and to her home in Durham, where she arrived about the first of July, 1877.

The above list of places and dates shows what a busy woman she was during nearly four years she was abroad; she was in the prime and vigor of middle age; she was a woman of culture and of keen observation before taking this extended sojourn abroad; hence she was in condition mentally to reap all the fruit such intercourse, observation, and study could impart to any one; she was not a mere sight-seer and pleasure-seeker, but a close student of all that came in her way. The result was that when she settled down to literary work, at her home in Durham, in 1877, she was the best

cultured woman in New Hampshire, and but few men were her peers in literary accomplishments.

From 1877 to 1885 she was a regular and voluminous contributor for the *Catholic World* and other Roman Catholic publications. From 1885 till her death in June, 1894, she was engaged, much of the time, in local historical and biographical studies,



Home of the late Mary P. Thompson—Remodeled.

the results of which were "The Landmarks in Ancient Dover," and a biography of her great grandfather, Judge Ebenezer Thompson. The first named of these works required a vast amount of research in the old records, and in the gathering up of family traditions; it is invaluable as a book of reference, and is marvelously interesting for every one who cares anything about the history of old Dover and New Hampshire.

She published her "Memoir of Judge Ebenezer Thompson" in 1886. It received numerous and favorable notices among which are the following:

D. G. Haskins, Jr., A. M., of Cambridge, Mass., in the *New England Bibliopolist* for January, 1887, says: "Miss Mary P. Thompson has now contributed, in an elegant pamphlet of eighty-four pages, a genealogical

and biographical memoir that will prove a valuable addition to New Hampshire history. Miss Thompson is an accomplished and graceful writer, and has all the perseverance and enthusiasm in research and the caution in statement of the thorough historical student."

Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., said: "It is a very valuable contribution to our history, as well as a careful literary and historical work."

Ex-Gov. Charles H. Bell, the historian of Exeter, the able jurist, the learned antiquarian, and a gentleman of the purest judgment in such matters, sent Miss Thompson a personal letter highly commending her work. Major A. B. Thompson, then secretary of state, and many others also sent her letters of commendation.

Miss Thompson was a member of several historical societies, among them being the Dover Historical Society and the Prince Society of Boston.

Having become intensely interested in historical matters while gathering material for the "Memoir," she next published, in 1888, "Landmarks in Ancient Dover and the Towns Which Have Sprung Therefrom."

David Greene Haskins, Jr., A. M., of Cambridge, in a review of this work, said: "This little volume is a valuable contribution to the local history of New Hampshire and will be hailed with great satisfaction by all who are interested in the antiquities of the towns originally forming a part of Dover. . . . The author, Miss Thompson, an accomplished and very careful student of local history has, in these pages, given a description," etc. . . . "The book is a

monument of patient and conscientious labor." . . . "Miss Thompson has rendered a great service to the history of her native town. The idea of the work is an excellent one, and the example should be followed in every old town in the county."

The same writer, in a review of a second and more complete edition of the "Landmarks," which was published in 1892, said: "The present volume is dedicated to the Dover Historical Society, at whose request it had been prepared. It is illustrated with a map of the region described, and two plans. Miss Thompson is entitled to the gratitude of all the sons of old Dover for this unique and valuable contribution to the local history, and it is to be wished that other historic towns might find persons competent and willing to do a similar work for them."

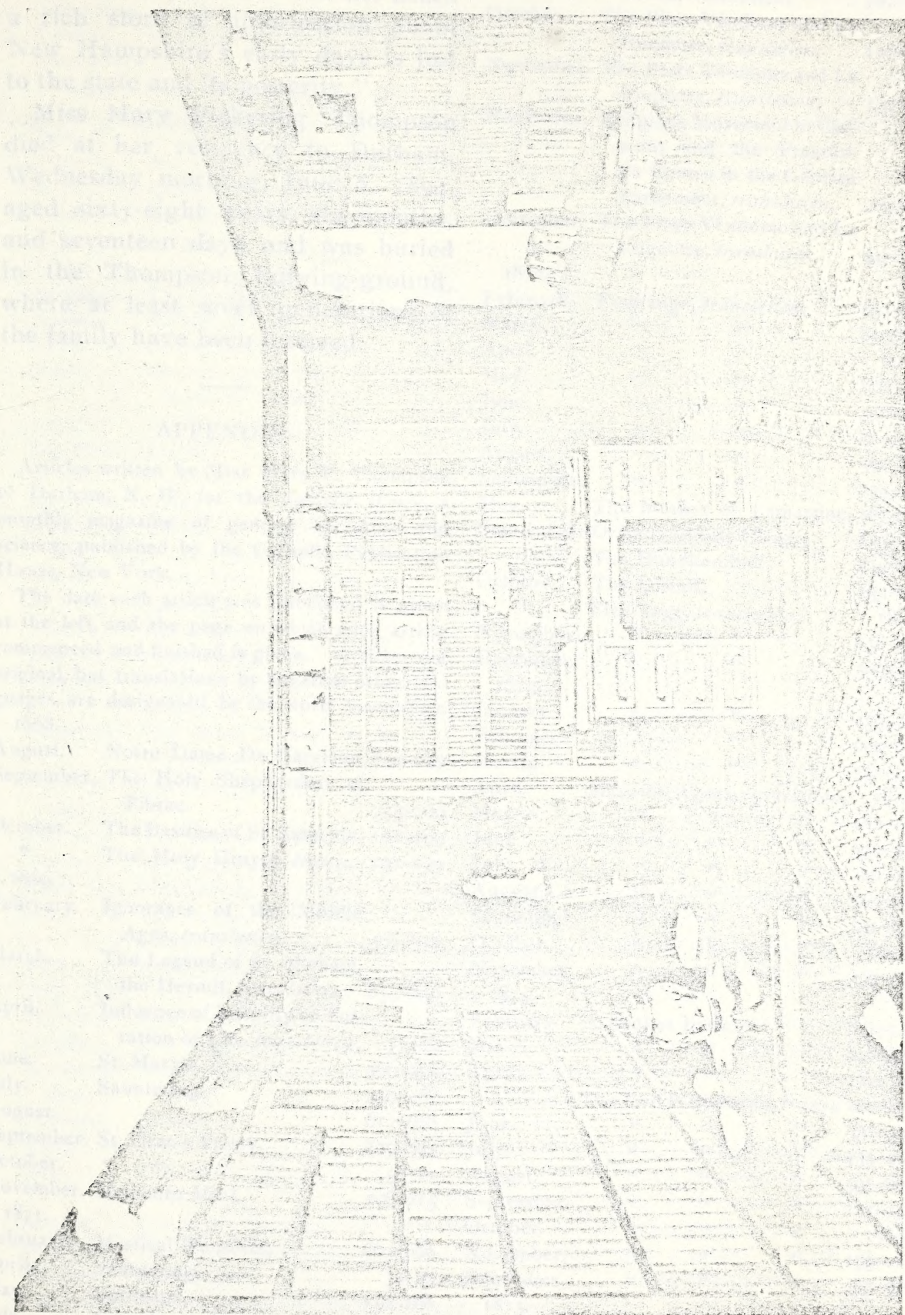
In 1890 Miss Thompson published in the *Catholic World* (magazine) "The Anti-Catholic Laws in New Hampshire," (20 pages), and "The Catholic Church in New Hampshire," (14 pages). In an article in the *Dover Republican*, the "Thompsons of Durham," July 30, 1895, the editor (referring to Miss Thompson's) said: "It is one of the finest and rarest collections of books and manuscripts to be found in any private library in New Hampshire. . . . Miss Mary Pickering Thompson was a lady of rare scholarship and thoroughly versed in the history of Durham and New Hampshire. She had traveled abroad extensively and had collected books and manuscripts on every hand."

Miss Thompson bequeathed her property to her nephew, Lucien Thompson of Durham. Mr. Thomp-

son resides in the ancestral home, in which Miss Thompson was born, and he has built an annex on the east side of the old mansion. In this annex is the library of Miss Thompson, together with the photographs, pictures, and souvenirs gathered during years of foreign travel.

The same writer, June 6, 1894, said: "She leaves a large library of rare and valuable works, also much matter in manuscript in regard to the history of Durham, she having been appointed by the town, we think, to prepare a history of that ancient town."

Miss Jennie M. Demeritt, in June, 1894 (in an article in the *Dover Republican*), said: "With many beautiful souvenirs, books, pictures, and other trophies of a successful life abroad, she returned to live among early scenes. . . . To the people of Durham, Dover, and surrounding towns she will ever be of most worth for that precious gem of history, the 'Landmarks in Ancient Dover.' Surely we must all feel a personal interest in the customs, traditions, and manners of life of our ancestors, who built these homes, laid out the winding roads, and made the country bloom in verdure and beauty. It is with a thrill of pride that we find all this brought out from the misty past, and recorded for the first time. Life has fresher charms and renewed strength because of that known background where the deeds of our fathers rest. None of us can be too grateful to the author, and all the more that she endured hours of rack-ing physical pain, overtaken as she was by disease, to be able to complete this priceless tribute to history and the people of her locality."



LIBRARY.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY, magazine. July, 1894, said: "In her death a rich store of information about New Hampshire's early days is lost to the state and its posterity."

Miss Mary Pickering Thompson died at her residence in Durham, Wednesday morning, June 6, 1894, aged sixty-eight years, six months, and seventeen days, and was buried in the Thompson burying-ground, where at least seven generations of the family have been interred.

APPENDIX.

Articles written by Miss Mary P. Thompson of Durham, N. H., for the *Catholic World*, a monthly magazine of general literature and science, published by the Catholic Publication House, New York.

The date each article was published is given at the left, and the page on which each article commenced and finished is given. Articles not original, but translations by her from other languages, are designated by the word *translation*. 1868.

August.	Notre Dame De Garaison,	644-649
September.	The Holy Shepherdess of Pibrac,	753-760
October.	The Basilica of St. Saturnin,	101-109
"	The Holy Grayle, <i>trans.</i> ,	137-139
1869.		
February.	Ignorance of the Middle Ages, <i>translation</i> ,	508-618
March.	The Legend of St. Michael, the Hermit, <i>translation</i> ,	853-856
April.	Influence of Locality on Duration of Life, <i>translation</i> ,	73-85
June.	St. Mary's,	366-372
July.	Sauntering,	459-467
August.	"	612-618
September.	St. Oren's Priory,	829-845
October.	" " "	56-71
November.	Memento Mori,	206-215
1871.		
February.	Mystical Numbers,	660-669
April.	Sauntering,	35-47
May.	Bordeaux,	158-168
July.	Love for Animals,	545-553
October.	Egyptian Civilization according to the Most Recent Discoveries, <i>trans.</i> ,	63-78

October.	The Leper of the City of Aosta, <i>translation</i> ,	767-777
October.	The Place Vendôme and La Roquette, <i>translation</i> ,	127-142
November.	The Place Vendôme and La Roquette, <i>translation</i> ,	233-247
November.	Religious Movement in Germany and the Fraction du Centre in the German Parliament, <i>translation</i> ,	269-278
December.	The Place Vendôme and La Roquette, <i>translation</i> ,	347-363
1872.		
February.	Fleurange, <i>translation</i> ,	651-665
March.	" "	813-828
April.	" "	60-75
May.	" "	226-240
June.	" "	342-355
July.	" "	473-487
August.	" "	591-605
September.	" "	734-748
May.	The Mother of Lamartine,	167-181
September.	Orleans and its Clergy,	833-835
"	The Handkerchief,	849-851
October.	The Distaff,	133-136
"	Fleurange, <i>translation</i> ,	18-31
November.	" "	158-175
December.	" "	303-318
1873.		
January.	" "	459-473
February.	" "	600-615
March.	" "	737-756
April.	Madame Agnes, <i>translation</i> ,	78-90
May.	" " "	182-194
June.	" " "	330-348
July.	" " "	446-462
August.	" " "	591-605
September.	" " "	731-750
October.	" " "	68-78
November.	" " "	195-208
1874.		
February.	A Looker Back,	711-718
March.	" "	848-855
April.	" "	102-109
"	The Veil Withdrawn, <i>trans.</i> ,	162-173
June.	" " "	333-346
July.	" " "	454-467
August.	" " "	597-609
September.	" " "	741-755
October.	" " "	15-40
November.	" " "	193-213
December.	" " "	297-316
1875.		
January.	" " "	446-464
February.	" " "	630-649
March.	" " "	767-785
April.	" " "	18-31

1874.			1880.		
October.	A Legend of Alsace, <i>trans.</i> ,	91-102	July.	The Forest of Ardennes,	506-520
November.	" " "	260-271	August.	A Group of Roman Sanctuaries,	592-602
October.	Irish National MSS., <i>trans.</i> ,	102-108	December.	The Orcades,	306-318
November.	" " "	213-222	1881.		
1875.			March.	Petrarch, Canon at Lombez,	801-812
June.	On the Way to Lourdes,	368-384	April.	The Dance of Death,	55-69
July.	" " "	549-563	May.	The Valley of the Ariège,	266-274
August.	Notre Dame de Lourdes,	682-697	June.	Il Santo,	298-312
"	Dominique de Gournes.	701-714	August.	Chambers of the Saints,	641-655
October.	Birthplace of St. Vincent de Paul,	64-77	September.	" " "	752-767
1876.			October.	Vaucluse,	91-101
February.	The Basques,	646-655	November.	The Sires of Chastellux,	194-204
March.	St. Jean de Luz,	833-841	December.	Monte Vergine,	347-358
April.	Notre Dame de Pitie,	116-128	1882.		
June.	The Devout Chapel of Notre Dame de Betharram,	335-349	January.	A Christmas Play in the Pyrenees,	439-453
August.	The Valley of the Aude,	640-652	February.	Among the Hills of Morvand,	605-618
September.	Assisi,	742-757	March.	Among the Hills of Morvand,	819-834
October.	Seville,	13-27	November.	Puy-Eu-Velay,	264-277
November.	Avila,	155-172	1883.		
December.	Siena,	337-352	March.	Mountain Legends of Auvergne,	751-764
1877.			May.	The Three Sisters,	212-224
March.	A Bird's-eye View of Toledo,	786-799	October.	Chantelle,	64-75
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¹ Miss Thompson was busy in 1885-86 preparing the Judge Thompson memoir for publication; in 1887-88, "Landmarks in Ancient Dover," first edition; in 1889-92, complete edition "Landmarks in Ancient Dover," second edition; in 1893-94, unpublished manuscript—historical.

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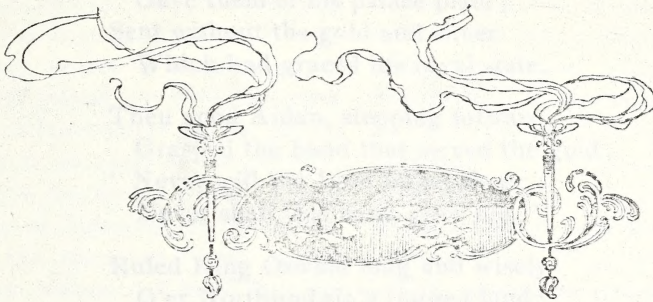
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UNPUBLISHED.

Material bearing on the Thompson, Demeritt, Emerson, Davis, and many other families in Durham. Also unpublished historical notes relating to the history of Durham.



THE DEATHLESS HAND.

(A legend of Oswald, Christian king of Northumbria, slain in battle with the pagan king of Mercia, 642 A. D.)

By Frederick Myron Colby.

In his royal banquet chamber
With his thanes and wisemen all,
Brave King Oswald sat a-feasting,
While rare music filled the hall.

Proud and noble Saxon chieftains
Feasted there beside their king;
Felt their hearts grow soft and kindly
As they heard the minstrels sing.

'Midst the feasting and the music
Rose a clamor from without—
Cries of starving men and women—
Now a curse and now a shout.

Then the monarch spake, uprising
From his gilded chair of state :

" 'T is a wanton sin and evil
That without my palace gate

" Throng these crowds of starving people
While we gaily banquet here.

Liegemen, if you love your Master,
Let us give them of our cheer."

So from out that banquet chamber
King and thane bore viands rare ;
Fed the clamoring, starving people
Till they had the lion's share.

And King Oswald, in his fervor,
Gave them of his palace plate ;
Sent without the gold and silver
Which had graced his royal state.

Then good Aidan, stepping forward,
Grasped the hand that served the gold ;
" Never will the Lord forget thee ;
Never shall this hand grow old."

Ruled King Oswald long and wisely
O'er Northumbria's rugged land ;
Till he fell at last in battle
'Neath King Penda's pagan hand.

Brutally they wrought their vengeance
On the good king's lifeless form ;
Cutting, rending and impaling,
Leaving it to sun and storm.

But they tell how long months after,
When all else had passed beside,
Still that hand of good King Oswald's
Gleamed as fair as when he died.

Ah, all else may pass and perish,
Kingly pomp and warrior's meed ;
But not time nor dissolution
Can blot out a kindly deed.



THE SO-CALLED REBELLION OF 1683.

A CURIOUS CHAPTER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORY.

By F. B. Sanborn.



THE recent publication in London, by the Master of the Rolls, of the Colonial State Papers for 1681-'87, throws more light than has hitherto been attainable on an obscure but famous passage in the history of New Hampshire, when it was a small province of but four towns, yet with the same spirit of independence in its people which led it, so early in the Revolution of 1775, to throw off the yoke of the house of Hanover, as it had renounced the house of Stuart nearly a century before. These English volumes, together with the records, published and unpublished, of the government of New Hampshire, which have been accumulating at Concord, the state capital, give occasion to write out fully the story of the persons concerned in the so-called Rebellion of 1683, or Gove's Rebellion. In fact, it was hardly more a rebellion of Gove, though he became its martyr and prophet, than of the whole landholding population of the colony, who had always been freeholders, and meant to remain so. Like the Rebellion of Bacon in Virginia, a few years earlier, it was provoked by shameful misgovernment; but, unlike that, it resulted in few punishments, no executions for treason, and in a year or two, in the triumph of the popular party, of whom Gove

had been, as was thought at the time, the too hasty spokesman. But the event showed, as in the case of John Brown's attack on slavery in Kansas and Virginia, in our own time, that Edward Gove merely anticipated by a few years the certain progress of events, and thus connected his name with a revolution which he neither originated nor carried through. In its early stages, the New Hampshire overthrow of despotism was due, in part, to a much more illustrious Englishman, whose life has lately been written—the Marquis of Halifax, whom Macaulay praises so highly, and who intervened in our affairs at a critical moment, as will be seen.

George Savile, afterwards Marquis of Halifax, was a few years older than Edward Gove, who was also born in England between 1630 and 1640, but came over to Charlestown with his father, John Gove, when a child, and first settled in Salisbury, near Newbury, where he married his wife, Hannah Titcomb. In 1653 he was one of the petitioners, along with Christopher Hussey and the three Sambornes of Hampton, for the pardon of Maj. Robert Pike, of Salisbury, who had offended the Lords Brethren of Boston by the freedom of his speech in behalf of religious liberty. About 1665 he had a large farm in that part of Hampton which is now Seabrook, and where some of his de-

scendants have lived ever since. He was a respected and influential citizen of the small colony, then governed from Massachusetts, as Maine was, —much against the wish of the gentry of the Piscataqua region, who favored the Church of England and the restored Stuart family. These were Capt. Francis Champernoon, who owned a great estate on Great Bay (from the name of which, Greenland, the town in which it lay afterwards took its name), Henry Jocelyn of Maine, Rev. Robert Jordan, once of Falmouth, near Portland, but finally of Great Island (now Newcastle), and Dr. Walter Barefoot, then of Dover, but afterwards of Great Island, where he owned a house, in which he died, late in 1688. The early commissioners of King Charles, Carr, Maverick, and Cartwright, who traversed the New Hampshire and Maine seacoast in 1664-'65, disparaging the rule of the Puritans, and setting up governments where they could, favorable to the Anglican church, found these gentry ready to furnish them with all manner of testimony against the freeholders of New Hampshire, and in favor of the revived claim of Robert Mason, grandson of Capt. John Mason (who began the first permanent settlement of the colony at Odiorne's Point), to the over-lordship of all New Hampshire and the northern part of Massachusetts. Thus, in 1665, it was alleged to these commissioners, not without some shadow of truth, that "five or six of the richest men at Portsmouth have ruled and ordered all offices at their pleasure,"—these being, by name, Richard and John Cutt, Elias Stileman, Nathaniel Fryer, and Bryan Pendleton. Joseph

Mason, the kinsman and agent of Robert, the absentee landlord, writing to him in 1667, said that he knew from Major Pike of Salisbury that the magistrates of the Bay were then willing to restore to Mason the right of lands,—adding, "Pike would take pains to be one of three to end this rupture." But nothing must be conceded to those "men of the best estate at Portsmouth,"—R. and J. Cutt, Mr. Fryer, Captain Pendleton, and his son, Mr. Elias Stileman; "for they would only confirm themselves in their own grants of land, which they have given to one another by the waterside, where 100 acres are worth 1,000 farther inland." Joseph Mason further says that in this year there has been disposed of to two friends of Mason, Edward Hilton of Exeter, and Walter Barefoot of Dover, "two tracts of land on Lampereel River, reserving a yearly rent to the Lord Proprietor (Robert Mason)."

Who this Captain and Doctor Barefoot was before coming to Dover about 1660, does not clearly appear. He was a jovial, land-speculating, dose-prescribing Englishman, given to profane swearing and lawsuits, who seems to have been educated in England, probably in medicine, and emigrated first to Barbadoes, and then to New England, where his sister Sarah had married, as his second wife, Thomas Wiggin, son of old Capt. Thomas Wiggin, who was somehow connected with John Mason in his enterprise at Little Harbor, and who himself had a patent, along with the Hiltons, for land on the other side of Great Bay from Champernoon's estate, in what is now Stratham. Young Thomas Wiggin's first

wife had been a Dudley or Bradstreet, —Simon Bradstreet's wife being Anne Dudley, daughter of the old governor of Massachusetts: but she died early, and he then married Sarah Barefoot, who outlived her picturesque brother, and inherited a part of his estate in 1689. Probably Barefoot settled in Dover because his brother-in-law was there, and, early in 1662, the town of Dover granted "unto Capt. Walter Barefoot fourscore feet in breadth of flats below high-water mark, below the mark, and 24 foot of upland,—not intrenching upon any former grant: to be built upon within one whole year after the date hereof, or else to be void." This appears to have been for a landing-place, with a view to trade,—and at the same town-meeting it was voted to grant Capt. (son of the Major) Richard Waldron twenty-four feet of upland to "join his former grant of flats at Sandy Point." In the same year (April 21, 1662), old Thomas Wiggin of Swampscot Patent (Stratham) and his son, Thomas, Jr., then of Dover, sold for 400 pounds to Barefoot, "one half of their sawmill on Cochecho River, with a half of all buildings, grants, etc., connected therewith"; and half of 600 acres granted to Thomas, Sr., by Massachusetts; also, twenty acres of salt marsh near Sandy Point, but in Exeter. Besides this real estate, which set him up in business as a lumber dealer, Barefoot, by the same deed, became half owner of ten mares, one colt, three oxen, and three cows,—implying that he was also a stock breeder. This purchase apparently made him a partner with his brother-in-law in sawmill and pasturage, while the town grant gave him a landing-stage

at Sandy Point reaching out to deep water.¹

But this did not content the land-speculating soul of Dr. Barefoot. In 1664 he inveigled Harlakenden Symonds of Ipswich, Mass., brother-in-law of John Winthrop, Jr., afterwards governor of Connecticut, into an exchange of lands, which was to give Barefoot several hundred acres of timber and mill privilege at what is now Wadleigh's Falls in Lee. This was a valuable tract, originally held by an Indian title, and thus described by Symonds the elder:

All that farm, by some called the Island Falls, containing 640 acres of land lying on both sides of the river called Lamber Eel river, which emptieth itself into the Great Bay, which is between the meeting-houses of Exeter and Dover, which farm containeth one mile square. And the town of Exeter, having bought the said parcel of land amongst other lands, of the sachem or sachems and Indians inhabiting these parts, before that Exeter was actually under the government of Massachusetts, have granted to me all Exeter's title and interest. And I have held from Massachusetts, with the consent of Mohermite, sagamore of these parts.²

It may have been to get a confirmation of his very shaky title to a part of these Symonds lands that Barefoot and Edward Hilton, in 1667, obtained through Major Shapley of Great Island a Masonic grant of an estate, which was long in litigation, and finally passed out of Barefoot's nominal ownership into that of Rob-

¹ The original grant of this mill privilege to the elder Wiggin of Stratham (Swampscot) was made by Dover in 1659.—Edward Starbuck, ancestor of many Nantucket Quakers, being then associated with Wiggin in the grant of "a sawmill at the second falls of Cochecho River, with accommodation of timber near adjacent." This timber land was apparently a mile square, but at a sawmill granted to the elder Wiggin and Simon Bradstreet at Quamphegan Falls (December 5, 1652), the timber stood on land two miles long and a mile broad. These were very rich grants.

² Here may seem to be some allusion to the very doubtful Wheelwright deed, but probably the Exeter purchase was made between 1638 and 1641, when Massachusetts took control of New Hampshire.

ert Wadleigh, an associate of Edward Gove in the uprising of 1683.

Names long associated with the cause of freedom and justice in Rockingham county early appear in these contentions of the Stuarts and their church brethren with the sturdy Calvinists of New England. Thus in 1668, the Maine landlords (Jocelyn, Champernoon, Jordan; etc.), complain to their friends in England that one Peter Weare, a kinsman of President Meshech Weare's ancestors, "who for seditious practices was imprisoned by the Justices at York, but at night the doors were staved in by his confederates, and he was set free,—he has been a principal actor in all these disturbances." But neither were the loyalists at Portsmouth and in Maine without just grievances, and sometimes the freeholders joined with them in petitioning against the *Lords Brethren at Boston and their rich supporters in New Hampshire, among whom were the Waldrons and Vaughans, as well as the Portsmouth merchants and their minister, Joshua Moody; for in 1665 Anthony Brackett, John Pickering, John Sherborne, George Walton, John Berry, Joseph Atkinson, and John Frost, well-known ancestors of families in Portsmouth, Greenland, and Newcastle, joined with Champernoon in thus addressing Carr, Cartwright, and Maverick, the king's commissioners:

For several years past we have been kept under the Massachusetts government by an usurped power, whose laws are derogatory to the laws of England, under which power five or six of the richest men of this parish (Portsmouth) have ruled, and ordered all offices; civil and military, at their pleasure, and none durst make opposition, for fear of great fines or long imprisonment. We have been denied in our public meeting the common prayer, sacraments, and decent burial of the dead, and also the benefit of freemen.

And the people of Maine in 1680, after Massachusetts had shrewdly bought out the right of Gorges and the other heirs to Maine patents, and thus forestalled the king in making Maine a royal province, like New Hampshire,—“do heavily complain that they are sold from man to man, like slaves in Algiers.” By this time Barefoot had become a householder in Portsmouth, and had bought many acres of land in Maine from Captain Champernoon, Col. John Archdale, etc. One of his associates in such purchases was a certain Henry Greenland, also styled “Dr.,” and apparently a very worthless character. He appears in an attempt in 1663 to defraud Richard Lockwood of Maine in a land suit; in 1665 he testified maliciously against Richard Cutt of Portsmouth, and in 1670 Greenland was involved in an effort to have piracy committed against Mr. Cutt, by the seamen of a trading vessel, the *Mermaiden*, lying at the Isles of Shoals. William Sely, of the family since so famous in New Hampshire under the modern name of “Cilley,” gave this testimony in June, 1670:

That about the last week in May, Capt. George Fountain was at my house, and did show himself to be troubled in spirit; and I seeing of it, did ask him the reason. And he told me that if he could meet with Henry Greenland he would run him through; and I asked him wherefore? who told me that it was for abusing of his neighbors; that the day before this the said Greenland was aboard the said Captain Fountain's ship, and proposed to his men that they should carry the *Mermaiden* round to Portsmouth, seize Mr. Richard Cutt, who had spoken treason against the King, and cause him and his servants to carry down on their backs such money and goods as was to be found there—a sure purchase of 10,000 pounds sterling.

Greenland was soon after forbid-

den to appear in the courts of York county, and disappears from later history, though he was living at Barefoot's death in 1688. Another curious piece of testimony at this early period is that of another "Captain," one John Littlebury, who said he was once governor of Holy Island, near Berwick, on the Scotch coast, and in 1669 complained of Barefoot and others for injuring him in land transactions. In a letter to the Massachusetts General Court Littlebury alleged "that in 1631 he had paid 300 pounds to John Mason and his associates in colonizing New Hampshire, Griffith Gardner and Thomas Eyres, as an adventure there, for which, in 1663, the survivors, Gardner and Eyres, had agreed to give him a fourth part of their property,—his promised share being 6,000 acres, but now he hath been deluded three years, to his great hindrance and damage, by Captain Champernoon, Major Shapleigh, Dr. Barefoot, and other grand incendiaries to the present government;" adding that "Shapleigh hath lately made leases of lands for 1,000 years to Mr. Hilton of Exeter, Dr. Barefoot, and others." This goes to show that Barefoot was active on the side of Mason as early as 1666, and was therefore obnoxious to Massachusetts for political reasons, when, in March, 1670, the Boston magistrates fined him twenty shillings for "prophane and horrid oaths," and ordered him out of their jurisdiction. In regard to this affair, Richard Chamberlain, secretary of New Hampshire under the Stuart government, made this statement in 1683:

The Massachusetts government, having usurped the province of New Hampshire, took

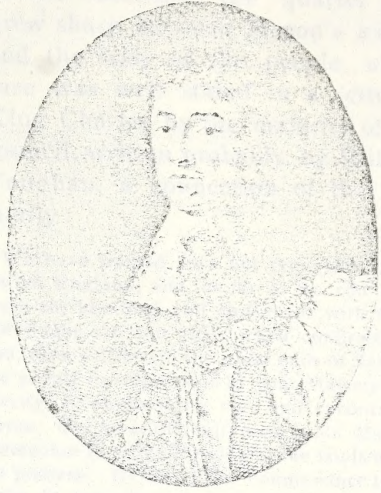
upon itself to dispose of the land, and about 1664 granted to Samuel Simonds 640 acres of land at Lamber Eel River. S. Simonds then granted to his son 320 acres thereof. Sept. 29, 1664, the said Harlakenden Simonds sold his share to Walter Barefoot, who, finding the Massachusetts title to be bad, obtained in 1667 a grant by deed of sale from Maj. Nicholas Shapleigh, attorney to Robert Mason, proprietor; and being in possession of the land, spent upwards of £700 upon it. In 1669 he sold the land with its appurtenances to Robert Wadleigh (of Exeter), who, in 1671, released all his right thereto to Barefoot, to whom he was heavily indebted. In consideration of which, Barefoot granted him a general release, but Wadleigh, by favor of the government of Massachusetts, still kept possession, and Barefoot could get no relief. In February, 1683, Barefoot brought his action against Wadleigh for recovery of the land and for damages, and produced sundry deeds in support of his title; whereas Wadleigh showed no title and made no defense, but simply said to the jury, "I leave my case with you; I hope you believe that I have a title to those lands, for it concerns you all." The jury, after several hours' consultation, found for Wadleigh, without any reason given. Barefoot thereupon appeals to the king and council.

Barefoot, by his own letter to the Lords of Trade, March 6, 1683, had lived in New England "nearly five and twenty years," and was "connected by marriage with many families." He, therefore, must have come over about 1660,—perhaps, at the Restoration; but we have no record of his marriage here, and do not know who his wife was. His appeal was dismissed by the Privy Council, because Edward Randolph, whom he made his attorney, was absent when the case came up; and Wadleigh, whose sons had been in Gove's rebellion, but pardoned, came back from England triumphant; while the other colonists soon after escaped entirely from the exactions of Mason, the origin of whose claim may now be stated.

The foundation of a colony on the Piscataqua under grants made to

Capt. John Mason, an old soldier and seaman of Queen Elizabeth, is the initial point of the province and state of New Hampshire; everything else in their history is the direct or indirect result of Mason's act, or Mason's defect. He commanded the fleet sent to control the Hebrides in 1610, when twenty-four years old; in 1615 he was governor of Newfoundland, where he remained six years. In this time he must have learned something of New England, and in 1621 he received from the council for New England his grant of Mariana; in 1622, a grant of the province of Maine,—neither of which resulted in anything practical. But in 1629 he was granted New Hampshire and Laconia, and in the interval from 1622-'31 his agents and associates had colonized the banks of the Piscataqua. In 1632 he became a member of the council which had made his grants, and vice-president under the presidency of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick; and but for his death in 1635 might have been as prominent in the settlement of America as John Winthrop. He died at the age of forty-nine, leaving grandchildren only for heirs; and during their long minority the success of the Puritan Revolution gave the advantage to Winthrop's infant colony, and threw Mason's into the arms of the Massachusetts leaders. Gorges' and Mason's followers were Royalists and inclined to the Church of England; they found no favor with the Parliament party, and before Cromwell's death, in 1658, New Hampshire and Maine seemed to be firmly held under the government of Massachusetts.

The restoration of the Stuarts



Charles II.

Born May 29, 1630; Died Feb. 6, 1685.

slowly changed all this. Charles II, like his father, had no love for the Puritans, and hardly had he got fairly seated on the throne than he began to revive his father's project of recalling the Massachusetts charter. As a preliminary, he favored the almost extinct claims of the heirs of Gorges and of Mason to control the provinces once allowed to their ancestors, but never effectively colonized under their impulse. He sent over a special commission in 1663 to investigate and in some sort regulate the affairs of all New England; it remained in the country some years, and its weight of influence was thrown in favor of the claims of the Mason heirs, and of the Church of England party among the divided colonists of Maine. This commission first gave an opening for the men in Portsmouth and Dover who disliked the Massachusetts control (established in 1641), and they did not allow the question to rest, until, in 1678, it was decided in England to make New Hampshire a royal

province and so terminate the rule of Massachusetts there. This decision was preceded by an opinion of Rainsford and North, eminent judges in England, that the Massachusetts charter did not apply to the soil either of New Hampshire or Maine. But in the meantime Massachusetts had bought out the Gorges heirs, and thus defeated, for a time, the king's purpose there,—and Maine continued to be a part of Massachusetts. New Hampshire was made a province, with a president and council of its own, in 1679; but its first rulers were chosen from its own people. John Cutt, or Cutts, the first president of the royal council of the province, was a wealthy merchant, who had been long at Portsmouth, and was now grown old; his associates in the council were Martin of Portsmouth, Waldron of Dover, Hussey of Hampton, and others,—chiefly friends of the Massachusetts government. To these were soon added, from England, Robert Mason, the chief claimant of the lands, and Richard Chamberlain, designated by Charles as secretary of the province. Whereupon, early in 1680, began the long struggle between the Masons and their friends, and the actual inhabitants, termed by the English judges “*terre-tenants*,” which led to the insurrection of Cove, and to a series of confused and oppressive events, out of which, finally, emerged a triumphant people, owning their own soil, and governing themselves,—and ready a century later to join heartily in the War of Independence.

After the death of John Cutt, “an honest and loyal man,” as both sides termed him, in March, 1681, and the election of Major Waldron of Dover

as his successor, the quarrel soon grew sharp between Mason's friends and the body of the people, whose case was well stated in a letter to King Charles by the majority of the council, written probably by William Vaughan, a connection of the Cutt family:

We have framed laws not repugnant to the law of England, and, as far as we can make them so, identical and consonant with them. We doubt not but that, when confirmed by you, they will attain the great ends of keeping the people in submission to your Majesty's authority, of suppressing vice and encouraging virtue. Our great difficulty now is Mr. Mason's pretension to proprietorship of the lands which we possess. He has some countenance to his claim in your commission, which we can not but think he got by indirect means and untrue information, in which he abounds. He has not obeyed the conditions of his grant (if made to him), viz., the peopling of the place, and enlargement of your dominions,—both of which have been vigorously intended by the present inhabitants. The “*vast expense of his estate*” is mostly, if not entirely, pretense. A house was hired in this province, but most of the money was spent in Maine, on the other side of the river, and for carrying on an Indian trade; in all of which his grandfather was but a partner. Yet he would appear among us as sole proprietor. He says that we have no right but what is derived from Massachusetts in virtue of an imaginary line. This is another of his groundless imaginations; for we were possessed of the soil long before Massachusetts meddled with us; indeed, we invited Massachusetts to govern us, when we had learned by our combination (how) to prevent the confusion of anarchy. We could not govern ourselves, and, being under their government, used their system of allotting lands, but never thought of deriving any propriety from them, in those lands, which, under you and your royal predecessors, were accounted our own. Instead of the final expulsion by Massachusetts alleged by Mr. Mason, we can plentifully prove that the undertaking was slighted, and the whole place deserted both by Capt. John Mason and his agents many years before Massachusetts was concerned therein. . . . The inhabitants have been put to vast expense of time and trouble; they see the impossibility of living if Mr. Mason prevail, and that they will be constrained to move to some other place, where they can hope to be delivered from such impositions. And this after they

have worn themselves with hard work to get a poor living, and after expending their estates upon a wilderness. It would be a wilderness still, for all that Mr. Mason has done towards improving it. Since you did not absolutely command us to own Mr. Mason as proprietor, we hope we shall not be counted as offenders for our slowness to become tenants to any subject,—a thing which bears so ill among us in this vast wilderness, whither our fathers transported themselves in hope of better things. . . . We crave pardon for any undue rudeness or prolixity.

The tenor and tone of this paper were significant of what the issue of the controversy was likely to be, if the king did not use force to compel men conscious of their own rights and living on their own ground to submit to the exactions of an absentee landlord,—for neither Robert Mason nor his grandfather had ever resided in New Hampshire, except as the grandson was now there to share in the government and collect ground-rent. Still, the Masons had equitable rights, according to the land-tenure of those days, which would have been respected, if the attempt had not been made to enforce them violently; and some of the leaders in opposition were men as imperious as Mason himself,—Waldron, for instance, who was finally cut in pieces by the Indians for his harsh treatment of them. Some light is thrown on his conduct, and that of his chief associates, by an unsigned document sent to England in the summer of 1681, evidently with Barefoot's connivance, and perhaps from his pen:

The commission appointing John Cutt president was delivered 27th December, 1679. He summoned the council to deliver to him the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, but under the influence of Richard Waldern and Richard Martin, the council took time to consider it. Waldern and Joshua Moody, the minister of Portsmouth, then went to Boston to consult persons in that government how they should

proceed, and, returning after some days, went with Martin to the president and earnestly besought him to reject the commission,—Waldern saying that he would be hanged at his own door before he accepted it. Mr. Cutt said that he would obey the royal command, and advised them to do the like, but they prevailed with the council not to accept the commission,—hoping by that means to make him quit it. So the twenty days appointed for the publication and acceptance of the royal commission expired. Hereupon the president, by the advice of several of the principal and loyal persons of the province, gave notice to all the inhabitants by public declaration that he accepted the king's commission, and summoned them to Portsmouth on a fixed day to hear the commission read, and to consult for the carrying on of the government. The declaration was received with great satisfaction. On this Waldern and Martin sent to the several ministers of the province to ask what should be done. They met in Portsmouth in Martin's house, and spent four days in consultation, when they resolved to accept the commission and assume the government, lest the president should put others in their places. Waldern, Martin, and the rest went to the president and declared their acceptance of the commission. Next day being the 21st of January (1680), they chose three more to be of the council, two of which were in the commission when Massachusetts usurped the government, and Waldern got himself elected deputy president, and remained in his old place as commander of the militia. The majority of the council, disliking Cutt's appeal to the loyal inhabitants, took advantage of his illness and absence to limit the president to a single vote, and have ever since acted without him. The council then issued summons for the choice of deputies for a general assembly, but published also an order forbidding any men to vote but such as they nominated. In towns of 200 houses not twenty men were allowed to vote.¹ The people complained, but were denied, and threatened with punishment for disobedience. So the council, in effect, chose the deputies. They have made a law exempting magistrates and church elders from all rates and taxes,—whereby the council and deputies are freed from taxation. The people are rated at will and doom,—some men

¹ This applies only to Exeter, and was probably due in part to the fact that only church members were at this time voters, and in Exeter, first settled by Wheelwright, a banished heretic from Massachusetts, and afterwards delayed in the formation of a church by the "Lords Brethren" of Boston, there were comparatively few church members in the wide expanse of the town, which then included Brentwood, Kingston, and Newmarket, as well as the present town. No doubt the councillor, Gilman, also took pains that his personal enemies should not vote.

worth 100 pounds paying more than others worth 1,000. They have raised great sums without accounting for the expenditure thereof,—the only visible expense being eating and drinking. They fined Captain Barefoot ten pounds for accepting a commission from Mr. (Edward) Randolph to be his deputy, and committed him to prison until it was paid. They have refused Mr. Chamberlain all salary, and distributed his duties among three of themselves.

It is not needful to believe all these charges, but the recital of dates is probably correct. The three new councillors (whom the king's commission required them to choose), were Elias Stileman, a son-in-law of the president, Samuel Dalton of Hampton, to balance Christopher Hussey, inclined to the Quakers, and Job Clement. The order concerning the election of deputies was as follows, and seems to have been a mere compliance with the king's order :

(Feb. 16, 1680.) The council, being left by the king's commission to determine what persons shall choose the deputies for the assembly, order the persons hereinafter named in the several towns to meet at nine in the morning on the 1st of March next, and, having taken the oath of allegiance, to choose three persons from among themselves, by the major vote given in writing. No man shall vote except such as are mentioned in the list; no man shall put in but one vote for one man; and the voters must not cut through the names they write in their papers. (Here follows the list of voters,—for Portsmouth, 71; for Dover, 61; for Hampton, 57; for Exeter, 20, including John Gilman, a councillor. It is evident that Exeter was the "towns of 200 houses where not 20 men were allowed to vote.")

The order about vote-cutting seems to have been intended to prevent fraudulent alteration of votes. Under this order twelve deputies were chosen, but only eleven met on the 16th of March, 1680,—Robert Elliot, Philip Lewis, and John Pickering from Portsmouth; Peter Coffin, Anthony Nutter, and Richard Waldron,

Jr., for Dover; Anthony Stanyan, Thomas Marston, and Edward Gove for Hampton, and Bartholomew Tipping and Ralph Hall for Exeter. Among the laws then passed was one confirming all titles to land, intended to negative Mason's claim. Soon after, Richard Chamberlain, an English friend of Mason's, was appointed by the king secretary of the council of New Hampshire, and a member thereof; he came over in the autumn, landed at Portsmouth, December 24, 1680, and was the guest of President Cutt. He was admitted councillor, December 30, and Robert Mason soon after. In May, 1682, Edward Cranfield was appointed by the king his lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire; he was slow to arrive, but finally reached Portsmouth, by way of Salem (where he landed from an armed vessel, October 1), on the 3d of October. His first act, after taking the oaths, was to suspend Waldron and Martin from the council, upon charges made by Mason; then, thinking himself misled by Chamberlain, he restored them, November 14, 1682,—“finding them very useful for the king's service here,”—as no doubt they were. He then wrote to the Lords of Trade (December 1) :

As to Mr. Mason, he has much misrepresented the whole matter; the place not being so considerable, nor the people so humored as he reports. There are but four small towns, all impoverished by the expenses of the last Indian War, and several hundred pounds in debt on that account to this day. I find them very loyal to the king, and respectful to myself,—willing to do what they can in support of the government, but unable to do so much as has been pretended. Far from being ready to own Mason as their proprietor, they are very slow to admit of any one but the king. Whatever their first compliments in the matter, few or none are willing to comply, except some few Quakers, and they only on condition of his

recovering the whole, but the general wish is for a decision of the case by law.

I conceive that Mason has taken wrong measures for his procedure. He thought that, by laying aside Waldern, Martin, and the principal minister, Moody, he would have frightened the people into compliance with him, but finds himself mistaken. Whereas, had he asked for a trial on the spot, he would, in my opinion, have been nearer an end of his business. Seeing that the people were fixed in their opinion, he pressed me, by Mr. Chamberlain's advice, to restrain in the cutting of wood, which would have led to ill consequences if I had consented, for, without wood for firing and merchandise, the poor people would perish. Although I have not been fairly treated by Mason and Chamberlain, for refusing to gratify them, I have adhered to my instructions. Had I yielded to the violent courses that they urged, I should have greatly disturbed the people without promoting the king's interest, which is far above that of any private individual. Indeed, the people scruple not to say that it is Chamberlain's friendship with Mason that puts him to such unsafe and irregular counsels. Major Shapleigh, a Quaker, now dead, used to be held responsible for it; but now it lies at Chamberlain's door. They object further, on the ground of his indigency, that he should be entrusted with the custody of all their titles to land, deeds, and records, and that they should be in the hands of a friend to their antagonist, —who has given no security for the proper discharge of his duty,—and, indeed, could not give it. I must needs add that I find him very incapable of the duties of the place,—whether from original incapacity, dejection or disappointment I know not,—but he gives me great anxiety in the discharge of my duty. He thinks himself hardly dealt with if he have not the profits of the seal, and of every summons or warrant (which may be worth 10 pounds a year), but when any offer of service to the king is made to him, he declines it. . . . If Mason did get sixpence per pound of all the improved lands, it would not (for all his high talk about a fifth of the rent) amount to £100 a year. If the province of Maine were added to this government, we could put a tax on boards and timber that would support it.

As to ecclesiastical matters, the attempt to settle the way of the Church of England here will be very grievous to the people, whatever Mr. Mason may have said. They are very diligent and devout in their own worship, very tenacious of it, and very grateful for the king's indulgence to them therein. . . . The old record book of the province has been produced, wherein it appeared that, in Captain Mason's lifetime, the inhabitants, being wholly without

government, were forced to enter into a combination to govern themselves by the king's laws. As for taxes, the people own that Massachusetts spent several thousand pounds for them in the Indian War, for which they never had compensation.

To this frank and mainly true statement of the situation as he found it, Cranfield soon added this,—

The advantages of joining Maine to this province would be very great, not only as a means to support the government, but also to keep the people in loyalty, for at present they are hedged in by the Bostoners, who do all they can to undermine the settlement of the king's government. I am now better able to give you a report on the colony: its condition is very mean. There are not ten men worth £500 apiece, and things are not likely to improve, for they have neither fisheries nor timber. Should Mr. Mason dispossess the towns of their unimproved lands, it will be impossible for above four or five families to subsist, for they will have nowhere to feed their cattle in summer and winter. Most of the inhabitants say that they must go, unless Mr. Mason accepts an acknowledgment for the unimproved my lands. The people are willing to do anything in reason for Mr. Mason, and contrary to as well as for the improved expectation, profess great loyalty to the king.

But the wind soon changed, and Cranfield, having received the promise of £130 a year from Mason, secured by a mortgage of the province rents, whipped over to his side again. December 30, 1682, he again wrote to the Lords:

Finding the council and inhabitants possessed of large tracts of land claimed by Mr. Mason, and resolved to defend their right, I thought it best not to make myself a party by appearing on Mason's behalf, but referred the matter to a decision at law, and made it my business to bring about a peaceable settlement. . . . I was induced to believe that they were in earnest, dismissed Mason's charges against Waldern and Martin, and writ to you in their favor. Let it not surprise you that my mind is totally changed. All of the late council and chief inhabitants are part of the grand combination of church members and Congregational assemblies throughout New England, and by that they are so much obliged that the prejudice of any one, if considerable, influences the whole party.

. . . When you gave me my commission you had an idea that on my arrival the illicit trade complained of by Randolph would be wholly discountenanced. His majesty's ship, *Lark*, cowed them for a time,—but as long as the preachers exert themselves against the royal authority, I know not where to turn for honest men to administer justice. The other day a gentleman brought an action against a church member. The jury found for the plaintiff, but the court refused to accept the verdict. So the preachers take care of each other. I cannot carry on the government without power to remove these preachers who set themselves up against it. . . . I am sorry to find the actions of the people so far short of their first professions, but this change of tune is not due so much to my neutrality as to their want of loyalty. They have been in a confederacy to carry their cause against the king, but I doubt not, in time, to reduce them to reason.

To the same effect, and at the same date, Edward Randolph, who was revenue officer for all New England, wrote (December 30, 1682):

The governor, who is determined to enforce the Navigation acts, has suspended Stileman from the council, put him out of the fort (wherein he has placed Capt. Walter Barefoot), and declared him incapable of holding any place of trust. He is resolved to awe this combination, which is carried on against the king's authority by one Moody, a minister, who makes great profit out of it.

Captain Stileman thus summarily punished, was a son-in-law of Richard Cutt, deceased, a brother of the late president, and so was William Vaughan of the council, of whom we shall soon hear more. They were interested in commerce, and probably winked at evasions of the harsh Navigation acts, which had much to do with causing the Revolution of 1775. Captain Barefoot, of course, was our Dover surgeon, now a resident of Great Island (New Castle), and just the kind of man to help on Mason and his friends in their despotic plans. But now the time of insurrection drew near. Cranfield, not being able to get revenue bills passed

by the assembly, of which Edward Gove was a leading member, dissolved them and proceeded to make the governor and council supreme. His revenue scheme shall be described in his own words to the Lords of Trade (January 23, 1683):

I shall, with the assent of the council, continue the impositions lately raised, which will go a good way towards paying the expenses of government, as at present distributed,—or, as it has been the constant practice among the Bostoners, not only to ease themselves in their rates, and burden the poorest sort of the people,—so they never failed to give plentifully to each other in authority. This method has been carefully observed in this province, but will now be out of doors,—since the king has entrusted the disposal and issue of money to my power, with the council's assent. I shall take care that it shall be done as justly as can be, and this clause should be inserted in my commission, when the government of Massachusetts is settled. The taxes now raised there are high and unequal. The faction will soon make the assembly provide for a revenue, rather than continue the present taxes, unless they can have the division of the surplusage, as formerly. When this is done, and the governor empowered to place and displace ministers, I am confident that the people will be brought to obedience without further charge to the king. I send a duplicate of our laws. If you disallow them, it may be a means to get better passed in future, meanwhile, I govern them by the laws of England.

Here was a fine edifice of despotism built up in imagination, and to be applied in due time to Massachusetts as well as New Hampshire. The news of it proved too much for many of the freemen of the small province, ever ready to assert their independence, and my ancestor made untimely haste to prevent the threatened tyranny. Cranfield's letter being delayed for want of a ship, he presently went on thus (27th January):

Since writing the above, I have to report one of the late assemblymen for Hampton, Edward Gove, has made it his business to stir up the people in the several towns to rebellion. He gave out that he had a sword by his side, and would not lay it down till he had the gov-

ernment in his hands. What confederates he may have I know not yet, but have sent persons to apprehend him, and have raised the trained bands to keep the peace. . . . I have reason to believe that he has been set on by some of the Massachusetts colony, which he has lately visited. If it be their design to cause a disturbance, it will be impossible to govern them without a frigate. I acted so cautiously on my arrival, that I gave way to their humors until I could get the fort and militia into safe hands. The rebels will be tried by the laws of England on 1st of February.

Gove was tried on the date named, having been indicted by the justices of the peace,—or rather held under their warrant,—on the 22d of January, and indicted by the grand jury February 2. The special justices appointed for the trial were Waldron, Vaughan, and Thomas Daniel,—a majority of them unfriendly to Mason and the governor; the jurors summoned seem to have been good men, representing the four towns and the fortified island, now New Castle. They were indicted for "levying war against his majesty,"—of which, of course, they could only be technically guilty, since they attacked nobody, although in arms, until a marshal attempted to arrest Gove and his men, three in all, before they reached Exeter from Seabrook, whence they started. These were Edward Gove, John, his son, and William Healey, his servant. Repulsing the marshal, they rode on to Exeter, where they recruited eight more men,—the three Wadleighs, Edward Smith, John Sleeper, Mark Baker, Thomas Rawlings, and John Young,—family names still common in that part of New Hampshire. Returning through the northwest of Hampton (over Bride Hill, I suppose), all mounted, and with a trumpeter at their head, they were halted by the foot-soldiers of Hampton, and all surrendered, with-

out firing a shot or inflicting a wound,—only the trumpeter escaping by the speed of his horse. But as the declared purpose of Gove was to change the government existing by the king's special command, the offense could be described as war against Charles II. So far as Gove had any expressed animosity it was against James II, then Duke of York, from whom Cranfield held his commission of vice-admiral,—and that as being a Papist, and wishing to introduce Papistry in New Hampshire. In his letter to Justice Weare and others, who signed the warrant for his arrest (written from his prison at Great Island), he calls the sovereign "our gracious King Charles the Second, of blessed memory," as if he believed him to be already dead, though Charles did not die till February 6, 1685. There had been so many plots and rumors of plots, that Gove, who had been under great excitement during the session of the assembly, might easily, in his distemper of mind, suppose the king dead, and a Catholic on the throne. A portion of this rambling letter, dated January 29, is valuable as describing his imprisonment, and censuring Barefoot, who commanded at the fort and prison:

Gentlemen, according to what I know and believe, I am falsely indicted, and I am abused, notwithstanding, by another inditement,—being in irons by Capt. Barefoot's order, which irons are called bilboes. We have a hard prison, a good keeper, a hard captain,—irons an inch over, five foot and several inches long,—two men locked together. Yet I had, I thank God for it, a very good night's lodging—better than I had fourteen or fifteen nights before.

The allusion here seems to be to some wakeful nights during the session of the assembly, and not to any

recent loss of sleep. It was sworn by Richard Martin and Reuben Hull of Portsmouth, that Gove had declared in that town, before he armed himself, that Governor Cranfield acted as admiral by the Duke of York's commission, who was a Papist and would bring popery in amongst them; that Cranfield was a pretended governor, and his commission signed in Scotland, and that Martin and others ought to join him for the recovery of liberties infringed by his majesty's placing a governor over them. The lieutenant of the Hampton foot company then swore that he arrested Gove in arms, whereupon, as Randolph says, "Gove admitted the matter of fact," and questioned Cranfield's power,—adding that he had proclaimed the day of Charles First's death as a fast to be annually observed (January 30), and obliged the ministers to preach on that day. The other prisoners pleaded not guilty, and alleged "they were drawn in by Gove." The jury, after long consideration, found Gove guilty of high treason, and by special verdict, that the ten others were in arms against his majesty. "Upon which," says Randolph, "the court (Waldron) proceeded to give judgment and passed sentence of condemnation upon Gove. But in regard the other prisoners were specially found, the governor ordered the court to respite their judgment till his majesty's pleasure should be known therein,—most of them being young men, and altogether unacquainted with the laws of England." Waldron, in tears, gave Gove the barbarous sentence of the law against treason,— "That he be carried back to the place whence he came, and from

thence be drawn to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck, but cut down alive, and then his entrails be taken out and burned before his face, his head cut off, his body divided into four quarters, and his head and quarters disposed of at the king's pleasure."

The comment of Cranfield after his trial (Feb. 20, 1683) was:

To Sir Leoline Jenkins, secretary of state,—I send you on the ship *Richard*, under Mr. Randolph's care, Edward Gove, an assembly-man, who is condemned to death for raising a rebellion in this province. I intended to execute him here, for terror to the whole party, who are still mutinous, had my commission allowed it. Nine others were taken besides Gove, and on trial were convicted, but security has been taken for their appearance, and they have been respited, pending signification of the king's pleasure. I cannot, with safety to myself and the province, keep Gove longer in custody, for, besides the great expense of guards for him, I have reason to fear that he may escape. Moreover, by my commission I am ordered to send home rebels—and if Gove escape the sentence of the law, there is an end of the king's government in New Hampshire. . . . I hear that it is designed to petition for Gove's life, and that it is to be managed by messengers from Boston. If so, this will the more convince me that Gove received encouragement from that quarter. . . . Major Pike, one of the magistrates, and a member of the faction, came to me the night before Gove's trial, with several depositions to certify that Gove was of unsound mind: in order to avoid his prosecution I am forced to keep the militia in arms till Gove is shipped off, and I hope to keep the peace, but I beg that Mr. Randolph may be sent back to me with a small frigate, to await orders, otherwise I can promise the king little success in the charge committed to me. Mr. Randolph has been very diligent,—having made five journeys this winter from Boston hither, a distance of seventy miles, in the extremity of weather. He now undertakes the duty and cost of transporting Gove. I cannot repay him from Colonial funds, as they are brought so low by the expense of Gove's rising. I beg therefore that his expenses may be allowed.

Randolph arrived at Falmouth, in England, late in May, having delayed sailing from Boston until the

end of March, for there is a warrant directed by Cranfield to Thomas Joules, of the ship *Richard* of Boston, to "transport Edward Gove, lately sentenced to death for high treason, to England, there to be executed according to the king's order," and it is dated March 29. On April 2 Cranfield notified Sir L. Jenkins that he had shipped Gove, and that "the captain is by agreement to receive £20." On the 4th of June Randolph was in London, and on the 7th the lieutenant of the tower notified Sir Leoline thus :

"I received a prisoner last night by your warrant. I thought you had been at Hampton court this day or I should have acknowledged it earlier. The fellow is poor, and I wish to know if the king will allow him maintenance. I keep two warders

with him,—one to lie in his chamber, and one never to be out of his sight. Our warder-houses are so full of our officers that we have no place for prisoners."

Here, then, for the present we leave Edward Gove, soon to be joined, in another wing of the great Tower of London, by Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell, maliciously prosecuted for their opinions and for their former services in the cause of political and religious freedom, and presently to be tried before Jeffries, with insult by a packed jury, and sent to the block as traitors. Gove must have seen and perhaps talked with them; he looked forward either to a fate like theirs, or to life-long imprisonment, but the Lord in whom he trusted gave a very different issue to his adventure.

[To be concluded.]



Col. Joseph Dudley. 1680.

*Afterwards Governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire.
A Tory Trimmer, detested in New England.*

POVERTY.

By Ormsby A. Court.

And 'mid the measured beat of endless looms ;
 The ceaseless clack and whirl of myriad gears ;
 I see a Spectre stalk the steaming rooms,
 Guant, wan, and bending under countless years.

In alleys dark and dank, of noisome smells ;
 In basements where the walls and ceilings drip ;
 In garrets dark as fetid dungeon cells,
 I see that ghastly Spectre's fateful grip.

In crowded streets that hum with vice and toil ;
 Where haggard faces vie with pinched and pale ;
 Where vermin and disease lurk 'neath the soil,
 That Spectre haunts as if on pleasure's trail.

What lesson lingers in His grewsome wake ?
 What souls less fouled, or peoples purified ?
 A penance, penalty ? Bound to the stake,
 Judged, sentenced, punished, yet untried.

THE POET.

By Hale Howard Richardson.

Soul-deep was nursed a talent rich,
 The world might not yet share,
 Save as expressed in courteous grace
 And acts divinely fair ;
 The gentle touch, the tender look,
 That ne'er misunderstood,
 Proclaimed the poet soul within,
 The lyric sweet and good.

The words that wrought but happiness,
 The tone with music's ring,
 The beautiful was everywhere,
 The good in everything ;
 And so perchance the songs that have
 A weary world beguiled,
 A blessed mother whispered them
 To her precious little child !

ONE SOLDIER'S FATE.

By J. W. Condon.

"**S**PEAKING of pathetic scenes on the battlefield," said the colonel, as we sat before our cheerful camp-fire on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee, "reminds me of an incident which came under my own observation, and which, I presume, many a man in New Hampshire remembers distinctly.

"Our company, which belonged to a New Hampshire regiment, went out from Keene. In it was a bright fellow by the name of Young—'Brigham' Young we called him. He was the life and soul of the company, and ten minutes in his presence was enough to dispel the worst attack of the blues that ever afflicted a man.

"Young had been South before the war broke out, but his home was in New Hampshire. He had been pressed into the rebel service, and whether his conscience smote him for taking up arms against his northern kindred, or whether he realized that our cause was the right one, I cannot say; at any rate, he deserted the Confederate forces soon after the beginning of the war, and came home to enlist with the Union army.

"The Battle of Winchester, as you may know, was by no means a mere skirmish. The casualties on both sides amounted to nearly ten thousand men, killed or wounded, and that was really the first fighting

which our company was engaged in.

"During that battle, Young was conspicuous for his bravery, and many a time his comrades saw him face the enemy's onslaughts with a dogged smile on his face and a determined look in his eye, which indicated that he was in the fight to stay.

"Well, when the battle was over and the Union forces had won the day, the ghastly work of picking up the dead and wounded was in order. While this was in progress somebody missed Young, and a diligent search was at once set on foot in the hope of finding him, dead or alive.

"One by one the bodies of the dead and dying were picked up and tenderly removed to the quarters which had been hastily provided for them. More than one poor fellow looked up into the faces of his comrades, smiled, and passed away—mustered out of the service forever.

"At length, some of the boys who had gone on in advance of us stopped, hesitated a moment, and then called to the rest of us to come on. We did so, and when we reached them the sight which met our eyes was one which I never shall, never can, forget. There on the bloody ground, naked as when he came into the world, lay 'Brigham' Young with a bayonet run through his body and into the soil. He was dead, but the same cheerful look had possession of

his features as when he had charmed the camp with his songs and shared his last bit of hardtack with some of the boys.

"Poor old 'Brigham'! Not a fellow of us all who could not recall some act of kindness which he had performed toward his fellows. His tobacco had always been at our disposal, his jolly disposition had in it an element of sympathy which had often comforted us when we had received bad news from home. Strange, isn't it, that persons of a mirthful temperament are often possessed of such sympathetic, almost sentimental, qualities—and frequently more highly developed than in people of apparently finer grain!

"There had been many sober faces among the searchers on the battlefield as we had found our fallen com-

rades; but now the big, briny tears forced their way from our eyes and down over our grimy cheeks, however hard we might wink in attempting to restrain them. We picked poor Young up from the ground, and after covering him with a blanket carried him from the field. I've had many a good friend before and since, but never one whom I loved better than I loved 'Brigham' Young."

Here the colonel sniffed a bit and appeared to be thinking over the pathetic points of the story which he had been relating.

"What had become of your comrade's clothing?" he was asked.

"Oh, the Rebs got it," was the nonchalant reply; "and evidently some of them had recognized Young as a deserter, which accounts for the bayonet thrust through his body."

THE BELLS OF GILMANTON.

By Thomas Cogswell, Jr.

When the shadows of the gloaming
Gently settle, and the night
Slowly steals in from the ocean,—
Blotting out the fading light—
And the wind is softly sighing,
And the leaves fall, one by one,
Then I cannot keep from listening
For the bells of Gilmanton.

They are always gently ringing
At this time of day, when I
Best can stop my ceaseless labor,
And can lay my troubles by,
For the hour 'twixt light and darkness,
When the busy day is done,
Is the hour for rest and comfort,
And the bells of Gilmanton.

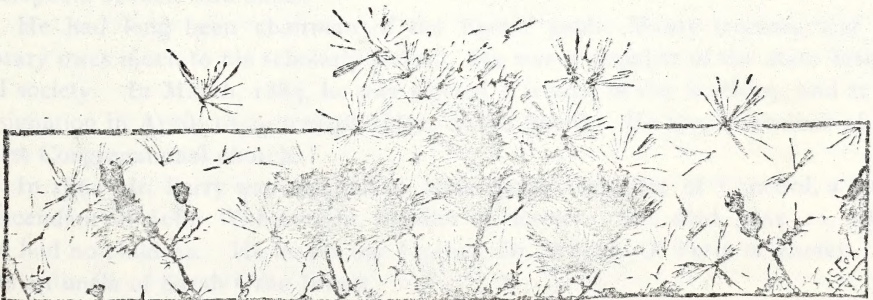
THE BELLS OF GILMANTON.

Ah, the gladsome notes of welcome
To their home of love and peace !
Ah, the deep-toned peals of sorrow
Which they sob when life does cease !
Ah, the happy thrill of pleasure
Which they feel when'ere a son
Off in some far city, listens
For the bells of Gilmanton !

They have rung for countless weddings,
They have told with muffled tone
That the soul of some loved person
To its Maker had just flown ;
They have sung the lays of gladness,
Lays of sadness have they sung ;
They have made us laugh and tremble,—
Have these bells of Gilmanton.

And to-day, though old and hoary
With the toil and care of years,
We can never hear them ringing
But it fills our eyes with tears,
For whatever be the message
Which is loosened from each tongue,
There 's the same sweet note of welcome
In the bells of Gilmanton.

Then, O bells, ring out with laughter
Till the darkness settles down ;
Then, O bells, forget your sorrow,
Let your lips with joy abound !
Send each night a message ringing
At the sinking of the sun,
To your children who are listening
For the bells of Gilmanton.



NECROLOGY

JOHN T. PERRY.

John T. Perry, a prominent citizen of Exeter and well-known journalist, born in Exeter, April 5, 1832, died in that town November 2, 1901.

Mr. Perry was the youngest of five children of Dr. William and Abigail (Gilman) Perry. His father was a remarkable man, distinguished physician and surgeon, and at his death, January 11, 1887, in his ninety-ninth year, was Harvard's senior alumnus. His mother was a daughter of Col. Nathaniel Gilman, younger brother of Gen. John Taylor and Senator Nicholas Gilman.

Mr. Perry entered Phillips-Exeter in 1843, and in 1852 was graduated from Harvard with Phi Beta Kappa rank. He then studied law under the late Gen. Gilman Marston, and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in April, 1856. He never practised, however, his tastes inclining to literary work.

In 1857 he joined the staff of the New Hampshire *Statesman*, from which he soon went to the Manchester *Mirror*. Early in 1858 he became an editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, of which he soon became a proprietor. His connection with the *Gazette* lasted until its consolidation with the *Commercial* in 1883, when he sold his interest and returned to Exeter, buying as his home, the quaint old house once occupied by his great-grandfather, Nicholas Gilman, state treasurer during the Revolution.

Since 1888 Mr. Perry had been an editorial writer for the Exeter *News-Letter*, and in 1888 and 1896 was managing editor of the New Hampshire *Journal* and its successor, the *Record*, organs of New Hampshire Congregationalists. He had contributed to leading reviews. He was the author of "Sixteen Saviours or One," a book published at Cincinnati in 1879, to prove that the gospels are not Brahminic, and in 1899 he published a valuable history of the First church of Exeter. He was an omnivorous reader, had a most retentive memory, and was a veritable cyclopedia of facts and dates.

He had long been chairman of the Exeter public library trustees, and the library owes much to his scholarly tastes. He was a member of the state historical society. In March, 1885, he was elected a trustee of the academy, and at his resignation in April, 1899, was president of the board. He was a member of the First Congregational church.

In 1862 Mr. Perry was married to Miss Sarah Chandler of Concord, a lineal descendant of John Wheelwright, founder of Exeter. She died June 11, 1897. He had no children. He leaves one brother, Dr. William G. Perry of Exeter. He was an uncle of Sarah Orne Jewett.

OSCAR D. ABBOTT, M. D.

Dr. Oscar D. Abbott died at his home on Walnut street, Manchester, January 11, 1902.

Oscar Dunreath Abbott was born in Cornish Flat on September 13, 1824, and was the son of Ezekiel and Phœbe (Morse) Abbott. He was in the seventh generation, in direct line, from George Abbott, who settled in Andover, Mass., in 1643, coming from Yorkshire, Eng. His great-grandfather, Nathan Abbott, was born at Andover and moved to Wilton, where his grandfather was born.

Dr. Abbott received his early education in the district school at Bradford, and then attended Henniker academy and Phillips-Exeter academy. He went to Manchester, in 1847, and took up the study of medicine in the office of Drs. Davis and Jones. He received the degree of M. D. from the Berkshire Medical college of Pittsfield, Mass., on November 20, 1850.

He passed the following winter and spring in Boston doing hospital work and attending lectures, and then, in 1853, he settled in Rockport, Mass., where he remained sixteen years, when it became necessary for him to change his residence on account of ill health, and he removed to Manchester.

There he was for many years a prominent figure in medical circles. In 1878-'79 he was city and county physician, and in 1870 was on the board of health. He was a member of the Massachusetts State Medical association, the New Hampshire Medical society, and the Manchester Medical association, and was consulting physician to the Elliot hospital. Outside of his profession he had several social connections, being a member of the Knights Templar, the Derryfield club, and at one time of the Knights of Pythias.

Dr. Abbott was thrice married, his first wife being Margaret S., daughter of Edward H. Pearce of Gloucester, Mass.; the second being Emma B. Pearce, a sister of his first wife. On June 10, 1879, he was married to Kate Tarr, daughter of Benjamin Tarr of Rockport, Mass., who survives him. Other survivors are his daughters, Mrs. C. T. Parsons of Arlington Heights, Mass., Mrs. George W. Chickering, and Miss Annie O. Abbott of Manchester; one brother, Egbert O. Abbott of Manchester, and a sister, Mrs. James Wilkins of Henniker.

HON. CALEB BLODGETT.

Hon. Caleb Blodgett, formerly associate justice of the Massachusetts superior court, died at his summer home at Canaan Street, on Wednesday, December 11, 1901.

Judge Blodgett, who was a brother of Chief Justice Isaac N. Blodgett of the New Hampshire supreme court, was born in Dorchester, June 3, 1832; fitted for college at Canaan and Meriden, and graduated from Dartmouth with high honors in 1856. He then returned to Canaan, where the family then resided, and commenced the study of law with William P. Weeks, going thence to Worcester and entering the office of Bacon & Aldrich, where he prosecuted his studies until his admission to the bar in Worcester county, February, 1860.

He began practice in the little town of Hopkinton with his classmate, the Hon. H. L. Parker, as associate. In the autumn of 1860 he removed to Boston and

formed a co-partnership with his college chum, H. J. Boardman, ex-president of the Massachusetts senate. He devoted himself closely to his profession and soon acquired the reputation of being a sound lawyer, a strong advocate, and a wise counselor. He was appointed one of the justices of the superior court by Governor Long in 1882, and immediately took his seat upon the bench, continuing in service until August, 1900, when, after a severe illness, he resigned, subsequently spending much of his time in Canaan, where he had his summer home, and in the welfare of which town he was always deeply interested, largely contributing to promote the same.

ALPHA J. PILLSBURY.

Alpha J. Pillsbury, born in Northwood, March 9, 1836, died at Tilton, November 26, 1901.

Mr. Tilton was educated at Gilford academy and the New Hampton Institute. In 1864 he commenced the manufacture of shoes at Lynn, Mass., with his brother, the late John J. Pillsbury. In 1867 the business was moved to Northwood, where it remained until 1886, when the Pillsbury brothers went to Tilton, and for two years continued to manufacture shoes.

In 1888 they withdrew from the shoe business, and, with the late Selwin B. Peabody, organized the Tilton mills, a stock company for the manufacture of woolen cloth, which carried on a very successful business.

Mr. Pillsbury was for many years interested in railroad affairs, and a director of the Concord & Montreal railroad up to the time of his death. He was also a director of the Pemigewasset Valley railroad. He was one of the founders of the Tilton & Northfield Aqueduct company, and of the Tilton Electric company. He was president of these two corporations, and also of the Tilton mills. He was a trustee of Park cemetery, and a director of the National State Capital bank of Concord.

Always actively interested in the welfare of the community in which he lived, he used both his means and his influence to benefit the town of Northwood, and, later, Tilton, in many ways. He represented the town of Northwood in the legislature, but after removing to Tilton he refused to accept political office. He was a Democrat in political creed. He was one of the commissioners appointed by the state to build the New Hampshire state prison.

Mr. Pillsbury was a generous contributor to the Tilton churches and a member of Doric lodge, A. F. and A. M. A widow, two daughters, and two sisters survive him.

JOHN A. BOWERS.

John A. Bowers, born in Newport, March 2, 1872, died at Colorado Springs, December 14, 1901.

He was a son of the late Hon. Shepard L. Bowers of Newport. He graduated from the Newport high school in the class of 1888, and from Dartmouth college in the class of 1892. He studied law with A. S. Wait, Esq., and was admitted to the Sullivan county bar. Being in delicate health he was advised to go to a milder climate, and a few years ago went to Colorado Springs, where he entered the office of a well-known law firm. He was an ardent Republican and in the last presiden-

tial election took an active part in politics, speaking a great deal during the campaign in that state. During the past summer he grew rapidly worse and went to Canyon City with the hope that he would be benefited, but the change did him no good and he returned to the Springs, where he was cared for in a hospital until his decease.

He leaves one brother, Harry, a sergeant in the Eleventh United States Cavalry, now in the Philippines.

FREDERIC B. OSGOOD.

Frederic B. Osgood, a prominent citizen and lawyer of North Conway, died suddenly of Bright's disease, developing from la grippe, while on a visit to Lowell, Mass., December 4, 1901.

Mr. Osgood was a son of James and Jane (Harnden) Osgood, born in Fryeburg, Me., November 10, 1852. He attended Fryeburg academy, and graduated from Bowdoin college in the class of 1875. He studied law in the office of Maj. D. R. Hastings at Fryeburg, and was admitted to the bar in 1877. He then opened a law office in North Conway, and with the exception of about six months had resided there since. He served several terms as county solicitor, filling the position with dignity and honor, and always enjoyed a large clientage. His was always a familiar figure at the sessions of probate court, before which he did a large amount of business.

Mr. Osgood was a member of Pythagorean lodge of Free Masons of Fryeburg, and Saco Valley lodge of Odd Fellows at North Conway.

DANIEL Q. CLEMENT.

Daniel Q. Clement, born in Warren, May 30, 1826, died in Concord, December 31, 1901.

Mr. Clement was a son of Moses Hazen and Tamar (Little) Clement, and was a resident of Warren until sixty-six years of age, removing to Concord in 1892.

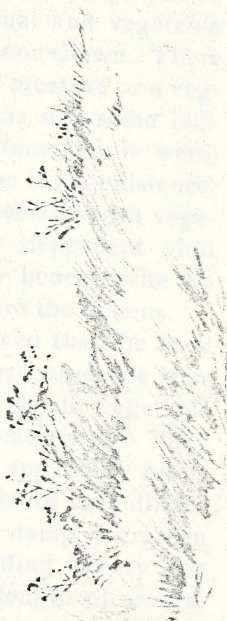
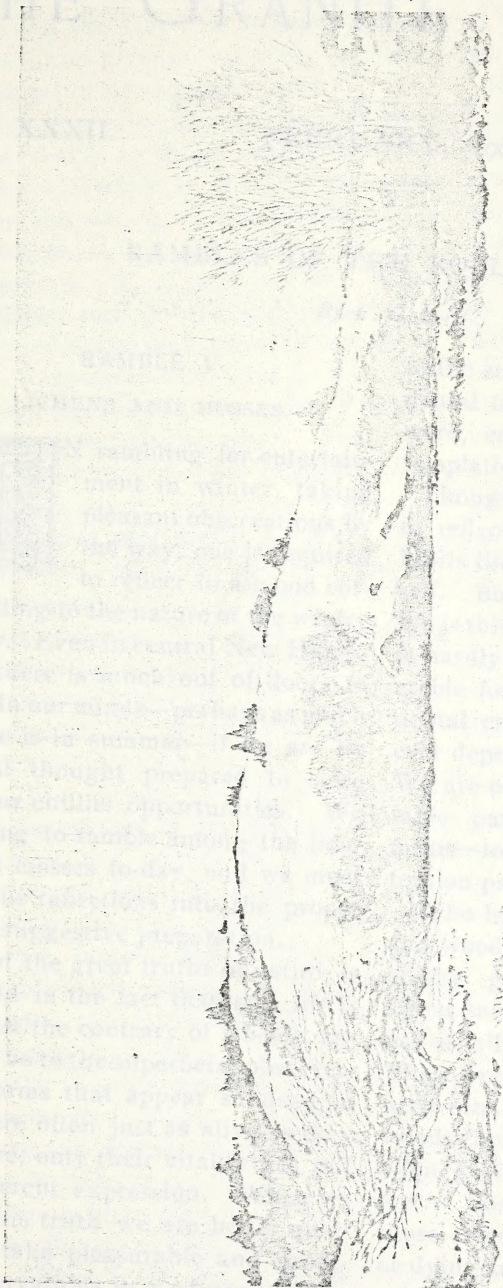
He was a prominent citizen and enjoyed the confidence of his townsmen, who honored him with most of the offices at their gift, including that of representative. He was one of the builders of the highway to the summit of Moosilauke, and the original hotel on the summit, his brother James and his cousin, the late William Little, Esq., of Manchester, being associated with him. In politics he was a staunch Democrat.

THE GRANT MONTHLY

VOL. XXVII

1915

WINTER



WINTER.

From a water color by Hiram P. Barnes.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXII.

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No. 2.

RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

By C. C. Lord.

RAMBLE V.

LICHENS AND MOSSES.



IN rambling for entertainment in winter, taking pleasant observations by the way, one is required to reflect in a mood corresponding to the nature of the wintry scenery. Even in central New Hampshire, there is much out of doors to entertain our minds—perhaps as much as there is in summer—if we are by habitual thought prepared to seize upon our chillier opportunities. We are going to ramble among the lichens and mosses to-day, and we must bring our reflections into the proper state of suggestive preparation.

One of the great truths of nature is embodied in the fact that real life is often just the contrary of what it appears to be to the superficial observer. Many forms that appear so dead in winter are often just as alive as they ever were, only their vitality has put on a different expression. When we realize this truth we are better qualified to take pleasurable and profitable observations in a wintry ramble. To-day we propose to consider that the apparently barren trees, and the apparently sterile mounds of earth that peep out of and above the surface

of the snow, are abounding with incidental forms of life that afford, as it were, endless opportunities for contemplation and study.

Thoughtful people have long learned to reflect that nature constantly exhibits life, as it were, preying upon itself. Both in animal and vegetable life is this phenomenon shown. There is hardly an animal creature or a vegetable form that has not some incidental creation or form, as it were, ever depending upon it for existence. We are occupied specially with vegetable parasites—or dependent vital forms—to-day, and hence invite attention particularly to the lichens.

Who has not noticed that the bark and wood of trees are often the sites of the growth of small vegetable forms, some leafy, some stalky? They are usually dry and apparently inert. These are the lichens, of very diminutive size, though in damp, evergreen woods there is a trailing variety that often grows to the length of several feet. Sometimes it appears as if those trees which are actually dead or dying support the burden of larger colonies of lichens. Out of this fact arises the suggestion that primary and parasitic forms of life represent an antagonistic struggle for the supreme mastery. The lichens grow all round

the trees, but observation has long attested the fact that lichenic life exhibits a preference for the northern aspect of its supporting parent. The aboriginal Indians are said to have been able to direct their courses in the wilderness by locating the north by the excess of the growth of the lichens on that side of the trees. Nature is full of contrarities. Some plants turn to the sun while other vegetable forms turn away from it.

Naturalists have tried to determine the essential characteristics of lichens and have failed to agree. Some love to think that they are really of a compound nature, ascigerous fungi existing upon algæ, but it is not our province to decide the matter. Lichens are both useful and beautiful. They can furnish food and adornment. Doubtless the world is better for their existence, though the uninformed mind is not always able to discern their utility and beauty.

The lichens that grow upon the isolated tops of the mounds that rise above the surface of the snow are different from those upon the trees. Observing them we discover the somewhat fanciful forms which suggest the popular names,—club moss, cup moss, and grenadier moss, the latter conspicuous by its scarlet tip that calls to mind the fiery plume of the uniformed soldier. These growths are not mosses at all, but the common mind is not apt to regard scientific technicalities in giving names to the objects of its interest.

What is the difference between lichens and mosses? There are both common and scientific points of distinction between them. Not to be strictly technical, we will observe that there is hardly an intelligent rural

wanderer who cannot tell the gray, or light green, dry lichens from the dark green, moist mosses.

Still a more exact basis of discrimination is required for those who seek knowledge of the truer characteristics of things. A lichen is one of a low order of plants that have really no distinctive stem or leaf. A moss is a plant of sufficient composite structure to display both a stem and leaves. There is also a club moss which is not a lichen, it being an evergreen, moss-like plant used for winter decoration. Mosses grow upon trees but more often upon rocks and upon the ground.

Common lichens are capable of affording much aid to household decoration. Fragments of dry, rustic wood, wrought into crosses or other desirable forms, can be ornamented with lichens in many tasty ways. In such decorations, the so-called grenadier moss, in consequence of its brightness, can be employed to great advantage. Ornaments of rustic wood decorated with lichens can afford prolonged pleasure.

RAMBLE VI.

A COMING STORM.

As we go out for a ramble to-day, we find the mind impressed with one predominant idea. On this day, one of the earlier in the month of February, one fact has ascendancy in the aspects of nature. There is a storm brewing in the sky. This is the conception of the popular thought of to-day. Every one seems not only to apprehend a storm, but all appear to regard it as a fact of very early realization.

The prevailing idea of the coming

storm is not merely a conception of to-day. All day yesterday the presentiment of a storm was active in the popular mind. There were no clouds in the sky. The most distant visible objects were unusually distinct to the eye. Yet all over the face of the firmament there was the suggestion of a dim haze. It seemed as if the condensing atmospheric forces were beginning to take the ascendancy over the evaporative energies, and that moisture was seeking a more limited form of expansion. This is a feature of the appearance of the sky that is often apparent just before a storm.

Yet only yesterday there were other indications of an approaching storm. There was scarcely a breath of wind. Who has not before this heard of the "lull before the storm." One of the most interesting facts of nature is its frequent illustration of reactionary forces. It often seems that the intensest manifestation of any form of activity is only a precursor of an expression of a directly opposite kind of energy. The brightest sky often but precedes the darkest firmament, and the stillest air often but anticipates the most boisterous wind. The apparent course of the sun seems to illustrate a multitude of natural phenomena. When the sun reaches one of its extreme solstitial points it immediately begins to return to the other.

Yesterday the blue jay flitted from tree to tree with unusual activity, and to appearance screamed with a corresponding frequency. The little, black capped titmouse was as busy as a bee, and ever and anon chanted his "Chicka-dee-dee-dee!" The tiny snow-birds were out in flocks, hop-

ping constantly from top to top among the weeds that towered above the surface of the snow, all the time indulging a twittering suggestive of the highest degree of sociability. These birds were all seeking food. By some process of deduction they knew that a storm was soon to create a hostile commotion of the elements, and they anticipated the shelter of the denser forest with their systems full of nourishment. A combination of starvation and storm is not congenial to the delicate instincts of birds in winter.

To-day the sun is obscured, the sky is leaden in hue, and the wind inclines to greet us from the east. The temperature is moderate. People are everywhere discussing the coming storm. Some are so buoyant in their anticipations as to predict that we are to have rain instead of snow. The easterly wind and the mild temperature encourage their hopes of a melting storm. Of the fruits of their sanguineness they will probably be disappointed. There is a better prospect for an additional installment of wreathy snow.

In central New Hampshire, in the heart of winter, the earth being once covered with a thick mantle of snow, a storm of rain is not so direct a scientific anticipation. The reason is evident. Our great storms are inclined to move over and past this region in a direction oblique to the meridian, coming from the southwest and going towards the northeast. At this season of the year there is likely to be a large amount of snow lying to the west and north of us for a considerable distance. This snow as a matter of course has a chilling effect upon all currents of air that

pass over it. There is but one probable cause of rain, if we are to have it at such a snowy time as this. Geographically speaking, we are only a short distance from the Atlantic ocean, and should a warm wind from the sea blow directly and steadily a prolonged number of hours, a rain would doubtless be a feature of the coming storm. However, such a result is hardly to be expected, though its possibility is of course undeniable.

The great mass of storm that apparently is now moving up from the southwest, having already overshadowed us with its advancing cloud, is attended by a peculiar motion of the elements involved in its progress. Not to be too literally interpreted, we will say the storm illustrates a rotary activity of its compound structure. The winds whirl around it, as it were, towards all the points of the compass. The present wind that seems to come directly from the east is only an incident of the stormy culmination in vogue. Very likely the wind will soon shift into the northeast, to reach us after traversing the broad, snow-clad districts of Maine, arriving too chill to afford a single drop of rain; or, if the warming influence of the ocean should be more potent, we may have a chilly rain that will freeze to everything that it touches, incrusting all objects with a coating of solid ice. To say the least, we are constrained to expect a probable storm of snow. The wind will not unlikely veer about the whole east and north horizon till, at length, as the storm bears on and beyond us, the welcome northwest breeze will assure us of the approaching cessation of the tumult

of the elements. For the certainties of the case we can only wait.

We turn homeward. The horizon grows darker. The visible world sensibly decreases. As we saunter along, the advancing snow-flakes begin to drift and creep in the restless air.

RAMBLE VII.
SNOW-DRIFTS.

In the previous ramble we apprehended a storm. The probability of a storm of snow received a predominant consideration. The storm came. It was altogether a storm of snow.

So many days have passed since the storm came, the facilities of another ramble are apparent. At first, the strong teams went through and opened the highways. Then the laborers in the forest—the wood-cutters and the lumbermen—renewed the paths into the dense woods. At length the accumulated travel made both public and private roads adapted to the sauntering excursions of the recreating Rambler. In view of the present privilege of an ambulatory sojourn in the open air, we go out.

This is an age of progressive thought. One of the best evidences that one is advancing in thought resides in the expression of his ability to exercise synthetic reflections. The consistent grouping of ideas illustrating the co-relation of different creative forms and forces is one of the highest accomplishments of the human intellect. Nature is ever suggestive of the interdependence of its objects and motions, if one has the intelligence to read its lessons aright.

This affirmation of the synthetic ideal is occasioned by a mere casual

observation of the present deep snow. Here and there on either hand, are pure, white drifts of snow. The fact is not strange. Nothing is more common in central New Hampshire in winter than drifts of snow. However, the composite force that often is involved in the construction of a snow-drift is a proper occasion of an interesting remark. In the previous ramble we mentioned the different directions of the wind expressed in a single storm. We now observe the confirmation of our statement in the positions and shapes of the drifts that are now so abundant.

The recent storm was, apparently, from the northeast. Though actually coming from the southwest, the prevailing sensible wind blew from an exactly opposite point of the compass. This was because the center of the storm was progressively south and east of us, and the revolving aspect of its attendant winds illustrated a motion the reverse of that taken by the hands of a watch. The northeast aspect of the storm caused the prominent snow-drifts that lie longitudinally in the direction from which the wind so prevalently blew. But there is an immediately attendant interesting fact. In the revolving movement of the wind the storm, as usual, cleared in a prevailing northwesterly aspect of the air, which at the termination of the cloudy commotion piled up an array of snow-drifts that longitudinally tend to describe a right-angle with the direction of those first made. Then there are evidences of minor exertions of the wind in forming smaller drifts in various longitudinal directions.

But we wish to consider some of the aspects of the recent storm that

were merely accidents. In contemplating the exact properties of things, we often are obliged to consider causes that are of artificial origin. The wind takes note of all obstructions to its course and determines its results accordingly. The man who erects a building, rears a wall, plants a tree, or places any object in direct opposition to the free course of the wind, contributes indirectly to the shapes of the snow-drifts that are to appear in subsequent winters. We mention this fact, not as a novelty, but because the snow-drifts are often of beautiful and fantastic forms in consequence of man's industrial modifications of the earth's surface.

Who has failed to notice the beautiful curve with which a pure, white snow-drift often sweeps around the corner of a building? No artist or architect ever produced an effect more charming. Let us extend our observations of the snowy results of man's interference with nature's ultimate aspects, and we shall see things more beautiful still. Notice the drifts formed by this rude, stone wall which divides the farmer's fields. The stones are piled in a direction nearly east and west, and the recent northeast wind, striking the wall diagonally, rushed forcibly through the numerous interstices, or holes, with a large variety of effects in the drifting snow. Often as a cloud of snow swept over the top of the obstruction, it became involved with numerous minor snow-flurries that resulted from the partial perviousness of the wall to the wind. The consequences are seen in a numberless variety of fanciful shapes in which the snow still lies piled on the side opposite the direction from which the blast came.

What beautiful convexities and concavities! Still more fanciful and wonderful are the standing cliffs of snow, bounded by high walls that in their conformation express sharp angles and far overhanging projections. The separate flakes of snow, that at first sight seem to be so individual in character, expressed a remarkable affinity for one another. Falling between two currents of wind they adhered and piled themselves in a form that was bounded by the limit of the attriting force of the air, and, where the currents crossed each other, the wreathy pile expressed the exact form of an acute wedge. Such a result is wonderful when the sharp edge of the wedge is perpendicular, but when it is horizontal and elevated, even extending into space like the wide cornice of a snowy temple, the effect is as marvelous as it is captivating.

The atmospheric changes that have occurred since the storm have measurably ruined some of the more beautiful features of the snow-drifts, but the traces of nature's art will linger till increasing warmth destroys the original types of the wreathy accumulations.

RAMBLE VIII.

HUNGRY BIRDS.

As we go out to-day, we are surrounded by all the ordinary evidences of winter. The air is chill and the snow is deep. The world lies, as it were, silent in its pallid shroud. Yet this is not a severe day. Though the air is slightly brisk, the sky is clear, and the face of the sun has a suggestion of kindly warmth that is unmistakable.

However, there is a peculiar activity among the birds to-day. Certain representatives of the feathery tribe are busy flitting from tree to tree, or from shrub to shrub, as if on missions of special interest or moment. These little winged creatures express a phenomenon that is well worth our passing consideration.

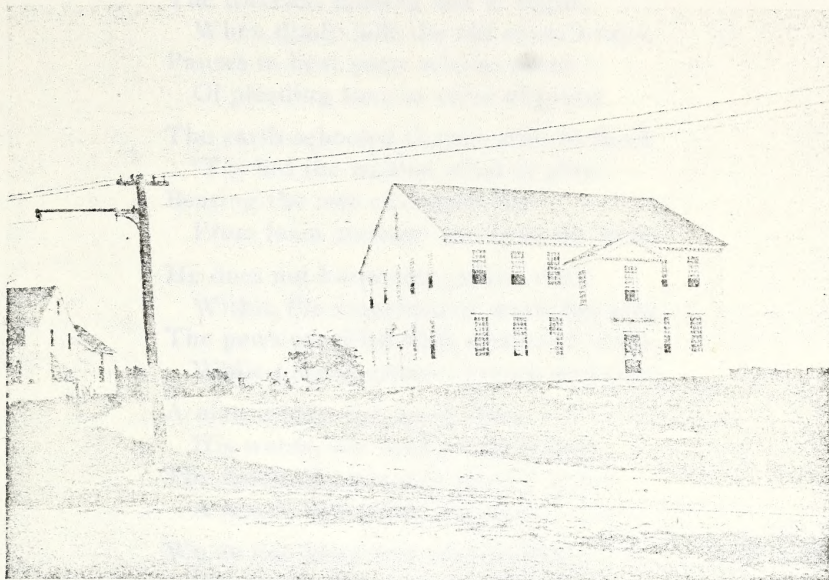
The life of a bird in its native haunts is often suggestive of something reflectively pleasant. Who has not observed birds when the apparent exemption of their lives seemed to imply the most pleasurable existence? Yet birds have their cares and griefs, doubtless, too often to make their lives the unalloyed happiness that poetic fancy may at any time indicate. The birds so busy to-day have an imperative concern. They are hungry. This increased activity among them means a specially thorough search for food which appears just now to be an unusually sparse article of supply. Every variety of bird has a natural environment adapted to its individual needs. It also inherently bears a reciprocal relation to its environment. In other words, birds live where nature anticipates their special necessities so far as the inevitable law of things can provide for mere gratification. The birds that spend the winter in this latitude are, therefore, capable of adapting themselves to varied emergencies. They can mostly survive extreme changes in their circumstantial conditions. Notice that blue jay darting from tree to tree in a degree of vociferous earnestness that suggests the heartiest kind of industry. Living with us the year round, he is practically omniverous. There is no season of the year that denies him, at least, a subsisting diet.

Though graceful in form and beautiful in feathery garb, he has an appetite that does not hesitate even upon the verge of cannibalism. Doubtless all our winter birds have a wider range of dietetic resources than every one of their human observers is aware.

There is one thought in the present train of reflections that appeals to us with emphatic force. It would seem to be that many, if not all, of our winter birds depend considerably upon the bare earth for the means of their fullest subsistence. This is apparently true because the birds seem to be in greater dietetic straits when the ground is deeply covered with snow. The crow and even the hawk exhibit a tendency to quit these hills and vales for the not distant shore of the sea, where the warm influences of the broad ocean tend to reduce the quantity of snow upon the contiguous land, or to entirely prevent its accumulation. At times the owl is the only distinctively carnivorous bird that seems to stick by us in the drearier aspects of winter, though his excursions in the dark forbid the minute observations of his flight, that might in the daytime determine his migratory habits more directly.

In central New Hampshire in winter, one bird preys upon another, one wrests a grub from a tree, one captures a stray insect, and one appropriates a seed from a dry weed that protrudes above the snow. But just now, the snow being specially deep, several varieties of birds do not hesitate to hover around the domicile of man and accept a dole of hospitality

from his more abundant provisional stores. They will accept most any crumb of diet that may in kindness be thrown out to them. Still, man's hospitality in the described case may be the means of his own peculiarly contemplative pleasure. An ear of corn fixed to a tree near a farmer's window will afford many a pleasant inspection of a blue jay that arrives to take a kernel or two, now and then, until the whole ear is shelled and only the spike is left. The black-capped titmouse will accept a kernel of corn, but only conditionally. His is a fastidious appetite when only corn is upon the board. He selects a kernel and pecks at it diligently till he has entirely appropriated the farinaceous speck that is popularly known as the chit. The titmouse, or chickadee, as he is more commonly called, leaves a kernel of corn in the same state of partial consumption as do the squirrel and some other representatives of the rodent, or gnawing, tribes of quadrupeds. A generous fragment of refuse meat hung upon a tree in sight of one's dwelling at this time will draw gaily attired blue jays, gorgeously decked woodpeckers, and modestly dressed titmice. They will all eat and be filled, and though they will not return thanks, their frequent visits will beguile many a wintry hour, while the cheerful chant of the chickadee will afford a gratification to the ear that mourns the more melodious strains of song that break from the throats of birds in the happier summer.



Rocky Hill Church.

ROCKY HILL.¹

By Dr. H. G. Leslie.

Firm on thy rock, O church of God,
Thy white walls greet the rising sun;
Pass'd have a century's quickning years
Since first thy leav'ning work begun.

The fathers sleep beneath the sod,
Their children's tottering footsteps still,
When soul feels need of heavenly balm,
Lead up the path to Rocky Hill.

Thy rough-hewn beams and time-stained walls
Have echoed long to song and prayer;
A thousand treasured mem'ries breathe
The perfume of thy quiet air.

The preacher's word and holy writ
In sounding-board is echoing still;
Balerna's notes, St. Martyn's wail,
While dews of Hermon yet-distill.

¹Rocky Hill church stands beside the highway leading from Amesbury to Salisbury, Mass., and was originally the West Parish church of Salisbury, but as a portion of that town has been joined to Amesbury it is now within the limits of the latter town. The photographs were taken during the past year, and are a very good representation of the present appearance of the church, exterior and interior. The West Parish of Salisbury was formed in the year 1718, and a smaller church built a short distance from where the present structure stands. When a larger building was needed the material of the old church was utilized in its construction. Abigail Eastman, the mother of Daniel Webster, was a member of this parish, and in looking over the records one sees that on the 13th of October, 1774, she was married to Ebenezer Webster, and from this locality commenced her long ride on the pillion of her husband, to Boscawen, there to become the mother of statesmen. Thus do the threads of history connect the lower with the upper waters of the Merrimack.

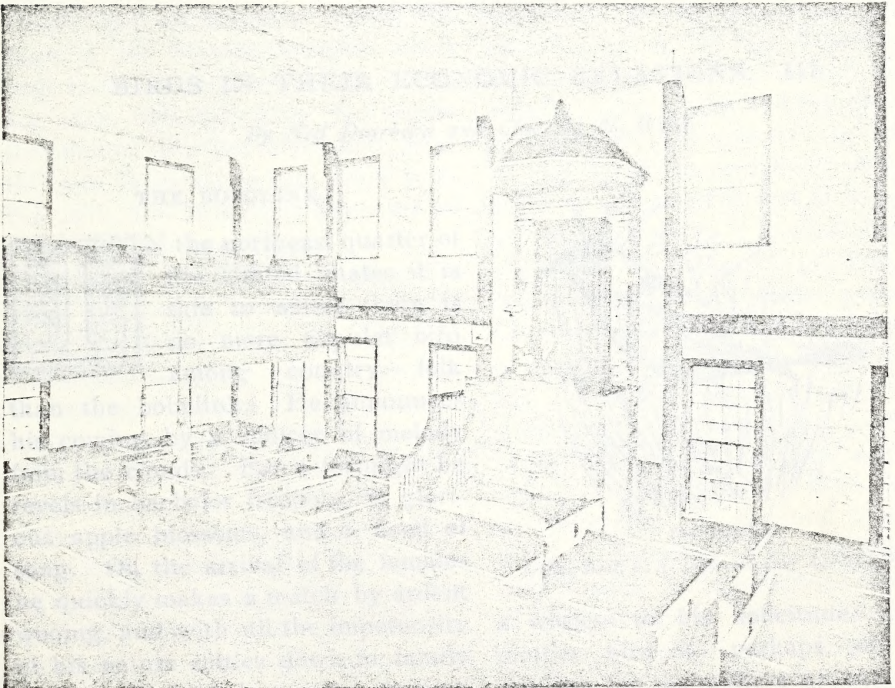
The traveler, passing late at night,
 When dimly falls the old moon's rays,
 Pauses to hear some solemn notes
 Of pleading tone or voice of praise.

The earth-schooled skeptic tries to think
 'Tis but the wanton wind at play,
 Bearing the rote of distant sea
 From foam crowned waves so far away.

He does not know that, silent there
 Within the moonbeams' wavering play
 The pews are filled with spectered forms,
 While ghostly pastors preach and pray.

A man is born but never dies,
 His words, his works forever live
 The mools of earth, the narrow grave
 A rest of flesh alone can give.

We do not know just why or how,
 But surely feel a presence there,
 When rough hands jar some treasured vase
 Their eyes have watched with loving care.



Rocky Hill Church—Interior.

Thought comes by years in spirit school;
 The callow youth can know it not;
 The old wine of the soul may stand,
 Cobwebbed in silence, not forgot.

'Tis sacrilege to tread those stairs
 The fathers' feet have worn so thin,
 And bring your blighted sheaves of wheat,
 A false pretense to worship him.

Go sing your operatic airs
 Where psalms of praise were never heard,
 Go flaunt your oratoric powers
 But do not call it God's own word.

There are no cushioned wheels that roll
 On roads that lead to paradise;
 The penitential tear alone
 Gives prismic glimpse to heavenly skies.

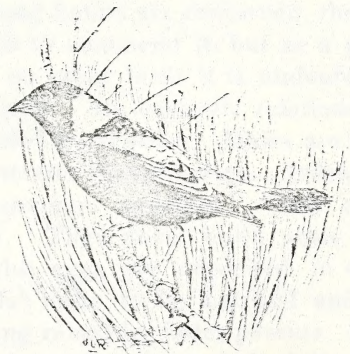
Then leave the old roof standing there,
 A silent relic of the past;
 The coin ye bring hath not the stamp
 That came from fiery furnace blast.

BIRDS IN THEIR ECONOMIC RELATIONS. III.

By Ned Dearborn and Clarence M. Weed.

THE BOBOLINK.

IN the northeast quarter of the United States it is safe to assert there is no more popular bird among country folk than the bobolink. He announces his coming by a shower of melody from the clouds. For a fortnight he revels in bachelor freedom, in glorious apple blossoms, and a flood of song. On the arrival of the females he quickly makes a match by ardent wooing, and with all the impetuosity of his nature settles down to family cares. No bird is a more devoted parent. Everybody on the farm is



The Bobolink.

(After Beal, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

a witness to his solicitude. The mother bird is, perhaps, no less anxious for the welfare of her children, but she is more timid.

Not alone for sentimental reasons are bobolinks prized by the inhabitants of their summer homeland, for they are highly thought of on account of their destructiveness to insects. During this season they eat insects almost exclusively. To the young they bring grasshoppers. Careful watching at the nest has shown that they discriminate as to color. Not less than nine out of every ten hoppers brought to the nest are green. There does not appear to be any choice of species, for long-horned and short-horned hoppers were brought in about the same numbers. As a rule nymphs are preferred to adult specimens. So far as the bobolink's conduct in the North is concerned it is above reproach.

Early in August there is a gathering together of families into flocks, and the movement southward is begun. Then come trying times for "bob" and his enemies. Along the coast of the Middle Atlantic states reed birds, as they are called there, are slain for the table by untold thousands. Further south they enter the rice fields when the grain is in the milk, and it is there they cast off virtue and become thieves.

The rice planters have abundant cause for hating them, and employ every available means for their destruction. There is mutual distress. It has been stated that \$2,000,000 worth of rice is annually destroyed. The number of birds slain is beyond reckoning.

In spite of the enormous drain upon their numbers, the flocks seem as numerous as ever. It is probable, however, that they are actually decreasing. It does not seem possible that the immense numbers annually

slain in the South can be made good. Then, in New Hampshire, at least, farmers past middle age state that bobolinks are not nearly so common in the fields as they were fifty or sixty years ago. While it may be that the rice destroyed is worth more than the slaughter of insects, there is no certainty that it is so, though no one can blame rice planters for attempting to exterminate them. In any case those who know the bobolink at home can but regard with complaisancy the fact that he yet has a place among things that are.

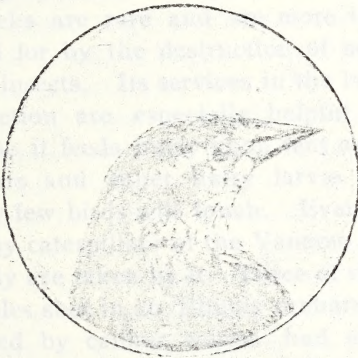
THE COWBIRD.

The cowbird is found throughout the United States except along the Pacific coast. Its name was given in recognition of its fondness for bovine society. It is essentially a bird of the field, spending nearly all its time searching for food in fields and pastures. It eats insects, grasshoppers, beetles, larvæ, etc., in summer, and takes seeds of weeds and occasionally small grains at other seasons to a considerable extent. So far as its food habits are concerned, there is much to commend it, but as a parasite on other birds it is undoubtedly noxious. Its domestic relations are decidedly irregular. Males are more numerous than females. Polyandry is common practice. They never pair. They never build nests. By stealth eggs are deposited in other birds' nests to be hatched and the young raised by foster parents. Here is where they are criminal in effect if not in intention. The cowbird egg is laid with an uncompleted clutch. It hatches more quickly than the rightful occupants, it is larger than they,—as the hosts are almost in-

variably smaller than cowbirds, warblers, vireos, etc. Thus it is able to grow rapidly, and within two or three days is so much ahead of his foster brothers and sisters that he gets all the food, and they die. It appears to be the rule that a cowbird's egg laid in a nest ruins the hopes of the birds that built it. Every young cowbird is reared at the expense of anywhere from two to five other birds, each of which is of more value than he. This makes cowbirds costly. Whatever benefits we derive from their food habits are more than overcome by their parasitic habits.

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD.

The red-winged blackbird is a summer denizen of swamps and marshes throughout temperate North America.



Head of Red-winged Blackbird—Female.

It is one of the earliest birds to appear in spring and one of the earliest to leave its breeding places, though the final departure of the great flocks that congregate in suitable places in August is often delayed till October or November. While feeding the young, red-wings frequently come to the field for grasshoppers and such other insects as are to be found there. At other seasons they are seed eaters for the most part. Where abundant they

do considerable injury both to newly sown grain and to ripening crops. In some states bounties have been offered for their heads. Their custom of congregating in large flocks makes their evil work very great where it occurs. Their greatest depredations are committed in the grain fields of the Mississippi valley, and in the Southern rice fields.

In an examination of 725 stomachs the department of agriculture found 74 per cent. of the food to be vegetable matter, the remainder being animal, mainly insects. Weevils and snout beetles amounted to 25 per cent. of the June food. Beetles formed 10 per cent. of the food for the year; grasshoppers formed about 5 per cent. Of grain, only corn, wheat, and oats were found. Together they constituted 13 per cent. of the whole food. Weed seed, mainly rag-weed, barn grass, and smartweed, amounted to 57 per cent. A summary of the food examined reveals the fact that about seven eighths of the red-wing's diet is made up of noxious insects and weed seed. Therefore while locally guilty of damage sufficient to justify its slaughter, it would be very poor economy to persecute this bird generally.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

Next to the scarlet tanager the Baltimore oriole is the most brilliant of our Northern birds. It seems a messenger from the tropics when it arrives in May, flashing from grove to orchard in its bright hued suit and filling the air with the rich melody of its song; this impression is strengthened later when it builds its pendant nest, so different in architecture from that of any of our birds. It chooses



The Baltimore Oriole.

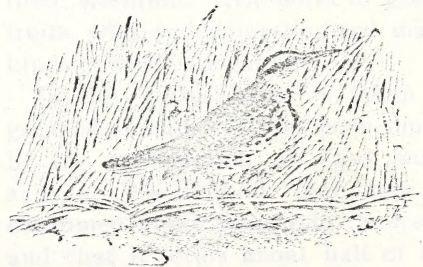
(After Beal, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

to live in orchards or groves near the abode of man; it is strictly migratory and is found throughout most of the states east of the Rocky Mountains. From the point of view of the economist it sometimes commits depredations on the pea pods in the garden, the cherries in the orchard, and the grapes in the vineyard; but these attacks are rare and are more than paid for by the destruction of noxious insects. Its services in the latter direction are especially helpful because it feeds freely upon tent caterpillars and other hairy larvæ that very few birds will touch. Even the spiny caterpillars of the Vanessa butterfly are taken by it. Three of these orioles shot in an Illinois orchard infested by canker worms had eaten 40 per cent. of these pests and 50 per cent. of an injurious leaf chafer (*Anomala binotata*). Professor Aughey found that in Nebraska the nestlings were fed freely with young Rocky Mountain locusts, of which also the old birds ate large numbers. Professor Beal states that caterpillars alone formed 34 per cent. of the food of 113 specimens examined, while vegetable matter of any sort had been eaten only to the extent of 16 per cent.

THE MEADOW LARK.

The meadow lark with its "bosom of prairie buttercups, its back like the dead grass of autumn, and its song, which harmonizes well with the prairie winds" is essentially a bird of the prairies. But it is not confined to the prairie states, for from Nova Scotia to Florida, from Florida to Mexico, from Mexico to Oregon, and from Oregon back again to Nova Scotia, where there are open stretches of pasture and meadow lands, one is likely to find the Eastern meadow lark or its Western representative. In Northern localities it only occurs in summer, migrating Southward for the winter, but in many central states it remains throughout the year. Its nest is built on the ground in a clump of grass and four or five young are reared.

The record of the food of the meadow lark is unusually full and complete. The stomach contents of ninety-three specimens from seven widely separated states (New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Tennessee, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Nebraska), taken during the months of March, April, May, June, July, August, October, and November, have been examined by competent investigators; the results prove beyond all doubt that this is a bird of extraor-



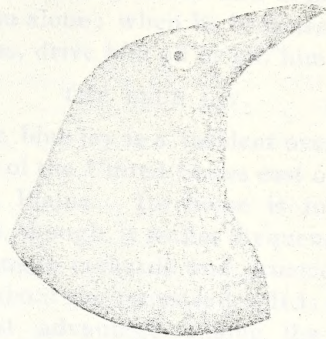
The Meadow Lark.

(After Beal, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

dinary economic value. Thirty-three specimens from various parts of Illinois, taken during March, April, May, June, and July, were studied by Forbes, who found that three fourths of the food consisted of insects,—the peculiar animals known as “thousand legs,” and grains of corn and wheat constituting the remainder. Caterpillars formed 28 per cent. of the food, one half of them being cut worms and army worms, and one fourth the hairy larvæ of the family of “tiger moths.” Even during these early months grasshoppers formed 13 per cent. of the stomach contents, and beetles of various kinds 20 per cent., one fourth of them being ground beetles, and the others including June-beetles, blister-beetles, curculios, click-beetles, and plant-beetles. One bird had eaten 20 chinch bugs, and others had eaten various soldier bugs. Crane-flies had been occasionally devoured. “Considering these data with reference to the interests of the farm and garden,” writes Professor Forbes, “we must admit the probable eminent usefulness of this bird. Its great destruction of grasshoppers and of cut worms and other caterpillars, and the absence of all depredations other than the appropriation of scattered grains of corn—often picked, no doubt, from the droppings of stock—taken in connection with the fact that it eats only the normal average of predaceous insects, are all strong indications of valuable service rendered, with unusually few drawbacks. It supervises our grass-lands much more closely than the blue-bird or the robin, and should be carefully protected from the shot gun and birds-nesting schoolboy.”

THE CROW BLACKBIRD.

From the Rocky Mountains eastward, the crow blackbird is well-known, either as a summer visitor in the North or a resident in the Cen-



Head of Crow Blackbird.

tral and Southern states. Occasionally a few winter in the realm of snow, and there is one record where one even stayed in New Hampshire till well into January. In New England they are only locally distributed, usually selecting homes in or near villages. Elsewhere in their range they are much better known. Like others of their tribe they are accused of various misdeeds. Grain eating is the worst one. Throughout the year more or less is taken, though in summer insects receive the major part of their attention. All sorts of grain, fruits, wild and domestic, and many kinds of seeds are eaten.

Of the grains, corn is taken in greatest amount. It has been shown by the examination of 2,258 stomachs at Washington, that corn is consumed every month in the year, and that it forms about half of the vegetable food or a fourth of the entire consumption,—the animal and

vegetable being about equal. There was little evidence to show that sprouting corn was pulled, and it appeared that much of it was waste matter picked up after the harvest. The record of September birds was bad. More than half the food for that month was corn, that evidently taken from the ear. In October it was nearly as much.

Among the animal food were found insects, spiders, myriapods, crawfish, earthworms, sow bugs, hair snakes, snails, fishes, tree toads, salamanders, lizards, snakes, birds' eggs, and mice. While this is an astonishing variety, everything but insects must be considered exceptional, as out of the 48 per cent. of animal food 46 per cent. consisted of insects. Of these, beetles were consumed in greatest quantities. Scarabæids, adult and larvæ, come first in point of numbers. As is well known these beetles either as larvæ or adults are consumers of vegetable matter, and many of them are distinctly noxious. The large white grub so often unearthed by the plow is a favorite article. Many stomachs were crammed with them. Snout beetles, among which were curculios and weevils, were found in great numbers in summer stomachs.

Grasshoppers were found to be largely eaten also. More than thirty were often found. This fact, when coupled with the fact that many hoppers are fed to the young demonstrates that in summer, at least, the crow blackbird is a good friend in helping to keep down the grasshopper pest. Caterpillars and stink-bugs were often in evidence.

Now all of the above-named insects are noxious; if allowed to increase without stint, they would eat us out

of house and home. The evidence that many of them are consumed is conclusive. It is also evident that at times blackbirds are an insufferable plague. Looking at the record from both sides there seems but one thing for a sensible man to do, namely, so long as the bird does well let him alone; when he becomes pernicious, drive him off or kill him.

THE BLUE JAY.

The blue jay is a resident over the whole of the United States east of the Great Plains. Its home is in the woods, though it makes frequent excursions to orchards and ornamental trees about the farmstead. It is seen to best advantage among the nut trees in autumn. Then is the time of harvest. From tree to tree they go in troops, calling in glee, swishing the branches, rattling down nuts, forcing an opening by well-directed blows of their powerful bills through hard shells, or busily engaged in hoarding supplies in crevices for use in the coming season of want. Hearty, energetic, versatile, the jay at this season is worth watching.

As to food he is essentially a vege-



The Blue Jay.

(After Beal, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

tarian by preference. Nothing suits his taste quite so well as nuts,—acorns, chestnuts, beechnuts, and similar kinds, having rather thin shells. Sometimes a flock will de-

velop a taste for corn, and do more or less damage as it stands in the field, but this is by no means chargeable to all blue jays, as there are, undoubtedly, many that never tasted a kernel.

In spring and summer insects, fruit, and a variety of miscellaneous matter are eaten. The jay is quite as unscrupulous as the crow, which it resembles in many ways. Birds' nests are occupied at the season when it is obliged to forage widely for supplies, and eggs and young are sometimes carried off and devoured. Just how prevalent this unfortunate habit is has not been determined, but there can be little doubt that individual jays, at least, do much damage in this manner.

An examination of 292 stomachs, collected every month in the year from 22 states and the District of Columbia, made by the department of agriculture at Washington, showed that practically three fourths of the food was vegetable. Forty-two per cent. of the year's average was "mast,"—a comprehensive term for nuts and large seeds of trees and shrubs. Corn was found in 71

stomachs, and amounted to about 18 per cent. for the year. The stomachs taken in autumn showed conclusively that these birds prefer nuts to corn.

In spring more or less fruit is consumed. In March apples frozen on the trees amounted to 32 per cent. Fresh fruit is taken quite largely in June and July, averaging about 35 per cent. for the two months. Of this strawberries, currants, blackberries, and mulberries were the only cultivated species, and none of these was taken in much quantity.

The insects eaten were mainly beetles, grasshoppers, and caterpillars. Most of the beetles belonged to the *Carabidae* and *Scarabæidae*. Grasshoppers and caterpillars are both eaten quite extensively.

In this analysis only two stomachs contained traces of egg shells of small birds, and only one remains of young. In a few stomachs were found remains of fish, salamanders, frogs, mice, and a shrew.

Except in cases where blue jays are actually engaged in depredations it is unwise to destroy them. As a rule they are beneficial.

YOU'NS WAS BAWN FO' TO DIE.

By Alice D. O. Greenwood.

I takes my tex from de good ole' book,
 You'ns was bawn fo to die,
 Now I hopes you 'll membah dis tex Ise took,
 Kase you 'ns was bawn fo to die.

* * * * *

What 'll yo do wid yo riches den?
 Kaint take 'em wid yo, wimmen and men,
 What 'll yo do wid all yo fine close?
 Kaint take er long only one suit o' dose,

Jist recommembah what de good book say,
Rich man kaint go to hebben no way.
Den wha 's de use'n all dis fuss?
Bettah be a heppin some pore cuss.
See dat bruddah dar totin dat load?
Frow them stones all outen his road,
Grab right holt an hep him er long,
Whistle a tune, ur sing him a song,
'N ef he 's hungry he 'd orter be fed,
Dar 'll be possums an hoe cakes when you 's dead,
You 'ns was bawn fo to die.

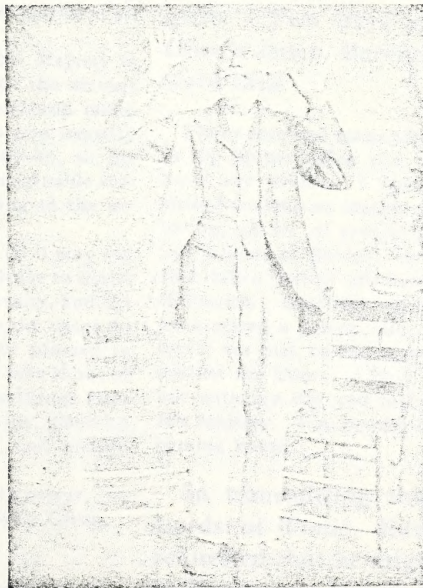
Peahs yo forgits dahs a jedgment day,
When yo goes prancin by dat way,
Wid yo head in de aih, an a steppin so high,
Peahs yo forgits dat yo 's got to die.
De wums do n't cah how fine yo 's dress,
An day 'll smack dah lips on yo same as de res.
If yo want to be shoh dat yo name 's writ down,
In de Lawd's big book for de golden crown,
Yo mus hoe yo cawn to de end ob de row,
Fo de oberseah am shoh to know,
An when de night comes, an de Lawd He say,
"What 's dis nigger bin about all day,"
Den de oberseah gits his book an reads,
Dat yo 's lef yo cawn all choke wid weeds,
An de Lawd looks sorrowful den an say,
"Yo had n't orter lef yo cawn dat way,
Kase you 'ns was bawn fo to die."

Ken yo say yes Lawd dat 's sho enuff,
But away back dah whah de fiel's was rough,
An de clawds was hawd, an de weeds was tall,
An de cawn was oury like an small,
De thawns hut my feet an de briahts too,
An I lowed 't would n't make no odds to yo,
So I jist sot down dah side de road,
Foh to res a spell an de fust I node,
'Twas dawk an somebody hollered Sam,
So I comed right er long an heah I am,
But ef yo 'll let me go back dah jist once moh,
I 'll pull dem weeds out dis time shoh,
But de Lawd he shake his head an say,
"Dis buss do n't run only jis one way."
Den de gate slams to wid an awful crash,
An yo 's locked out wid de poh white trash,
Kase you 'ns was bawn fo to die.

But if yo hoe yo cawn as yo 'd orter do,
 In cose de good Lawd 'll know dat too,
 An he 'll meet yo den wid a smile on his face,
 An he 'll say, "Ise done an kep yo place,"
 An he 'll gib yo a banjo wid a thousan' strings,
 A long linen dustah, an a pah o' wings,
 An yo face 'll shine like de big full moon,
 Dah 'll be no moh wuck for dat poe ole coon,
 Day 'll gib yo a seat in the cusheen cah,
 An de waitah 'll han yo de bill o' faih,
 An yo 'll ordah den what yo likes de mose,
 Sweet potatahs and possum roase,
 An you 'll eat an drink, till yo git yo fill,
 An de Lawd himseff 'll foot de bill.
 Yo 'ns was bawn fo to die.

* * * * *

Dah 'll be meetin' at airly candle light,
 In dis yer schoolhouse to-morrow night.
 May de grace ob de Lawd be wid yo den,
 Now an fo ebbah, Amen, Amen.



"May de grace ob de Lawd be wid yo den,
 Now an fo ebbah, Amen, Amen."

THE SO-CALLED REBELLION OF 1683.

A CURIOUS CHAPTER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

By F. B. Sanborn.



ARDLY had my ancestor, Edward Gove, been secluded in the Tower of London, guarded day and night, and dreaded as a formidable traitor, than he addressed this letter to his ocean escort, Edward Randolph, then in England, but soon to return and further harass the New England colonists:

HONORED SIR: I make bold to trouble you with my affairs, who are a person that know my circumstances very well. I, having little hope but from his Majesty's mercy, desire you will do me the favor to petition the king for my pardon. You know my case, and what to urge in my behalf; had I known the laws of the land to be contrary to what was done, I would never have done it. You may well think I was ignorant of any law to the contrary, since for fourteen or fifteen years past the same thing hath been done every year and no notice at all taken of it.

Sir, if you can prevail with his Majesty to pardon me, I will endeavor by all the actions of the rest of my life to deserve it, and make appear to the world that, as I am now heartily sorry for having offended his Majesty, so, for the time to come I shall, by all imaginable services, attest my loyalty to the king to the utmost of my power.

I have further to request of you (if it may not be inconvenient), that you will please to assist me with some money in my necessity, and (as far as my promise may signify in the case) do promise that whatever you will be pleased to furnish me withal here, you shall take it out of my estate in New England. These things I desire you will be pleased to do for me, whereby you do me great acts of charity, and always oblige me to remain

Honored Sir, To Command to my power,
EDWARD GOVE.

Tower, 11 June 1683.

(Addressed)

To his Honored Friend, Edward Randolph, Esq.
At the Plantation Office.

(Endorsed)

From the Convict of New England to Mr. Randolph, rec'd 17 June 1683.

This letter was transmitted by Randolph to the Colonial office (then called the "Plantation office," and governed by the "Lords of Trade and Plantations"), where it has been preserved till now. I quote it from the late R. N. Toppan's careful work in five volumes on "Edward Randolph and his Writings," where it may be found in volume 3, pages 230-231. This work also contains some notice of Bernard ("Barnard") Randolph, Edward's brother, a traveler in the Levant, of which he has left an interesting account; but who, in 1683, was suffering many things from the refractory Bostonians, where he had been left to represent Edward's authority in arresting smugglers. Two days after the date of Gove's letter, Bernard wrote to Edward thus:

I have received many affronts since my being in the Boston office you left me, and cannot have any justice. I ordered Gatchell to go aboard a sloop at Marble Head to search her, having advice of several goods he took in at the Islands of Shoals: the constable had his staff taken out of his hands, his head broke therewith. Gatchell was shroudly beaten. I have seized a Jersey ship; brought her to a tryal; am cast, having appealed and protested against the Court. I have been very uneasy, but with my life and fortune will ever serve His Majesty. For several considerations I am coming home.

In transmitting this letter to the Lords of Trade, Edward Randolph requested that he might be sent back to Boston in a king's frigate, and the necessary order was given for that. Apparently he did nothing to procure a pardon for Gove, though he



Edward Gove in the Tower.

may have suggested to the Lords that he was no subject for hanging and quartering, for they voted, August 17, 1683, to continue him in the Tower. Randolph may have advanced money to Gove, for which Gove's estate, if not forfeited under the law, was ample security. What Gove meant by saying that such armed processions as his had been common since 1669 is uncertain. They have been common ever since in the United States, and our constitutions, both state and national, guarantee the people in their right to keep and bear arms, and "peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." Notwithstanding Gove's vague threats, this may have been all he intended, and it would be impossible in any well-regulated state now

to convict him of anything more than a riot. But the clique then establishing tyranny in New Hampshire either were, or professed to be, thoroughly frightened at the prospect of their overthrow. In view of what happened six years later, when Randolph and Andros were deposed and imprisoned in Boston, their fears were probably not unfounded. When Randolph sailed for England in April, Cranfield, turning the government over temporarily to Barefoot and Mason, remained in Boston for months, "prying into the intrigues," as he wrote, of Bradstreet and the magistrates. In a letter to Jenkins (June 19), he opens a new project:

There can be no greater evil to the king's interest than the pernicious and rebellious principles which flow from the college at Cambridge which they call "the University."

From this source all the towns both here and in the other Colonies are supplied with factious and seditious preachers, who stir up the people to dislike of the king, of his government, and of the Church of England. They term the Liturgy a precedent of superstition picked out of the Popish dunghill. I am of opinion that the country can never be settled (quiet) nor the people become good subjects till the preachers are reformed, the College suppressed, and the several churches supplied with learned and orthodox ministers from England, like the rest of the king's dominions in America. The country grows very populous, and if longer left ungoverned, or governed as now, I fear that it may be of dangerous consequence to the king's possessions in America.

In 1783, almost exactly 100 years after this suggestive and prophetic letter, John Adams, in London, had the satisfaction of hearing the king in parliament announce that he had acknowledged the independence of the colonies.

But in 1683 the Cranfield policy of "Thorough," as Strafford had termed his English policy forty-five years earlier, was getting enforced in New Hampshire with singular and disquieting results. Cranfield briefly summed them up in a letter from Portsmouth, November 15, after the news that Gove's head was neither to be set on Temple Bar nor Portsmouth Province house, had reached him :

The news of Gove's pardon has had a very ill effect on the people, as appears by the prosecution of Mr. Mason's concerns. After waiting for a twelve-month for compliance with the conditions laid down in the king's commission,—finding few or none to accept his terms, he brought his actions against most of the principals, and obtained judgment against thirty or forty of them. Since which they have held several meetings, and resolved to oppose the Provost-marshal or any others that attend the serving of executions on them. At the serving of one, the people in the house threatened to destroy any who endeavored to force the doors with gunpowder, scalding water, and hot spits. The officer being compelled to desist, Mr. Mason desired the *posse comitatus*, but I thought this undesirable,—the people being

stirred up by Major Waldern, Mr. Moody, and Captain Vaughan. I have put the last named out of the Council for indecent carriage and dangerous words, and put Mr. Randolph in his place.

Indeed the whole province was in a very excitable state, half angry and half merry over the exactions of Mason and his supporters, as appears by the deposition of Thurton, Cranfield's provost-marshal, who went to Exeter in December, 1683, where the town constable, John Folsom, told him, "That if he came to levy any execution at his house, he should meet with a red-hot spit and scalding water, that he did not value any warrant from the governor, council, or justices of peace,—and that this deponent might go, like a rogue as he was." Even the women rose against him, for the wife of John Gilman, one of the old planters of Exeter, "told this deponent that she had provided a kettle of scalding water for him, if he came to her house to demand any rates," and the wife of Moses Gilman "did say that she had provided a kettle of scalding water for him, which had been over the fire two days." The same day, in December, a company of young men named Cass, Drake, Colcord, Clements, Perkins, Sanborn, and Sleeper (all good yeomen's names of Hampton), mounted, pursued Thurton and his deputy, Mason, from Hampton to Exeter, over the road which Gove had ridden,—"being armed with clubs, unto the house of Edward Gilman, and there came to the said company John Cotton, minister of Exeter, with a club in his hand, and the said company did push this deponent and his deputy up and down the house, asking them what they did wear at their sides, laughing at

this deponent and his deputy for having swords." Not long after, going to arrest Mr. Sherborne at Hampton, poor Thurton says:

Presently a great company laid hold of this deponent, and put a rope round his neck with intent to strangle him,—and had so done, but this deponent, putting his hands between his neck and the cord, his hands were cut by the rope, by their hard drawing thereof. Then the said persons, who had disguised themselves by handkerchiefs over their faces, threw this deponent on the ground, tied his hands and legs, and took away his sword and about £4 in money, and afterward hauled him out of the house by the rope that tied his hands, about half a quarter of a mile, and then untied his legs, and two persons did drive him before them about a mile and a half, one pulling him by the rope that tied his hands, while the other did beat him forward with a cudgel. Then this deponent, being unable to go farther, fell down in the snow, at which the said two persons, Joseph Perkins and Jacob Bassford, (alias Corretuck) forced this deponent along, and did grievously beat him, upon which this deponent cried "Murder" in the hearing and seeing of several persons on horseback, about nine at night, inhabitants of Hampton, but not any one did rescue him out of their hands. Then a person coming from the town of Hampton, supposed to be a stranger, upon a horse, the aforesaid Perkins and Bassford said, "Stand, you dog! come not near at your peril!" Then Perkins went up to that man (seemingly to whisper to him), and the stranger and Perkins came to this deponent, and Bassford said, "We press your horse for His Majesty's service, and we have a commission for it." The stranger said, "What hath this man done?" They replied, "He is a rogue and a thief, and will not go." And then his hands and legs being tied, they flung him across the horse, and in that manner carried him about a quarter of a mile. And being in extreme pain and near death (it being, beside, a very cold, frosty night), he did pray them for the sake of God, to let him ride upon the horse, and then carry him where they pleased. Afterward they untied his legs and let him ride their horse, his legs tied under the horse's belly, and carried him out of the Province, and kept him in custody at the house of one Smith, in the town of Salisbury, about forty hours, and then left him.

This was the rude way the neighbors of Gove took to manifest their regard for the powers that had sen-

tenced their champion to death, and transported him over seas,—treatment unjustifiable in law, but not so far from equity as the acts of Cranfield and Randolph. Tradition in that rural region long preserved the memory of this ride. An old farmer, grandson of a neighbor of Bassford, who was ordinarily a good-natured giant, told me half a century ago, how the "Mason-claimer," cried "Murder," and Bassford said, "Did ye want to go further? Ye *shall* go further!" and took him across the line into Massachusetts.

Meanwhile the principal persons in the province, Vaughan, Waldron, Parson Moody, Lieutenant Samborn, Captain Stileman, etc., were arrested and fined or thrown into prison. My ancestor, the Hampton lieutenant, being locked into the town prison, where Barefoot had lain, a dozen years before, was soon found to be missing, his neighbors probably having set up a ladder against the wall of the block house which served as a jail, and the prisoner going up through the roof and descending on the outside by the ladder, while worthy John Souther looked another way. Henry Dow of Hampton being censured for this novel jail delivery, wrote to the council and justices, of whom Henry Roby was one:

Henry Roby ordered me and Captain Mars-ton to act as trustees of the Hampton prison and repair it; we left it for him to do, offering to pay the charges. Had Mr. Roby been as careful to repair the prison as I was to see the charge satisfied, as by your Honor's order he was to have done, there would not have been that opportunity for Lt. Samborne to have made his escape as he did; the ruffe of the prison and chamber before being so strong that, of fourteen years last past, never any one got out of the ruffe before now. But there was now a passage made to go up the chamber so that

any one that was not willing to tarry there might easily escape, and in the judgment of several people the prison is now weaker than it was before Mr. Roby meddled with it.

While despotic rule was thus met by popular resistance, the leading citizen of Hampton, Nathaniel Weare, ancestor of President Weare (who piloted New Hampshire safely through the Revolution of 1775), was making his way to England, and there bringing the condition of his native land to the notice of Halifax and the wiser lords of the royal council. Cranfield, writing early in 1684 (January 8), said :

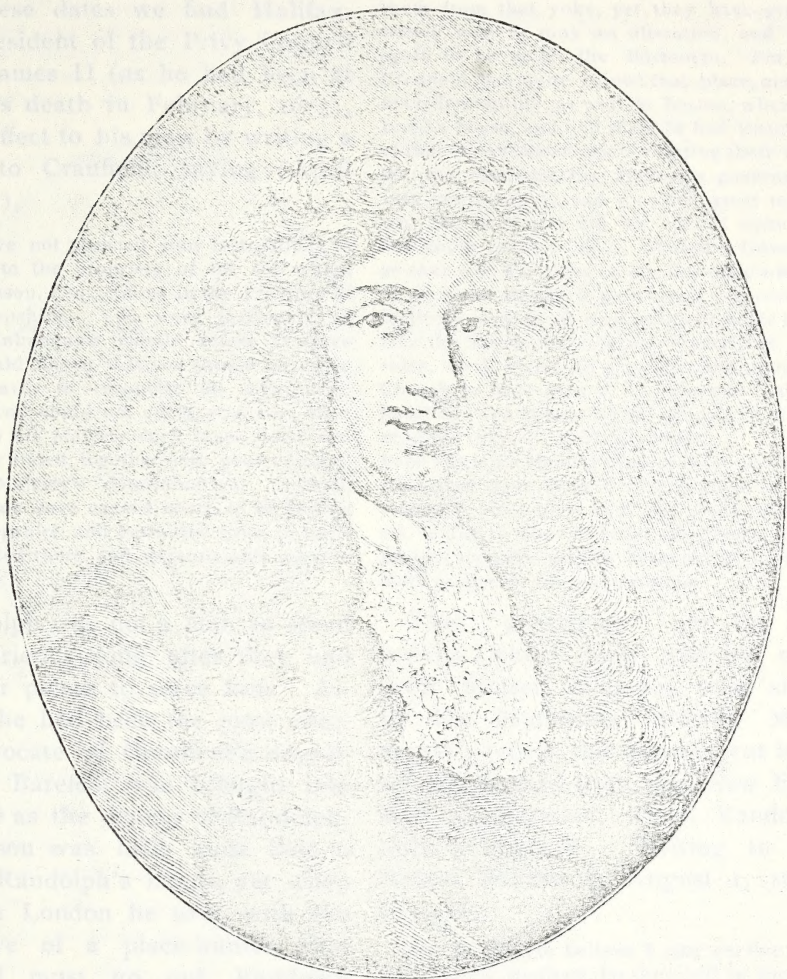
Mr. Weare, one of the former Assembly, has left privately for England, having first collected money to carry on his own and his party's concerns against Mr. Mason. I do not wonder that they employ him, for he is not only a violent man against Mr. Mason's interest, but one of many that were privy to Gove's treason, but they were too powerful for me to cope with here, unless I had had strength to countenance my proceedings. I think the enclosed affidavits will sufficiently prove Mr. Weare's knowledge of the conspiracy. The matter sworn against him, Moody, Vaughan, etc., is that two days before he broke out into arms, Gove had been with them and communicated his design of taking the government out of my hands, and killing myself, Mr. Mason, and his two sons, Captain Barefoot, Mr. Chamberlain, and all the other rogues (as he termed them) of the Church of England. He had assurance, he said, from all the towns, that there were but sixteen or seventeen men that would not stand by him, and that they would not meddle on any side, whereupon Gove said that they rejoiced at the good news like men risen from the dead. If Gove be examined upon this, and his consultation with Weare, he will confirm these words used at Dover.

When Weare arrived in London, in the summer of 1684, Edward Randolph was still there, as he had been present in Portsmouth in 1679-'80, when the new provincial government was set up. He knew the New Hampshire people and their sufferings, and could fully appreciate the

weight of the charges which Weare offered at the Plantation office against Cranfield, Barefoot, Mason, and others. Randolph wrote to Major Shrimpton at Boston, July 26, 1684 : " Wyre (Nathaniel Weare) hath lately put in articles against Mr. Cranfield, which render him here a very ill man, and in time will do his business. I hear not one word from him, Mr. Mason, or Mr. Chamberlain." What worked against Cranfield in England was his receiving a guarantee of £150 a year, secured by a mortgage on the province, from Mason, the alleged proprietor. This was regarded as a bribe, and in explaining it, Cranfield disclosed another fault. He wrote to the Lords of Trade, October 16, 1684 :

As to the allegation that I have made myself part owner of the Province, it is a mistake. I have only a house and garden, which I bought of one of the inhabitants for £450. After my coming here, Mr. Mason, considering that the king made me no allowance for my support, generously allowed me £150 a year for seven years out of his own estate, of which I have never yet received one penny, nor of the fifth part of the quitrents. I hope, without offence, that Mr. Mason may dispose of his own estate without asking them leave, and that it will not be accounted a crime in me to accept what is given.

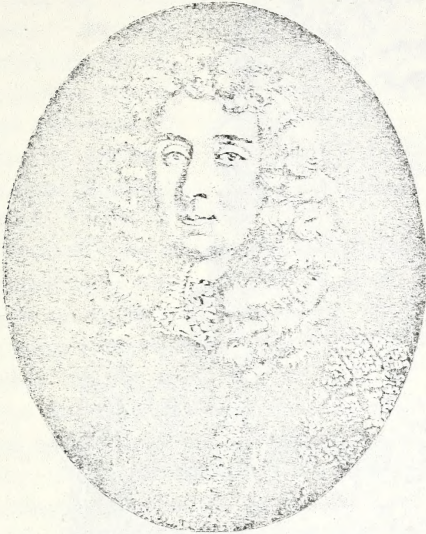
Cranfield's accusation against Weare and Gove, that they were plotting to kill him and his friends, was, of course, mere slander ; there was no foundation for it, although it had been charged by Randolph before. But Weare's charges against Cranfield and Mason were more seriously regarded in England, where the corruption of men in office and the flagrant disregard of law by the king and his lawyers had made the people and the great peers anxious, and very ill-inclined to see arbitrary



George Savile, Marquis of Halifax.

government in distant colonies. In November, 1684, while Weare was in England, we find Halifax arguing against the infamous Jeffries "for the liberty of the people in New England," and Barillon, the French envoy, reported to Louis XIV (December 1, 1684), that Halifax "took upon him to contend with great warmth that the same laws in force in England ought to be established in a country inhabited by Englishmen; that an absolute government is neither so happy nor so safe as that which is tempered by laws, and that he could not make his mind easy to live in a country where the king should have power to take the money he had in his pocket, whenever his majesty saw fit." The French king very naturally replied to his envoy, "Lord Halifax's reasoning on the best way to govern New England hardly merits the confidence my cousin, the king, has in him, and I do not wonder that the Duke of York has called his brother's attention to the consequences of such a view." Soon

England by his expedition in the West. I heard my lord Jeffries give him a severe welcome to Windsor last Sunday and told him he had information that he had done more than he could answer, etc.



Judge Jeffries.

Kirk did not go, but Andros did, with Randolph as secretary and postmaster for all New England, but before sailing he had an interview at the Tower with Edward Gove, whom he calls "Mr. Craufield's traitor." Randolph wrote to Sir R. Southwell, September 1, 1685, "Mr. Blaithwait has got Gove set at liberty upon some slight obligation to his majesty for his good behavior, by which means his majesty will be freed from the charge of maintaining him in the Tower at £3 a week." In the same letter he notes that Halifax was not at the last meeting of the Privy council, though it was not until October that James dismissed that nobleman. He was present, however, August 26, when the Lords of Trade recommended Gove for pardon, which was finally granted. Gove had petitioned for the papers upon which he was

condemned, saying, "he had now been a prisoner nineteen months, fifteen of them in the tower, where the king has granted him life, release from irons, and liberty to take the air. He has great hopes of freedom if he can obtain copies of his indictment, trial, and condemnation, and begs that they may be furnished to him." No doubt Mr. Weare, a solid, serious person, capable of putting his case well, did what he could to secure a reversal of the absurd sentence, and, before Halifax was dismissed from office by James II (October 25, 1685), he had obtained the full pardon of Gove. It was dated September 14, 1685, and runs thus:

(Seal) *James R.*

Whereas Edward Gove was neare three yeares since apprehended, tryed and condemned for High Treason in our Colony of New England in America, and in June 1683 was committed Prisoner to the Tower of London, We have thought fit hereby to signify Our Will and Pleasure to you that you cause him, the said Edward Gove, to be inserted in the next General Pardon that shall come out for the poor Convicts of Newgate, without any condition of transportation; he giving such Security for his good behavior as you shall think requisite. And for so doing this shall be your Warrant.

Given at our Court at Windsor the 14 day of September, 1685 in the first yeare of Our Reigne.

By His Majesty's command,

Sunderland.

To our Trusty and Wellbeloved Recorder of London, and all others whom it may concern.

Gove did not reach home until early in 1686, Mr. Weare having preceded him by some months, as we learn from a letter sent by Stephen Bachiler of London to his brother Nathaniel in Hampton, grandsons, as was Lieutenant Samborne, of Rev. Stephen Bachiler, the founder of Hampton. It is dated April 13,



James II.

1685, as Mr. Weare was embarking, and says of him, "He is much of a gentleman, and your good friend; God grant that he may arrive in safety." He did so, and found Cranfield already gone for the West Indies, having leave of absence. In his letter of January 6, 1685, the retiring governor says to the Lords of Trade:

I esteem it the greatest happiness of my life to remove from among these people; the rather since the world can see that it is not my person but terms of my commission that they cavil at. Time will show that no man can be accept-

able to them who executes the king's orders. The license for my departure arrived so late that all the West Indian traders are gone, but I hope soon to find a passage to Barbadoes or Jamaica, where I shall be ready to receive your orders, only trusting that they may not be for my return here, since I have neither health nor ability for the work.

An additional reason for his leaving New Hampshire was that Cranfield had taken advantage of Gove's absurd conviction for high treason, which involved a forfeiture of property, to have his estate in Seabrook sold, and a portion of its purchase

money put in his own pocket. Now that Gove was no longer deemed an attainted traitor, and might be fully pardoned, as he was, there might be a claim on Cranfield for this blood-money. In fact, King James did afterwards direct the council of Massachusetts, under his control as a royal province, to ascertain and restore the estate of Gove, and this was done some time after his return home.¹

Cranfield now disappears from New Hampshire history, except as an example of thwarted despotism. He had been censured in an earlier commission of his to Surinam and Jamaica in 1675-'76, probably for the same offense of getting money indirectly. He once held a place about the king at Whitehall, probably Gentleman of the Bedchamber, which he had sold, according to the custom of the times, and one of his complaints in New Hampshire was that his expenses there (perhaps in buying his house and garden for £450) had consumed the whole price of his place at Whitehall. He appointed Barefoot deputy governor upon leaving Portsmouth, May 15, 1685, but did not immediately sail for Barbadoes, having some hope, it appears, of obtaining the governorship of all New England, which was given to Andros. But in the interim (May 25, 1686),

Colonel Dudley, Massachusetts born, but with a servile Tory nature, whom Randolph had warmly recommended to the Lords of Trade, was appointed president of the Massachusetts council, of which Randolph and Mason were also members, and in that capacity Dudley superseded Barefoot in New Hampshire. Long before that date, however, the staff of power had been broken in Barefoot's hand, by the removal of Cranfield under censure, and the reversal of the despotic measures of which Barefoot had been active instigator, along with Randolph. When Gove, after his three years' absence, was about reaching home, vindicated, two fallen grandees of the Portsmouth oligarchy were undergoing great indignities from the people they had pillaged, insulted, and partially corrupted. Early in 1686 (March 8), they went before their accomplice, Chamberlain, and made oath to their humiliations thus:

MASON'S TESTIMONY.

I Robert Mason, Esq. Proprietor of the Province of New Hampshire, do make oath that upon the 30th. day of December last, being in my lodgings at the house of Walter Barefoot, Esq., Deputy Governor, and seeing Thomas Wiggins and Anthony Nutter, of the said Province, Yeomen, Talking with the Deputy Governor, I bid them welcome, and invited them to stay to supper. After supper, upon some discourse, Wiggins said he and others had read the papers I had set up, but they did not regard them or value them at a rush; for I had nothing to do in that Province, nor had one foot of land therein, nor ever should have; and withal did give very abusive and provoking language, so that I commanded Wiggins to go out of the room. Which he did not, but askt the Deputy Governor whose the house was—Barefoot's or Mason's? The Deputy told him that the house and servants were mine; and entreated him to be gone, and not make a disturbance. I then opened the door, and took Wiggins by the arm to put him forth, saying he should not stay there to affront me in my own

¹In the absence of complete records of the action of Andros's New England Council, I have not yet been able to find who had been the purchasers of Gove's large farm in Seabrook and Hampton Falls, but probably his children appeared in possession of much of it, when the forfeiture was demanded. There is a small meadow in Hampton Falls, not very far from the lines afterwards established between that town and Seabrook and Kensington (now the property of my sister, Miss Helen Sanborn), for which though long in our ancestors' possession, undisputed, no title deeds have been found. As this adjoined Gove's land I take it Mary (Gove) Sanborn, our ancestress, took possession of it as part of her marriage dowry, when her father was sentenced, and was allowed to hold it and transmit it by inheritance.

4/13.

The deposition of Walter Barefoot
 Deputy Governor testifieth that on y^e 23^d
 of this present June 1685, when Andrew D.
 very kindly behav'd him self towards me
 & made comparisons saying he was as good
 a King's man as my self wth other expressions.
 words
 WALTER BAREFOOT

Taken upon oath y^e 24th June
 1685, before me
 R Chamberlain Just P.

the sd. didd likewise confessed y^e abovesd
 contemptuous words. R Chamberlain Just P.

You shall swear that y^e Surety of y^e Peace which you require ag^t
 Philip Gosloy y^e Husband, is not of any malicious intent, for
 rogation; but for very fear, & for y^e necessary preservation of y^e
 & y^e Childrens body & goods in safety. So help you God.

Sworn by Joanna Gosloy Wife of
 Philip Gosloy of Dist^r Ribor doon
 the 27th Aug^r 1685 before me
 R Chamberlain Just P.

Signatures of Barefoot and Chamberlain in 1685.

house. Whereupon Wiggins took hold of my
 cravat, and being a big strong man, pulled me
 to the chimney and threw me upon the fire,
 and lay upon me, and did endeavor to strangle
 me by grasping my windpipe, that I could
 hardly breathe. My left foot was much
 scorched and swelled, my coat, periwig and
 stockings were burnt; and had it not been for
 the Deputy Governor, who was all that time
 endeavoring to pluck Wiggins off from me, I
 do verily believe I had been murdered. I was
 no sooner got out of the fire but the same Wig-
 gins laid hands on the Deputy, threw him into
 the fire, and fell upon him, so that two of his
 ribs were broke. I did, with much difficulty
 pull Wiggins off the Deputy Governor. Wig-

gins, being risen upon his feet, did again as-
 sault me and the deputy and threw him down.
 Thereupon I called to a maid-servant to fetch
 my sword, saying "The villian would murder
 the Deputy Governor." The servant coming
 with my sword in the scabbard, I took hold
 thereof; but it was snatched out of my hands
 by Anthony Nutter, who was present in the
 room, and did see the assault made, and hin-
 dered me from relieving the Deputy Governor;
 nor did the said Nutter give any help or as-
 sistance to the Deputy.

BAREFOOT'S TESTIMONY.

I do make oath that, upon the 30th of Decem-
 ber last, Thomas Wiggins and Anthony Nutter

being at my house, Wiggins did give Robert Mason, Esq., Proprietor of the Province, very provoking language; so that Mr. Mason bid him several times to go out of the house; and I did also intreat him to be gone, fearing some mischief might ensue; telling him that Mr. Mason had the use of the house during his stay in the country, and the servants were his. But Wiggins would not go out, being encouraged to stay by said Nutter, who did speak to him not to go but to stay. Then Mr. Mason opened the door, and took Wiggins by the arm, bidding him be gone, for he should not stay there. Thereupon he laid hands upon Mr. Mason, and threw him upon the fire, and by force kept him down, so that I had great difficulty to pluck him off, and do verily believe Mr. Mason had been murdered had it not been for me. And Wiggins did also assault me, and threw me into the same fire, and fell upon me, so that two of my ribs were broken, and one of my teeth came out.

This was certainly worse than the stone-throwing demons of three years before on the same Great Island, which Chamberlain described, had done, for then no bones were broken, nothing but a Quaker's windows, and there is less reason to disbelieve the sufferings; which to do as Chamberlain said, "One must temerari-ously unhinge or undermine the best religion in the world," as he believed the Church of England to be, "and must disingenuously quit and abandon that of the three Theologicke Virtues or Graces, to which the great Doctor of the Gentiles gave the precedence,—Charity,—through his unchristian and uncharitable Incredulity." Joan Carter, a neighbor of Barefoot's, without using such fine language, confirmed the assault by her evidence, saying she

Did run into Capt. Barefoot's house, and did see Wiggins, Barefoot and Mr. Mason fighting; and a tall, big man, called Anthony Nutter, was walking about the room in a laughing manner. She did say to Nutter, "For God's sake, part them! Will you stand by and see men murdered? Pray put Wiggins out of the room." Nutter said to the deponent, "Will

you save me harmless, then?" but did not give any assistance, nor did endeavor to part them; and the deponent did take up Capt. Barefoot's velvet cap, which lay behind the fire.

The affray took place in Barefoot's kitchen, with its huge fireplace, as the servant girl, Prudence Gatch, testified, who, "seeing Wiggins laying hold of her master by the cravat and hair, did run forth to call the neighbors, crying out that her master would be murdered, and when she came back into the kitchen she did see fire sticking to her master's clothes, and his periwig burned." Anthony Nutter had been one of the colleagues of Edward Gove in the Provincial Assembly of 1682, and had some old scores to settle with his former neighbor, Barefoot, both living at Dover in 1674, when Barefoot threw himself on the prison floor, "more like a pig than a captain," as Christopher Palmer said. Wiggins was from Stratham, a son of that Capt. Thomas Wiggins, who, in 1632, had certified to the Privy council the virtues of Winthrop and the vices of Sir Christopher Gardiner and Thomas Morton. Their conduct was a breach of hospitality towards Mason, but he and Barefoot were responsible for many acts of tyranny to hundreds of their fellow-citizens, and reprisals of this sort were held justifiable, where the courts were in the power of the oligarchy. In a petition of May, 1686, Weare and others alleged that "for the last two years and more, one jury, and very often one foreman has been returned to serve in all the issues connected with Mr. Mason's title, and this foreman tampered with by Mason."

Of the career of Barefoot, after his supersedure by Dudley, we have

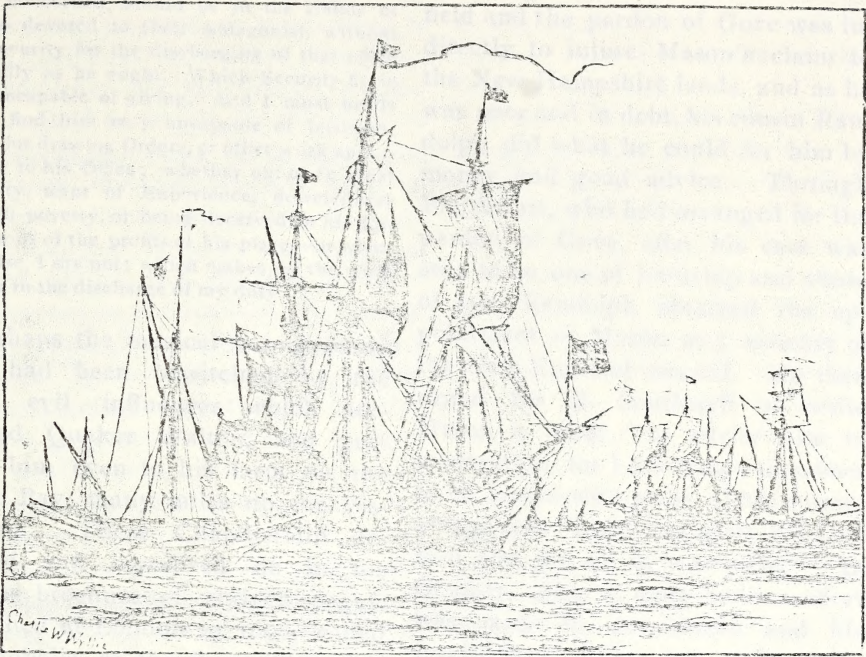
very little record. Parson Moody, whom he had imprisoned, said of him, in 1693, after mentioning Judge Roby's death, in 1688, "Barefoot fell into a languishing distemper, of which he died." Gove outlived him, as he did Roby. The tradition that Gove believed himself poisoned in the Tower is probably a result of some confusion regarding what he said of himself and of the more illustrious prisoners at the Tower during his confinement. Algernon Sidney, Lord Russell, Lord Essex, and many other opponents of arbitrary power were in the Tower after Gove reached England, and several of them were either executed or died there, under suspicion of poison or other murder. When Charles II himself died, six or eight months before Gove was released, it was popularly believed he had been poisoned. Talking of these deaths to his friends, after his return, Gove may have been misunderstood as referring to his own case.

In letters to the Lords of Trade, Cranfield says that he sailed from Boston, June 9, 1685, and reached Barbadoes July 7; he was, August 20, in Jamaica, and writes, "The physicians say that those coagulated and congealed humors that are settled in my legs cannot be thinned and dispersed without the benefit of the Bath in England." Perhaps he went there, for on February 4, 1686, he was appointed from London to be one of the council in Barbadoes, but was not sworn in until May 18, an interval long enough to have brought him from England, after personally pressing his appointment. A year before, when Nathaniel Weare was in England again, Mason wrote from Portsmouth, August 20, 1685, that

upwards of £400 had been collected to meet the expenses of prosecuting an appeal of the king by Weare and Vaughan. It seems that £100 was given to Weare outright, his passage to and from England was paid, and he was allowed £6 a month, from the day he left Hampton till his return to his farm, and further allowed two shillings a day for the hire of a man to do his farm work, while he was absent. The trial of this appeal was set for the first Tuesday after midsummer, 1686, but was postponed till October, and on November 6, was decided against Vaughan, who, however, was to receive from Richard Martin £20, while he was to pay £40 as costs to Cranfield and to Mason. It does not seem that this decision had any effect favorable to Mason and his claim.

July 12, 1686, the records of the new Massachusetts council show that "On reading the king's letter of April 12, ordered that Edward Gove's lands be ascertained and restored to him." November 9 order was given "for a report as to Edward Cranfield's estate, in New England, and as for money received by him from purchasers of Edward Gove's estate." What further was done under this order does not appear from any papers yet printed, but the estate came back into his hands, and there Gove died in 1691. Barefoot had died in 1688.

Cranfield's incompetent secretary, Richard Chamberlain, is one of the witnesses (not too credible) to a singular piece of witchcraft, as he thought it, affecting George Walton, a Quaker of New Castle (then called Great Island), in the summer of 1682. Cotton Mather notes that the



The Fleet Carrying Weare or Gove Home.

stone-throwing, which Chamberlain pompously called "Lithobolia," began June 18, but Chamberlain's diary, while boarding at Walton's house, showed that he noticed it on a Sunday night, July 29, and that it continued until August 3 or later, being witnessed, he says, on the last-named day, by several gentlemen from Rhode Island, New Jersey, and Barbadoes, and also by "Capt. Walter Barefoot, Mr. John Huzzey, son of a Councilor, and the wife of the said Mr. Huzzey," who was Rebecca Perkins, daughter of Isaac of Hampton. According to Chamberlain, Mr. Huzzey, who spent the night in the spacious house, took up a stone, "that, having alighted on the ground, with rebound from thence hit him upon the heel, and he keeps it to show." Barefoot also kept one of these bewitched pebbles, "which, among

other stones, flew into the Hall a little before supper, which myself also saw as it first came in at the upper part of the door, into the middle of the room, and then, though a good flat stone, yet was seen to roll over and over, as if trundled, under a bed in the same room." Chamberlain was also pestered with these stones in his own chamber, where, amid his books and pictures, he was sitting down "to touch his little musical instrument." What his own mental condition was in that summer we are not informed, but in the autumn following, when Governor Cranfield came over, he was much displeased at it, and wrote back to London,

The people object Mr. Chamberlain's Indigency, with some other Considerations of him that they have,—which makes them much to lament that all their Records in Judicial matters, their Wills, Bills of Sale, Titles to their Lands, and other writings in which they are so

much concerned, should be in the Hands of one so devoted to their Antagonist, without any Security for the discharging of that office faithfully as he ought. Which Security he is also uncapable of giving. And I must needs say I find him very uncapable of business, either for drawing Orders, or other work appertaining to his Office; whether out of Original Inability, want of Experience, dejectedness through poverty, or being deceived in his Expectations of the profits of his place,—or whatever else, I say not; which makes me the more uneasy in the discharge of my duty.

Perhaps the musical young secretary had been bewitched by the same evil influences which tormented Quaker Walton, and pursued him even to his farm on the Great Bay, many miles up the Piscataqua. These Chamberlain described and moralized on in his curious brochure of sixteen pages, published at London in 1698,¹ called "Lithobolia, or the Stone-Throwing Devil." He there ascribed the phenomena to "Infernal Spirits (Devils Incarnate) or Witches, or both, in their Hellish Minds, and this for the space of a quarter of a year." Other spirits may have had much to do with it.

The effect of the removal of Cran-

field and the pardon of Gove was indirectly to injure Mason's claim to the New Hampshire lands, and as he was poor and in debt, his cousin Randolph did what he could for him by money and good advice. Through Blaithwait, who had arranged for the pardon of Gove, after his case was seen to be one of hardship and abuse of law, Randolph obtained the appointment of Mason as a member of the New England council. He then urged Sir R. Southwell to write Mason a letter "to advise him to moderation, for I fear when he comes to be mated with some of his former antagonists 'twill transport his passion and put all in a ferment." In October, 1685, a more serious effort was made to get Mason and his troublesome claims out of the way. Randolph wrote to Southwell,

Last week Mr. Blaithwait was proposing that Mr. Mason should quit his pretensions in New England, and lay all at his Majesty's feet, upon his Majesty's making him governor of Bermuda, and allowing to him and his heirs two or three hundred pounds yearly, for ever, to be paid out of the quitrents which will in a short time arise upon this settlement; for the people will rather pay to his Majesty sixpence an acre than one farthing to Mr. Mason. And now, since charters are at so low an ebb, I fear his grants will hardly hold out upon a trial at the Council board. He is sure of all assistance from the Plantation office, but his enemies have the larger purse. I know not what his conceptions may be of such proposals.

When Randolph had been made postmaster for New England he said (November 10, 1685), "What profit arises I design to Mr. Mason's young children in England. I allow them now £20 a year till his better fortunes will afford them a larger supply. I shall not be wanting to do him and his all the service that lies in my power, being very unwilling to think he should be obliged to

¹ Before returning to England (which he ought never to have left), Chamberlain was involved in an affair rather awkwardly explained, which shows the private relations between this sworn secretary of New Hampshire and the pretended owner of its soil. Barefoot, the deputy governor, with John Hinks and others of the council, sent word to the Massachusetts authorities, July 30, 1686, "We have lately learned of the private removal of our records to Boston." Upon inquiry, Chamberlain was found to have done the deed, and when brought before Dudley and the Boston council he acknowledged "that he had given orders to deliver to J. Bradbent in Boston the records of New Hampshire relating to himself and Mr. Mason." Bradbent, who was probably Mason's agent, was imprisoned and the records were sent back. It was not the first nor the last time that these records partially disappeared; some of them were kept from the Mason and Barefoot oligarchy, and in 1775 Sir John Wentworth, the last royal governor, carried off a part of them, which he returned years afterward. The scattering and ill-arranged documents, disclosing the condition of affairs in New Hampshire, have been searched for during the past half century, and have, at last, revealed clearly, notwithstanding losses and forgeries, the interesting early history of the towns on the tide waters which were all that could be called New Hampshire for almost one hundred years.

come for England, to be exposed to his merciless creditors." In June, 1686, after his humiliating experiences in New Castle, Mason did go to England to wait on King James, but nothing important seems to have resulted. While journeying through eastern New York, in the summer of 1688, Mason died and was buried at Kingston on the Hudson, thus escaping the arrest and imprisonment which Andros, Randolph, Dudley, and the other supporters of the despotic government in Boston suffered in April, 1689. His children came over to New Hampshire, where one of them married, and where, many years later, their claims passed into the hands of the descendants of Waldron, Jaffrey, Vaughan, and others, who had so stoutly opposed them in Cranfield's day. Two months before Mason's death, Randolph wrote to a mutual friend in England, "My cousin Mason can make no progress in his business; he has attempted to try his title at Piscataqua, but has been delayed by the judges, and the inhabitants are far more obstinate than formerly, Mr. West having told some of them that his title is little worth. All Mr. West aims at is to have the passing grants for all Mr. Mason's lands, and he will not allow that Mason has power to make a grant to any tenant; they are for leaving him out of all." This West was Randolph's deputy secretary, and what he wanted was the fees, having no interest in Mason. And so ended the long controversy over quitrents in New Hampshire, so far as Mason was concerned; he was defeated at every point, and died a poor man. With less injustice on his part and less oppression by his partisans,

he could have derived a comfortable income from his equitable rights, such as they were.

Walter Barefoot, like Edward Randolph, who outlived him a few years, was a much more vigorous and interesting person than Robert Mason or his musical accomplice, Chamberlain. Though a roysterer and speculator, Barefoot, like Randolph, was a clever writer, and, like Randolph's father, Dr. Randolph of Oxford, was a skilled physician, according to the lore of those days, before Harvey and Sydenham had reformed chirurgery. When he first appears in Dover (probably from Barbadoes) he is styled "Captain," and is an officious chirurgeon, very ready with a large bill, and prompt in litigation. June 24, 1662, he sued Ralph Twonley of Dover for a bill of 65 shillings, "for physical means and attendance," won his case, and received 21 shillings as costs, in addition to the bill. When Valentine Hill, an important planter, died in 1662, Barefoot sued his administrators for a bill of 50 pounds "for physical means and attendance," an enormous charge, in which he was nonsuited, "the summons being not legal." This Mr. Hill was son-in-law of Theophilus Eaton of the Hartford colony. Barefoot continued to practise as physician till 1680, at least, in the midst of his land-deals and political campaigns against the Puritans, for on August 5, 1680, William Allen, chirurgeon, in a New Hampshire court give him an assignment of 4 pounds 10 shillings, due to Allen from Philip Chesley, and then charged Chesley 10 shillings for "one visit with Brother Barefoot." But he appears much oftener as "Cap-

tain" than chirurgion, possibly on account of a sentence against him in 1671, by the Massachusetts magistrates, who then fined him 20 shillings for his "profaneuess and horrid oaths," and went on to say, "It appearing that he left a wife and two children in England, we do sentence him forthwith to return to England by the first ship, and that he shall henceforth be debarred to practise chirurgery or physie in any part of this jurisdiction."

As Massachusetts then controlled both New Hampshire and Maine, this decree, if enforced, would have removed the pushing captain from the whole dominion, but apparently the orders of Massachusetts did not always pass current north of the Merrimack. Four years later, in 1675, he had been arrested at Dover by Christopher Palmer of Hampton, and lodged by him in the same block-house jail in Hampton, from which, ten years later, Lieutenant Samborne escaped.

They went, Palmer and his arresting party, to Barefoot's house in Dover, to get him to let two of the Hilton family out of prison; to which Barefoot consented, and also took along to the jail a gallon of "perry" to treat the company. The jailer's son testifies thus: "They brought with them a runlet of perry, which Captain Barefoot brought to drink with them, as he said, and so long as it lasted they were very merry. But presently, after it was ended, there was a great noise,—Capt. B. lying on the ground, saying he would not go, for he was in a prison already, where he would abide,—but said Christopher Palmer answered he was his prisoner, pulling

him very rough and rudely." Palmer's testimony was that when he arrested Barefoot upon a proper warrant, "he laid himself along the floor at Jeremiah Tibbitt's house, more like a pig than a captain."

The actual date of Barefoot's arrest and commitment was September 21, 1674, for John Souther, then and long afterward jailer at Hampton, made oath, June 28, 1675, "That Christopher Palmer, Marshall-deputy of Hampton, Sept. 21, 1674 did bring Capt. Walter Barefoot and deliver him to me, keeper of the prison of Norfolk County, and I saw him lockt up into the prison; and Christopher Palmer bade me go with them and lock the said Barefoot into the common gole at Hampton, and bade me have a care of him, lest he should give me the slip; accordingly I did lock him up in the commongoale." The warrant of arrest served by Palmer directs him to "attach the body and goods of Capt. Walter Barefoot, and take bond of him to the value of 200 pounds, with sufficient surety or sureties for his appearance at the next county court to be holden at Hampton, the second Tuesday of October next." An odd feature of this case is that Barefoot, on the May preceding, sued Palmer (May 4, 1674) "for several physical and chirurgical medicines and visits, to the value of six pounds." Capt. Francis Champernoon of Greenland and Kittery, offered bail for Barefoot, as Palmer took him down the river towards Hampton, but was refused. About 1670, Mrs. Katherine Hilton and Ann Hilton swore that Captain Barefoot at Exeter, "got a pistol or a sword or rapier and drove the marshal away."

What sort of structures these New Hampshire jails were in Barefoot's day, who saw much of them either as tenant or jailer, will appear from the order given in 1660 to Captains Pendleton and Waldern to build that one in Dover where Palmer arrested Barefoot. It was to be 20 feet by 16, and 10 feet high on the wall, "with a good stone-walled cellar of 14 feet square, at least, with two or three iron rings made fast in the wall; with one or two good plank floors in the house, and also that there be provided convenient chains, locks, gyves, and what other utensils are necessary to lay upon unruly offenders." Among these "utensils" were doubtless the whips with which Waldern ordered Edward Wharton and the Quaker women at Dover to be whipped in after years, an execution which Barefoot is said to have stopped at Salisbury in 1662, as the women were passing through at the cart's tail, on their way from Dover to Ipswich. From his Hampton prison, in 1675, he addressed a spirited appeal to the Massachusetts magistrates, reminding them of their own "Body of Liberties," and claiming in his own case the rights of an Englishman. About 1680 he removed from Dover to Portsmouth, where, in 1685, he brought suit against John Pickering, one of the leading citizens, for trespass in "keeping him the said Barefoot out of possession of lands and tenements in Portsmouth, now in possession of said John Pickering, containing about half an acre." He had house and lands at Great Island, in which he and Mason were living when attacked by his brother-in-law, Thomas Wiggin. For it appears by his will (proved

before Col. Joseph Dudley, judge of probate for all New England, February 1, 1689) that Barefoot's sister, Sarah, was the wife of Thomas Wiggin, who became an executor of his will. The will is dated October 3, 1688, and Barefoot's death occurred between that date and the next February,—probably about Christmas time in 1688. Richard Chamberlain was then in New Hampshire, as appears by the last clause of the will, which has never before been printed, I think. After commending his soul to God, and his body to be decently buried, Barefoot went on:

I advise and bequeath to Thomas Wiggin and his wife Sarah, my beloved sister, my house and lands in Portsmouth, now in possession of John Pickering, sen, also my house and lands in Greenland, 200 acres, and all my lands lying and being in Merrimack River, containing about 1,300 acres,—they paying all my debts and legacies hereinafter mentioned.

To Joseph Clarke, son of John Clarke, mariner, I devise and bequeath 500 acres of my land in the Province of Maine, that I bought of Capt. Francis Champernoon, adjoining to his island; beginning at the stepstones and running to Barboard (sic) harbor,—except forty acres by me already disposed of. To Thomas Wiggin and his wife Sarah 200 acres in Maine, which I bought of Col. John Archdale, on the backside of the said 500 acres. To my beloved sister Sarah all my land, with the sawmill appertaining, at Lamprill River, formerly in the possession of Robert Wadleigh; and after her death to her daughters Sarah and Susanna. To my cousin (nephew) Thomas Wiggin, son of the said Thomas, the land at Lamprill River which I bought of William Hilton, Charles Hilton, and Edward Hilton, 300 acres, and also 100 acres, one half bought of them, and the other half of Robert Mason Esq.

To Edward Hilton, son of Edward of Exeter, I give what his father owed me, nine pounds, To John Clarke I give all my land in Saco, and to his son Joseph Clarke, my dwelling-house and a half acre of land in Great Island, near the house of John Clarke,—Elizabeth Clarke, his mother, to have the use of it during her natural life. To the other children of the said John Clarke, Love, Isaac and Jacob, I give seven acres of land in Great Island, and to John Lewis his house and lands, which I for-

merly purchased of him. My land at Spruce Creek, 1,000 acres, which I purchased of Dr. Henry Greenland, I devise to the said Henry Greenland. I give ten pounds to John Tufton, Esq., ten pounds to Richard Chamberlayne Esq., to Robert Tufton and his wife Catherine fifty pounds, to Joseph Rayner five pounds, to my cousin John Lee, 50 pounds; I give to my beloved sister Sarah my great Bible; to Elizabeth Clarke my two chests and their contents, except the writings, and so many yards of dollas as will make a half-dozen shirts for Richard Chamberlayne,—and all the money, goods, chattels and moveables at my house. To Nathan Bedford I give ten pounds, and one feather bed, with the bolster, rug and blanket; to Thomas Swaffer, ten pounds; to Robert Tufton my best beaver hat, and to John Clarke my cow, to be killed and spent in his family. To the poor of Great Island I give five pounds.

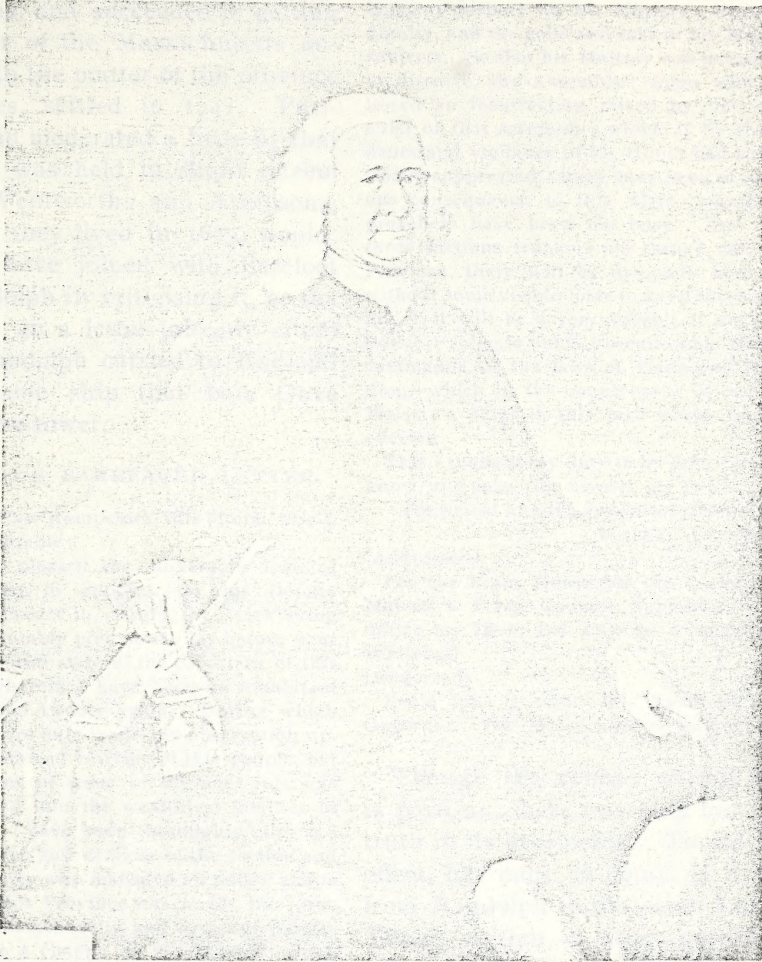
I constitute my brother-in-law, Thomas Wiggin my executor, and my good friends, Samuel Wentworth and Richard Chamberlayne overseers, to see that all is duly done.

The witnesses were Shadrach Walton and Henry Trevethan (sic).

It will be seen that by his will Barefoot bequeathed 160 pounds in money, besides some thousands of acres in land, and several houses. How perfect his title might be to this land is not known, but the names of the persons of whom he bought, and to whom he gave it, preserve some record of the speculation then going on in New England lands. Dr. Greenland survived Barefoot, but little is known of his later career; he had been active with Barefoot, Champernoon, and others in 1665 to get New Hampshire and Maine released from the domination of Massachusetts. Of Colonel Archdale I know nothing. Francis Champernoon was an English gentleman, of the family related to Sir Walter Raleigh, who, for many years, was a leader in the party opposed to Massachusetts, and was a large landholder in Maine and New Hampshire. From his great estate on the inland bay, which he called "Greenland,"

the town of Greenland, in which it mainly lies, afterwards took its name. A portion of this, long in possession of the Weeks family of Greenland, was, in 1775, the residence of Maj. William Weeks, who took from the custody of old Theodore Atkinson, uncle of the last royal Governor Wentworth, the Province Papers, of which Atkinson had charge as secretary. In declining to give them up, unless forced to do so, Atkinson said that in the troubled times which his father well remembered, of the dispute over Mason's claim and Cranfield's government, the documents in the hands of the then secretary, Chamberlain, were taken away and became scattered, so that widows and orphans and other innocent persons suffered by not being able to secure their titles to property, and that many of these papers had not yet, in July, 1775, been restored to his custody, and that of the recorder. These papers are now mostly either at Exeter, in the registry of deeds or of probate, or else are in the state library at Concord, where I have had access to them, and have had photographs taken from some of them. They greatly need to be better arranged and carefully edited before printing.

The portrait of this Theodore Atkinson (born 1697, died 1779) is a typical view of those burly and big-wigged gentlemen who did their best to build up in Rockingham and Strafford, under the protection of English royalty and the Anglican church, an aristocracy on the basis of great landed estates; and the intermarriage of families. There is no portrait known to exist of Barefoot, of Champernoon, or the other originators of



Old Theodore Atkinson.

this scheme, but their successors, the Atkinson, Waldron, and Wentworth connection, with whom were allied the Derings of Maine and the Apthorps of Boston, pursued the same policy with more wealth and power to back them. This Theodore Atkinson was the son of a gentleman of the same name (born in Boston about 1669, died in New Castle, 1719), who established himself in the fisheries at Great Island, in 1694, and became clerk of the province court and member of the governor's coun-

cil. His large wealth descended to his son Theodore, who married a Wentworth, and had a son Theodore (cousin both of Sir John Wentworth and of Lady Wentworth), who died young, holding the hereditary office of secretary, in which his father, whose portrait is here given, both preceded and succeeded the poor youth, while the prosperous Governor Wentworth, without delay, married his young widow. Without the roystering nature of Barefoot, these Colonial gentry held in substance the

same ideas, and succeeded in getting the better of the Massachusetts authorities in the matter of the province boundaries, settled in 1741. Puritanism had moderated a little by that time, but was held in slight esteem by the Wentworths and Atkinsons, who, had they lived in 1683, would, perhaps, have joined with Barefoot and Randolph in criticising it, as the latter did, in a letter (already cited) which Randolph carried to England in the same ship that bore Gove towards the tower.

BAREFOOT'S BAREFACED LETTER.

Province of New Hampshire, this March, 1682-3.
Right Honorable;

It having pleased the honorable Edward Cranfield Esq. to appoint me his Deputy during his absence in visiting the neighboring colonies, I humbly presume to lay before your Lordships a brief state of the condition of this Province; wherein I have been an inhabitant above five and twenty years. During which time I have not only made my observation upon the humors and carriage of this people, but by the means of some of my near relations being married into the wealthiest families in this country, I have been thoroughly informed of the intrigues and designs of the faction and malignant party who managed all public affairs here, while this Province was under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, and very unwillingly submitted to a change of government which his Majesty by his Royal commission hath established. And although the Massachusetts exercise no authority in this Province, yet they influence things as they please,—there being a strict confederation between the ministers and church members of this Province, and those of the Massachusetts Colony, who govern and sway the people as they please. No Pope ever acted with greater arrogance than these preachers who inflame the people to their fantastic humors, and debauch them from their duty and obedience to his Majesty and his laws, and are ever stirring them up to disloyalty, and interfering in all civil affairs, and censuring all persons and actions that agree not with their own principles and peevish humors.

These their ill proceedings have given our honorable Governor much trouble and disquiet in his government; they influencing the Assembly that no good bills could pass that

had any respect for his Majesty's honor and dignity, and the good and ease of his Majesty's subjects. So that his Majesty was necessitated to dissolve the Assembly; upon which followed an insurrection raised by one of the chief of that assembly; which, if by the prudence and vigilancy of his Honor had not been timely suppressed, might have been of dangerous consequence to this place, wherein the preachers have been too busy. And unless these factious teachers are turned out of the Province, there will be disquiets here; and without some visible force to keep these people under, it will be a very difficult, if not an impossible thing to put in execution his Majesty's commands, or the laws of Trade and Navigation,—which by the countenance of one of his Majesty's ships in this port would easily be effected.

This I thought my duty to let your Lordships know, and subscribe myself, my Lords,

Your most humble and faithful Servant,

WALTER BAREFOOT.

(Addressed)

For the Right Honorable the Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council, appointed a Committee for Trade and Foreign Plantations, At Whitehall
(Endorsed)

Rec'd June 9, 1683. Mr. Randolph's Dep. Governor. The Massachusetts Influence, etc.

Though the animus of this letter is partisan, there was only too much truth in its averments. To the same effect, but more in detail, is a letter from Randolph to the same Lords of Trade, written in 1683, portions of which may be cited from the Massachusetts Archives:

The countenance of His Majesty, with his indulgence to the people, obtained Cranfield's easy admission into the government, in which he was very obliging to all, but especially to the late ruling party; but, withal, made it his business to put the Fort, which commandeth the mouth of the harbor (of Portsmouth) and militia, into safe hands, and put good men into places of civil administration. Sometime in December, 1682, the Governor, with Maj Walderne, late President of the Province, Mr. Moody, Minister, and other chief men amongst them, go to Boston, where he is civilly entertained. But his main design in that journey was, to feel the temper of that Government, because he found they had such an influence upon the people of New Hampshire. . . . No sooner had Gov. Cranfield discoursed with



Residence of George Jaffrey, 1682, and of John Albee, 1882.

me openly, in Boston, about my prosecuting a seizure made by me, at Portsmouth, of a Scotch vessel, belonging to one Jeffreys (G. Jaffrey), a Scotchman, a church member and inhabitant of that Province, but it discomposed the whole party: . . . Gov. Cranfield being returned from Boston, appoints a special court for trial of the Scotch vessel, and I went to Portsmouth to attend it, but the party, believing the governor to be wholly their own (and one of the chief of them openly saying, whatever came out of the Ketch should never come into my hands), so contrived the matter that she was carried by the Fort out of the river at Pascadagua in the day time; although Maj. Stileman, one of the Council, was commander of the Fort, and had express orders from the Governor to stop her. Whereupon the Governor put him out of all office, and made Capt. Barefoot, one of the present Council, Captain of the Fort and of the foot company belonging to Great Island, upon which the Fort is built. . . . January 9, the Assembly, being adjourned to that day, met. The governor recommended to them several good bills that had passed the Council, but they either rejected or put them in such a disguise as rendered them altogether useless, and afterwards would not take notice of any bills which did not arise from themselves. They likewise peremptorily insisted to have the nomination of Judges, and the appointing courts of judicature,—powers solely invested in the Governor, by commission from His Majesty. And lastly, they had prepared bills repugnant to the laws of England; upon

which the Governor, not knowing where these matters would end, dissolved the Assembly.

In a short time after, one Edward Gove, who served for the town of Hampton, a leading man, and a great stickler in the late proceedings of the Assembly, made it his business to stir the people up to rebellion, by giving out that the Governor, as Vice Admiral, acted by his Royal Highness's commission (James, Duke of York) who was a Papist, and would bring Popery in among them; and that he was a pretended Governor, and his commission was signed in Scotland. He endeavored, with a great deal of pains, to make a party, and solicited many of the considerable persons in each town to join with him, to recover their liberties infringed by His Majesty's placing a governor over them; further adding that his sword was drawn, and he would not lay it down till he knew who should hold the government. This he discoursed at Portsmouth to Mr. Martin, Treasurer, and soon after to Capt. Hull at Dover, which they discovered to the Governor; who immediately dispatched away messengers with warrants to the constables of Hampton and Exeter, to apprehend Gove. And fearing he might get a party too strong for the civil power (as indeed it proved, for Justice Wyre and a marshal and constable was repulsed), the Governor, although much dissuaded, forthwith ordered the militia of the whole Province to be in arms, and was taking horse, and with a part of the Troop intended to take Gove and his company. But he was prevented by a messenger from Hampton who

brought word that they were met withal, and taken by the militia of that town, and secured with a guard.

Its generally believed many considerable persons, at whose houses Gove either sent or called to come out and stand up for their liberties, would have joined with him, had he not appeared in arms on the 27th of Jan'y. For upon the 30th day of January (anniversary of the death of Charles I) being appointed a day of public humiliation, they designed to cut off the Governor, Mr. Mason, and some others whom they affected not.

This is the most reasonable account of Gove's demonstration which appeared on the Tory side, and does not mention any supposed madness or folly by Gove, other than his making his armed demonstration too early.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

Several corrections are to be made in the earlier part of this paper. It seems that Massachusetts relaxed the strictness of its church membership restrictions on voting, moved to conciliate the Episcopalians and sectaries in New Hampshire,—particularly in Dover and Portsmouth, so that my remark about the Exeter disfranchisements, though true in substance (p. 46), does not hold good literally. In Exeter and Hampton, then covering some sixty square miles, church-members were almost the only "freemen," although some of them had become Quakers or other sectaries.

Portsmouth and Dover are at variance concerning the first settlement of the colony, Dover maintaining that it was made there in 1623, and Portsmouth holding out for Odiorne's Point, mentioned by me as the first plantation. I have no partiality for either place, and will leave them to fight it out, after the fashion of antiquaries. The melodious name of

our great New Hampshire *fjord* is, perhaps, better written *Pascataqua*, as Barefoot sometimes spells it. But spelling in those days was in the condition mentioned by Dogberry,—“To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but reading and writing come by nature.”

I propose at some future time to bring my chapters of New Hampshire history, of which this is the longest, into a volume covering the picturesque careers of Stephen Bachiler, Edward Gove, the Atkinsons and Wentworths, the Sullivans, John Stark, William Plumer, Judge Smith, and a few others, ending with my long chapter in Victor Sanborn's "Sanborn Genealogy," on "The New Hampshire Way of Life." In view of this compilation I welcome any correction or amplification of these papers, all and each.

It is evident that the New Hampshire planters might appear on both sides of the long controversy as to the control of their colony by Massachusetts, and the ownership of their lands by Mason. Thus Robert Burnham, who was born at Norwich (Eng.), in 1624, and married in Boston in 1646, became a resident at Oyster River (now Durham), in 1654 or earlier, was in 1664 a petitioner to King Charles for a separation from Massachusetts, and appears to have been then a Church of England man; but in 1684 he refused to pay Mason his quitrents, and was, nominally, ejected by Mason from his farm in Durham. Moreover, at the time of Monmouth's rebellion and after the death of Charles II, it was testified by Philip Chesley of Dover, April 26, 1685, "that he heard Robert Burnham of Oyster River say there was

no speaking of treason at present against the king, for there was no king, and that the Duke of Monmouth was proclaimed and crowned in Scotland, and gone for Ireland, and that the Duke of York was not yet crowned, and it was a question whether he ever would be." In 1665 Burnham had joined with Champernoon, and John Pickering of Portsmouth, and Edward Hilton and John Folsom of Exeter in petitioning that King Charles "would take them into his immediate protection, and that they might be governed by the known laws of England," and one reason for this request was "that they might enjoy both the sacraments which they have been too long deprived of." In 1684 he joined with the Waldrons, Wiggins, Sambornes, etc., in petitioning against the exactions of Cranfield and Mason, and among his fellow-petitioners were Joseph Stevenson of Oyster River, who said, not long after, "I owe the governor nothing, and nothing will I pay him; I never knew him, nor had any dealings with him." In the same spirit is the saying of Thomas Webster, ancestor of Daniel, when he refused to join issue with Mason, and "claims the privileges of an English subject." The spirit of the New Hampshire people, irrespective of their religious dissensions, was by this time thoroughly aroused. Henry Roby, a facile tool in the hands of Mason and Cranfield, made oath, December 13, 1684, that his Hampton townsmen, Samuel Cass (ancestor of Gen. Lewis Cass), and Jonathan Wedgewood said in his presence that "they would lose their heads rather than suffer Thurton, the marshal, to take any of their estates, if they were at

home,—and they desired they might be begun with first."

The more active resistance of the yeomanry of the province to the exactions of Mason and Cranfield began after the return of Robert Wadleigh from England (May 9, 1684) victorious in an appeal to the king against Barefoot in one of the interminable lawsuits over Barefoot's land deals. Cranfield, who had already been checked by Halifax and the Lords of Trade for proceeding without the consent of an assembly of his province, wrote thus to the Board of Trade and Plantations, May 25, 1684:

Since Robert Wadleigh is returned from England, he hath put the people of this Province into such a ferment and disorder that it is not possible to put his Majesty's commands in execution, or any ways govern them. And though, in obedience to your lordship's commands we have called an Assembly, we cannot think it safe or prudent to let them sit, they being of the same ill-humor, or worse, as when Gove went into arms,—his design being hatched at the time the Assembly sat. And it looks more like a design,—this Wadleigh being formerly an Assemblyman, hath three sons condemned in Gove's rebellion, and himself now chosen again; the oldest of them I have pardoned, one of them is dead, and the other I keep in prison till I receive your Lordship's further order; all the other offenders being pardoned. I wish his Majesty's clemency do not cause some great mischief to be done here.

It seems the pardons were effected for money or its equivalent, for Cranfield, in April, 1684, had the effrontery to bring suit against William Partridge, a carpenter, "for not performing an agreement for work to be done about the said Edward Cranfield, his house, made in consideration of the pardon of John Gove, and his estate, on or about February 6, 1684." This was the son of Edward Gove, and it seems he had been kept in prison a year.

The fees in Mason's land suits were high, as I know from those charged against my ancestor, Lieut. John Samborne, but Mason declared that he was more merciful than were the men who had ruled before his time. Writing to England (Oct. 20, 1684) in regard to George Jaffrey of Great Island, whose house Mason had taken away by legal process, and whom he calls "a factious Scot, who has lived here only a few years," Mason said;

Even after judgment given, I stayed execution for five months, awaiting his compliance, and on the very day that I took possession offered him a deed for the house on a quitrent of ten shillings yearly, though the house is worth 20 pounds a year. He said he would never own me as proprietor, and bid me do my worst. He fled to Boston.

I take this to have been the Jaffrey cottage, of which a view has been given,—one of the few houses of that period which still stands. Perhaps it was this house in which Mason and Barefoot were so roughly handled by Thomas Wiggin, but I fancy it was another house nearer to Portsmouth. Mason continues, in regard to Nathaniel Weare, who was then in England;

As to Weare himself, I did not ask for my costs till six months after judgment given,—a kindness that these complainants are seldom guilty of, their manner being to take out execution in twelve hours, and then pay or prison, or what is worse, take a Noble for ninepence.

Cranfield seems to have brought suit against John Samborne in his own name for the fees of court, since I find the papers on file at the state library in Concord, a warrant directing Thomas Thurton, provost marshal, to levy "on the goods or body of John Souter, prison keeper of Hampton, and take bond for 500 pounds, for his appearance at the

court at Great Island the first Tuesday of November, 1684, to answer to the complaint of Edward Cranfield, Esq., for suffering John Samborne, Sen., to escape, who was a prisoner in his custody, by virtue of an execution upon judgment given for the said Edward Cranfield, at the court of pleas held at Great Island, October 4, 1684." This warrant bears date October 23, of that year, and upon it Thurton made due return, but what further followed does not appear. Probably Souter felt himself so strong in conscious innocence and public approval that he neglected the summons, for by this time it was evident that Cranfield's power was breaking. In the protest of Barefoot, while a prisoner in Souter's custody, nine years earlier (given in fac-simile from the original in Barefoot's holograph), he appealed stoutly to the Massachusetts "Body of Liberties," which began in old Nathaniel Ward's good English, "Forasmuch as free fruition of such liberties, immunities, privileges as humanity, Christianity, etc., require," and which testified a regard for English liberty that neither the Lords Brethren in the Bay, nor their antagonists at Strawberry Bank would maintain in practise.

Yet the Bay magnates were wise enough not to impose their church membership tyranny upon the New Hampshire towns as a whole, when, in 1641, they took them under the Massachusetts government. On this point Rev. A. H. Quint, a high authority in such matters, said in 1876,

Massachusetts had a law that only church members could be voters, but it conceded that these New Hampshire towns should be exempted from this provision. In fact, the free

spirit of Dover and Portsmouth would never have consented to the tyrannical statute. Few would have been the voters otherwise. With the original Episcopal element here, and with the population which gravitated hither because of our freedom, the churchly rule could not be endured. Dover at one time was one third made up of Quakers.

Notwithstanding these concessions, the New Hampshire people found it uncomfortable "trotting after the Bay horse," as one of their wits phrased it. The substance and the chief names on the Portsmouth appeal to Carr, Cartwright, and Maverick, King Charles's commission in 1665, were as follows, and probably the Dover and Exeter petition, which Burnham and Folsom promoted, was to the same effect:

For several years past your petitioners have been kept under the Massachusetts government by an usurped power, whose laws are derogatory to the laws of England, under which power five or six of the richest men in the parish have ruled and ordered all offices, both civil and military, at their pleasures, and none durst make opposition for fear of great fines or long imprisonment. They have been denied in their public meeting, the Common Prayer, sacraments and decent burial of the dead, and also the benefit of freemen. Signed by Francis Champernoon, Abraham Corbet, Anthony Brackett, Francis Drake, John Sherborne, John Pickering, James Johnson, Nathaniel Drake, Edward Clark, Samuel Fernald, Francis Ran(d), John Partridge, William Cotton, Richard Sloper, George Wallis, Mark Hunking, John Johnson, John Berry, John Frost, Joseph Atkinson, Francis Jones, John Jones, Henry Savage, William Hearle, Thomas Avery, George Walton, Samuel Roby, Edward West, George Gray, Thomas Follingsby, John Tanner, and George Drake.

These names will be recognized as among the ancestors of most of the New Hampshire families in that part of the state. The Burnham petition was signed July 26, 1665, by Edward and John Hilton, Thomas Roberts, Sen., John Folsom, and Henry Sherborne. At that time Robert Wad-

leigh, whose sons joined Gove's demonstration in 1683, was a resident of Kittery, but soon after he gave his name to Wadleigh's Falls, then esteemed to be in Exeter, but now in Lee.

These falls in Lamprey river were the attraction to Barefoot in his most perplexing land speculation. He derived his title, such as it was, from Harlakenden Symonds, son of Samuel Symonds of Ipswich, whose daughter was one of the wives of John Winthrop, Jr. The elder Symonds took possession in 1657-'58, under a grant from Massachusetts (June 3, 1657), of 640 acres, then transferred one half the grant to his son Harlakenden, September 12, 1664, which, on the same day, the son deeded to Walter Barefoot. The latter, who never seems to have occupied, sold his 320 acres by warrantee deed (May 11, 1666) to Wadleigh, then of Kittery, who, in turn, sold 160 acres to Nicholas Lissen of Exeter, in 1667. Wadleigh then described himself as living "at Lampereel River, at Mr. Symonds' Falls, in the township of Exeter, according to the purchase of the Indians;" he built a sawmill on his 160 acres in 1667, and seems to have had a partnership with Lissen. But in 1668 the elder Symonds, who had given 320 acres to Harlakenden in 1664, now gives it to him again (April 21), because the deed of 1664 was not recorded and could not be found. Presumably Barefoot had not paid, and Symonds wished to reclaim the property, which, on the same day, he sold (April 21, 1668) to his brother, Samuel Symonds, Jr., 320 acres. A fortnight more than a year later (May 4, 1669), the elder Symonds sold the other 320

acres to his third son, William Symonds, who, with his brother Sam (Harlakenden in the background, ready to appear as owner) now brought suit to eject Wadleigh and Lissen, holding under Barefoot's title, which he had forfeited, in 1667, by a grant from Robert Mason. This suit was compromised, but so as to bring Wadleigh into a suit with Barefoot, which finally was decided in Wadleigh's favor in Eng-

land, in 1684. It was this conflict between Massachusetts land-titles, and those granted by towns or by Mason in New Hampshire, which sharpened the political disputes of 1665-'90.

The Jaffrey cottage at New Castle was deodorized from its occupancy of "factious Scots," and little tyrants of the fields, by the long residence of the poet Albee, who has now fixed his abode among the spurs of Chocorua.

IN SAPPHO'S ISLE.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

In Lesbos still the nightingales do sing
As when of old beneath the olive trees,
Fair Sappho walked amid the joyous spring,
And piped her odes upon the listening breeze.

Enchanting still the circling seasons run
Where erst her own immortal harp was strung;
And warmly shines the bright Ægean sun
Upon the happy isle where Sappho sung.

The green and wooded heights, the caverned sea,
The clust'ring hamlets by the shining shore,
All dream of peace, and will eternally,
Till art and love and song shall be no more.

But sea and land, bathed in their misty light,
Are fairer for the Lesbian's burning song;
And warmer glows the mantling sunshine bright
Because her poet soul breathed love so strong.

Oh, fairy isle amid the purpling sea!
Sun, sea, and air, they whisper of her name;
All nature's faithful to her memory,
And Lesbos lives because of Sappho's fame.

Her voice still lingers in the thrush's song,
And in the orange groves her spell beguiles;
'Tis Sappho's music thrills the list'ning throng
When Dian's beams smile o'er Ægean isles.

land, in 1881. It was the wonder
between Massachusetts and
and then granted by town to be
Hanson in New Hampshire, which
shattered the political situation in
1881-82.

The Jeffery cottage in New Castle
was described from its occupancy in
"fashionable" and little to be
the fields by the long residence of the
poet Alfred, who has now lived in
abode among the ruins of Chateau.

actor to be third son, William H.
Hanson, who with his brother Sam
(Hansford) in the background,
ready to appear as owner) now
brought out to show Hanson's
Linsen, holding under Hanson's
title, which he had forfeited, in
1881, by a grant from Robert Hanson.
This title was relinquished, but so
as to bring Hanson into a suit
with Hanson which finally was de-
clared in Hanson's favor in 1881.

IN SAPHO'S ISLE.

Dr. Frederick J. J. J.

In Sappho with the nightingale to sing
The voice of old Sappho the clear voice
But Sappho with the nightingale
And Sappho her voice upon the listening forest
Resounding with the singing sweetest tone
Where the her own sweetest tone was strong
And Sappho singing the nightingale song
Upon the happy Isle of Sappho song

The green and wooded heights, the caverned sea,
The chime of Sappho by the shining sea,
All things of peace and will eternally,
Thou art and Sappho song shall be no more.

But Sappho still, Sappho in their holy light,
And Sappho in the Sappho's Sappho song;
And Sappho Sappho's Sappho Sappho light
Sappho her Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho

Oh, Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho
Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho
All Sappho's Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho
And Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho

Her voice still Sappho in the Sappho's song,
And in the Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho
T is Sappho's Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho
When Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho Sappho

112.

THE EMPEROR OF TO-DAY.

By Mary W. Babcock.



REIDRICH WILHELM VICTOR ALBERT, known as William II, German emperor, king in Prussia, eighteen times a duke, twice a grand duke, ten times a count, fifteen times a seigneur, and three times a margrave, a young man with fifty-four titles, was born January 27, 1856. A message went over the wires to Windsor Castle, "A boy, God preserve mother and child." "Is it a *fine* boy?" telegraphed back the anxious queen. Some surgical accident of his birth rendered his left arm useless, a physical disability which he has in a great measure overcome. In September, 1860, he was taken to Coburg to meet his English grand-mamma, who wrote in her ever present journal, "Such a little love! He has Fritz's eyes and Vicky's mouth, and very fine curly hair."

We hear of him next at the wedding of the Prince of Wales in 1863. Bishop Wilberforce records in his diary, "The little Prince William of Prussia was placed between his two young uncles, Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, in kilts, both of whom the Empress Fredrick (then the crown princess) reported he *bit* in the bare Highland legs whenever they touched him to keep him quiet!"

From his sixth year he was under the tutelage of Dr. Hintzpetter, an un-

bending disciplinarian, a pedagogue of the old school, who believed in hard fare, and insisted that if a thing was accomplished without hard work it could not be worth much. At this age he had also a military instructor, and complained of a sentinel who failed to salute him. At ten he became lieutenant in the historical Foot Guards, the giant Potsdam grenadiers.

It was about this time that Poultney Bigelow, an American boy, who was living with a German tutor in Potsdam, was asked to come and romp with William and his brother Henry in the grounds of their summer residence, the New Palace. He says, "I never met a youngster in Europe or America whose manner was so happy a blend of courtesy and good fellowship. In his wildest romps—and he was a very devil at sport—he never for a moment took advantage of his rank or allowed any one to suppose that he was any better than his playfellows. If he saw a shy or awkward boy he took especial pains to place him at his ease. He was particularly proud of his mother's accomplishments. One day he told me as a great secret that the cake we were eating was of her making. Another day he took me surreptitiously into a room of the palace where his mother had her studio, and made me admire her water colors."

His father felt deep anxiety for

him as an extract from his diary shows. "This is William's thirteenth birthday. May he grow up to be an able, honest, and upright man, a true German, prepared to continue without prejudice what is now begun. It is really an oppressive reflection when one realizes what hopes have already been placed on the head of this child, and how great our responsibility for his education, which family considerations and questions of rank, and the whole court life at Berlin and other things, will tend to make so much more difficult."

At fifteen he was confirmed, and in the presence of his pastor, his family, and friends made a confession of faith of which these were the closing words: "I know that great and difficult duties await me, but my strength will develop; and I pray to God that it may—and may God help me. Amen."

Soon after he went with his brother to the classical school at Cassel, being the first of the Hohenzollerns to attend such an institution. The stern old president conditioned that the princes should expect no better treatment than the average student. They had the reputation of being the worst dressed boys in school, and received a monthly allowance not exceeding five dollars each, most of which was used in tipping servants.

One teacher, knowing that William was backward in his Greek, attempted to win favor by warning him what the to-morrow's examination would be. He went early to the class-room and wrote upon the black-board the information which he had received, that he might have no advantage over his fellows.

When he left he received one of the medals reserved for the three most studious pupils. The president said of him, "He had a clever, penetrating and quick mind; a flexible temper and any quantity of pertinacity. He refused to quit his problems until he had mastered their difficulties."

In 1878 William entered the university at Bonn. Here he took up his military work with intense eagerness, and his delight in his martial education kept him more at Berlin than at Bonn. There we are told "he began posing as the hope of the monarchy—a wise and strong young prince who would one day ascend the throne and undo all that the weak dreamer, his father, had done toward liberalizing the institutions of Prussia and Germany."

Soon after his graduation he married Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the daughter of a penniless and deposed prince. This marriage seems to have been one of romance and mutual affection, a case of love at first sight—though it is believed that it was arranged by his parents to distract his mind from political considerations. "Victoria is not very pretty, but her heart is the best in the world," said his mother. The very day of the religious ceremony, at six in the morning, he went to Potsdam to give a medal to a sergeant-major, explaining that he was only doing his duty. The sergeant-major reflected—"I, when I was married, had a week's leave!"

He continued his studies in the government bureaus learning the routine of official business. Bismarck took charge of this part of his education and initiated him into

many state secrets, expecting to rule and guide him as he had done for his grandfather. But he early showed an independence of spirit. As colonel of the Red Hussars he discovered that some of his officers were losing large sums in gambling at a club in Potsdam. He required the guilty ones to resign from this club. Through the president of the club they appealed to his grandfather, who argued the matter at length with young William, but he declared that he was responsible for the good government of his regiment and said, "Then permit me to insist on the order, or permit me to place my resignation in the hands of your imperial majesty." "Very well, have your way. You are too valuable an officer to lose."

The worst blot upon his character is his lack of affectionate regard for his father during his long illness; and the fact that while his father was acting as regent William joined himself with his critics and cultivated the friendship of the men who made hostile attacks upon his parents.

While his father was under treatment at San Remo he remained in attendance upon his grandfather, who spoke to him as if he were the immediate heir and laid on him all the injunctions of state and family policy. The venerable William I died expressing a longing desire to hear his son's voice once more, and moaning, "Poor Fritz, poor Fritz!"

Then followed ninety-nine days during which the invalid attempted to reign, while young William was daily making a sort of triumphal entry into Berlin at the head of his regiment, and the watchers by the sick bed dreaded his appearance lest

he should demand a regency. "Fredric the Noble" wrote this last message for his son: "Learn to suffer without complaint; it is the only thing I can teach you."

Harold Fredric in his book on the young emperor thus describes his conduct: "In June, 1888, in the city of Berlin, a helmeted and crimson cloaked young man, still in his thirtieth year, stood erect on a throne, surrounded by the bowing forms of twenty ruling sovereigns, and proclaimed in the harsh, peremptory voice of a drill sergeant that he was a war lord, a mailed hand of Providence and a ruler specially conceived, created, and invested with power by God for the personal government of some fifty millions of people."

He wrote proclamations to his army and navy, delivering a long eulogy upon his grandfather, making only brief allusion to his father and reciting the warlike achievements of his remoter ancestors and closing with these words: "Thus we belong to each other, I and the army; thus we were born for one another; and firmly and inseparably will we hold together, whether it be God's will to give us peace or storm!"

Three days of meditation seemed to have softened his disposition, for his address to the Prussian people has quite a different tone. His words about his father were marked by filial devotion, and his closing sentence gives the purport of the whole: "I have vowed to God that, after the example of my fathers, I will be a just and clement prince to my people, that I will foster piety and the fear of God, and that I will protect the peace and promote the welfare of the country, be a helper of the poor

and distressed, and a true guardian of the right."

The old kaiser had impressed upon his grandson the solemn duty of constant consideration toward Russia, but no one anticipated his rushing away to St. Petersburg—where he had *not* been invited—before he had been a month on the throne. On July 19 he steamed into the waters of Cronstad, standing on the deck of the *Hohenzollern* (with a marine painter by his side to record the brilliant scene—the welcome from the Russian warships, the military display, and the cheers of the multitudes.)

From Peterhoff he sped to Stockholm, where he received news of the birth of his fifth son, whom he named Oscar in honor of his royal entertainer. Thence he proceeded to Copenhagen, and in short made the round of all his fellow sovereigns in the north, ending with a visit to Bismarck at Fredrichsruh, where the emperor and his chancellor were photographed together in front of the chateau.

He remained in Berlin long enough to receive the resignations of Field Marshal Von Moltke and of General Von Caprivi, chief of the admiralty, and to have a general weeding out from his army of superannuated or incompetent officers. Then in September he set out once more on a foreign tour. This time he went first to the courts of his allies, to Stuttgart and Munich, where he made flattering speeches to his grand uncle and aunt on the island of Mainau in the lake of Constance, next to Vienna to see the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. Finally he rushed over the Alps to Rome, where, from

the Italians, an enthusiastic welcome awaited him. He of course called on the pope, by whom he is described as having been "scared."

"As he caught sight of the pope, in white garments, stiff, immobile, almost unearthly, surrounded by a dozen cardinals in red robes, who were looking at him curiously, his half powerless left hand in which he held his present for the pope, a gold snuff box, with his own portrait framed in rubies, shook so violently that he dropped the treasure. The monsignor who was nearest, in stooping to pick it up, bumped his head against that of the emperor who was similarly engaged, and the shock so unnerved his majesty that he quite forgot the helmet which he held in his other hand and which in its turn fell to the ground!" This is perhaps a fable, but the pope wrote of the kaiser in severe and caustic terms and described him as "this young man." William, however, remarked to King Humbert, after his call on Leo XIII, "I have destroyed his illusions." So the interview was doubtless satisfactory to *him*.

We will not speak of his journeys again. Suffice it to say that he is familiar with every part of his own country, and has traveled from the North Cape to the Golden Horn, from the Thames to the Gulf of Finland. He has a special train fitted up after the manner of a Chicago limited vestibule. His yacht also has been in constant use. He promises to visit America "when the duration of the journey is materially reduced." He dares not be absent very long at a time lest France should take the opportunity to declare war.

The army is William's first love. He has a passion for reviews and military display, and at the autumn manoeuvres takes personal command of a corps, sometimes of two. He has a peace command of half a million men. The people of the fatherland all serve in the ranks, and this universal service is one of the most popular institutions of Germany. Only those who are studying a learned profession and pass a high standard of examination are let off with one year. Dull peasants become intelligent men through this training.

War is the national industry of Prussia—it is not a country having an army, but an army which has a country. It is said that the Prussians have excelled even the Romans in the art of making men into machines.

At Potsdam each year the emperor makes a speech to his recruits, saying at one time, "For you there is only one foe, and that is my foe. In view of our present socialistic trouble it may come to this, that I command you to shoot down your own relatives, brothers, and even parents in the streets—which God forbid, but then you must obey orders without a murmur." And again, "I require Christian soldiers, who say their Lord's prayer. The soldier should not have a will of his own, but all of you should have one will, and that is my will! There exists only one law, and that is my law; and now go and do your duty and be obedient to your superiors."

He has given orders that "in my army each individual soldier shall receive lawful and humane treatment."

He has intensely desired a navy that he might make his empire as great by sea as by land, and has declared, "Even as my grandfather labored for his army, so will I in like manner and unerringly carry on and carry through the work of reorganizing my navy, in order that it may be justified in standing by the side of my land forces, and that by it the German Empire may be in a position abroad to win a place which it has not yet attained."

In June of 1900 the Reichstag voted him the new battleships without which he said he could never be happy. When the news that the bill had passed was telegraphed to him he exclaimed, "Now we know where we stand. At last there is solid bottom under one's feet!" When these armored vessels are completed the kaiser will be ready for a struggle. He has said, however, "I shall never make war; but if I am attacked— This sentence needs no ending."

"Gentlemen," said his majesty once to all the foreign officers who had been attending the autumn manoeuvres in Hanover, "you have seen me at the head of my troops, which are the best guarantee of the peace of Europe. My compliments to your respective sovereigns and presidents. Adieu."

Next to his fondness for travel is classed his habit of speech making. When the announcement was made that he had traveled 1900 miles in the year ending August, 1864, one unkindly critic wished to know what his talking mileage had been for the same period of time.

When visiting the factories at Kniepp he addressed the laborers

saying, "German workmen! You know that our house has always cared for the working classes. I have shown the world the way in which I mean to go; and I say again that I shall continue in that way." As a proof of this interest he has introduced a Sunday day of rest for the working classes, reduced the hours of labor for women and children, and caused laws for the protection of artisans to be adopted. He has received a delegation of striking miners and later one from the employers and dismissed both with rebukes and sound advice. He has even descended to his kitchens and made a speech to the assembled scullions.

The most graceful of his many after-dinner efforts took place in the province in which his empress was born. "The tie which unites me to this province and binds me more closely to it than to any other of my empire is the jewel that sheds its luster at my side—her majesty the empress sprung from this soil, the ideal of the virtues of a German princess; she it is to whom I owe that I am able to bear the weighty responsibilities of my position in a joyful spirit."

He delights in references to his historic ancestors, Frederick William I, Frederick the Great, and especially the great elector of Brandenburg, whom he discovered while preparing an address in celebration of the 250th anniversary of the elector, and of whom he continues to talk as if no one had ever heard or known of him before. He sometimes impersonates these objects of his admiration at the masquerade balls in the palace.

He frequently delivers sermons to

the sailors on board the *Hohenzollern*. He undoubtedly realizes how great a force religion is, and how dangerous it may be to neglect it. No religious class of his subjects is forgotten. He has had a volume of his sermons printed, and sent a copy to the pope. A socialistic paper says, "His sermon at the consecration of the Church of the Redeemer went with him to Jerusalem, with the helmet, the tan boots, and the other paraphernalia." But no one else seems to doubt that he prepares these discourses himself. He certainly does not observe the ten minute rule which he enforces for other preachers.

As a prince, Bismarck said of him, "He will be his own chancellor—he will carry on the work of his grandfather and undo that of his father, whatever that may be." So it was, perhaps, not a great surprise to the "Iron Chancellor" that the young emperor proved to be, like himself, imperious and self-willed. Bismarck fell into the habit of gaining his point by a threat of resigning, and at last, in 1890, was constrained to make his words good.

The emperor telegraphed to a friend in Weimar, "I have indeed gone through bitter experiences and have passed many painful hours. My heart is as sorrowful as if I had again lost my grandfather! But it is so appointed to me by God; and it has to be borne, even though I should fall under the burden. The post of officer of the watch on the ship of state has fallen to my lot. Her course remains the same; so now full speed ahead!"

Later he made many offers of reconciliation, which was finally effected by means of a flask of rare old Hock

from the royal cellars sent by the hand of Lieut.-Col. Von Moltke, when Bismarck was recovering from a severe attack of influenza. Four days later Bismarck came to Berlin, and was received with loving embrace and sovereign honors. In less than a month the kaiser returned this visit at Friedrichsruh.

William is always ready to pose for a photographer, and his portraits and busts would fill a large gallery. A gift of his picture is a mark of special esteem. He writes under them a variety of mottoes suited to the recipients. To a clergyman, "He who trusts only in God and stands firm has not built on the sand." To officers of the government, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" "*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*" "*Suprema lex regis voluntas.*"

The Austrian chief of staff lately received from the German emperor a portrait bust of heroic size, weighing about nine hundred pounds. He could not refuse it and engineers were called in to see if the floors of the house would support the imperial gift! This reminds us of the unfortunate man who had "an elephant on his hands."

It is a pleasure to see the likenesses of the six young princes and their little sister. They appear, as they truly are, a happy and united family.

These boys are being brought up with rigid discipline. They rise at six o'clock in the summer and seven in the winter, always take cold baths, breakfast on a cup of tea and slices of bread and butter, and begin lessons at eight. The elder princes receive special instruction according to the career to which they are destined. At nine they have a second

meal of bread and water colored with wine. Drill and military exercises follow until a simple dinner at one. After dinner, recreation, then lessons in science and music until the last meal at six o'clock. They retire early. The empress is present at their early breakfast and superintends their lessons. She is very economical about their clothing, and suits outgrown are handed down in the good old way.

Christmas day is celebrated with great rejoicing at court. The emperor and empress distribute well-chosen presents to the servants; sometimes there is one enormous tree and sometimes a small one for each member of the family.

At Easter they have a festival called "Looking for the Easter eggs." The eggs have been hidden in the park and the children, with their little friends, amuse themselves with searching for them. Occasionally small gifts are concealed with the eggs. The birthdays of each child are filled with simple pleasures and gifts.

The princes, of course, possess uniforms, and may some day own as many as their father. He has the largest military wardrobe of any sovereign in all Europe, and military etiquette often demands a change many times a day. Besides the Infantry, the Hussars, the Dragoons, and the Guards of his own country, he is honorary colonel of regiments in Austria, Russia, Sweden, England, and Italy. He is also admiral of the fleet of Sweden and of England. The dress of the British admiral affords him the greatest pride. When he went to Athens, in October, 1899, to attend his sister's wedding, he

steamed into the Aegean sea flying the British admiral's flag from the main-top. A British fleet was there and William constantly presented himself at unexpected and unreasonable hours, routing everyone out for parade and inspection, until the officers made an informal complaint to the British minister. "This thing is played out," they said. "If he would merely wear the uniform and let it end with that we shouldn't mind. But we did n't make him admiral to worry the lives out of us in this fashion!"

During the course of a levee he will change his uniform five or six times. When he receives foreign representatives he wears the uniform of the army of the country represented, and changes his costume according to the person he receives and the position that person occupies. After the War of 1870 a dressing gown of gold brocade was sent to the old emperor. This was at once returned, with the scornful statement, "The Hohenzollerns do not wear dressing gowns!" So that garment will not be found in the collection of his grandson.

He rises at five, dons a uniform, breakfasts at 6:30 and goes to his study where piles of letters and documents await him. We quote Poultney Bigelow once more: "I happened to be with him when the postman brought in the fruit of one letter box delivery. It would have filled a wheelbarrow. I asked him why he did not have his clerks attend to them. He answered, 'Any one who writes to me must feel that the letter reaches me. I have all my letters opened by a trusted man, who sorts them and gives me an idea of what is in them.'" Some of the German

newspapers have insisted of late that the kaiser is systematically misinformed by those who make daily extracts from the papers for his reading, and this, they say, depends entirely upon the personal prejudices of those who do the work; he sees only such clippings as they choose and is necessarily getting wrong impressions. He is strongly advised to devote half an hour daily to glancing over the leading organs. Then he might really feel the pulse of the nation.

He considers himself infallible as an art critic, and supreme as dramatic censor. He has himself painted pictures and written plays, none of which has been enthusiastically received.

For the past five years he has been engaged in the construction of a cathedral, which he intends shall be monumental, and the finest Romanesque church in Germany. Its frame work is already finished, and it fails to make an agreeable impression.

He has held a labor conference, and also summoned a special conference of experts to discuss the question of education in the gymnasia or high schools.

He frankly told the teachers that they had been wrong in their methods and must henceforth do better. "For our German life, and to understand the questions of the present day, it is essential that we should know thoroughly the history of our own time and our own people. The reason why social democracy leads astray so many heads and hearts is because we do not teach them the German history of the nineteenth century with its elevating reminiscences

of the progress of the fatherland." A royal decree has recently been issued providing that special attention shall hereafter be given to the study of the English language. The public exercises are to be in German instead of in Latin, and must be freed from useless forms.

He sums up with three K's his ideas of the duties of women "Kinder, Kuche, Kirche." He might add a fourth, Kleider.

Still he has "Anglo-Saxon ideals of courtesy to women," and he always sits with his back to the horses when he drives with the empress.

He is, as we have seen, full of intense vitality. He is always sending telegrams or despatching iron-clads. During the queen's jubilee there was a yacht race at Kiel. He personally attended to all the details of the passage of the English yachts from Dover to Heligoland, arranging for tugs, moorings, and entertainment.

The troubles in China have given him occupation of late. To the departing troops he preached his famous sermon on "The Duty and Power of Intercession." He dismissed them with burning words of advice and encouragement, and we learn that a detachment of six from the kaiserin's regiment received from him, personally, photographs of his majesty and an equal number of stomach protectors!

Although at the time of the Jamestown raid, four years ago, he sent a congratulatory message to President Krueger, he has maintained an attitude of neutrality since the breaking out of the Boer war. He sent to the Princess of Wales, for a bazaar held in London in aid of the sufferers from the war, some royal Dresden china

and engravings of his own paintings bearing the imperial signature, and inscribed "For the National Bazaar, 1900. *By the Emperor Himself!*" He also sent a number of his own photographs, signed, and bearing a brief sentence in German. It was not deemed wise for him to attend the Paris exposition, though he greatly desired to do so, and would have gone incognito, had it been permitted. He sent many valuable pictures for exhibition, also magnificent clocks and tapestries.

On May 6, 1900, the crown prince, his eldest son, celebrated his coming of age—at eighteen—not as in this country at twenty-one. He is said to be remarkably mature, and a manly young fellow, with absolute devotion to and admiration of his father and mother. The Austrian emperor came to Berlin to attend these festivities, where he was welcomed as the "Venerable Prince of Peace, who has ceaselessly, zealously, and successfully striven to preserve to the nations of the world the blessing of peace."

What is the kaiser's attitude toward America? He was the only monarch who took notice of our Columbian exhibition by sending a telegram to President Cleveland, which he did in these words, "The German emperor sends you, through the German minister, his sincere congratulations on the occasion of this fourth anniversary of the discovery of America, and couples with the same his heartfelt good wishes for the future prospects of the great country of which you are the head."

He said to Mr. Phelps in September, 1889, "Among the many high qualities which your countrymen

possess it is their spirit of enterprise, their love of order, and their talent for invention which draw the attention of the whole world to them. The ruling sentiment of the two peoples is that of kinship and proved friendship, and the future can only add to the cordiality of our relations."

During the rush of festivities at Kiel, in 1895, he found time to dine on board the flagship of the American squadron, visited every part of the vessel, and enjoyed the fire drill of the crew.

"Lese Majesty" is a crime for which many persons are punished in Berlin. A ten-year old boy has been dismissed from his gymnasium and forbidden to enter any other in Prussia, for committing lese majesty when the principal mentioned to his pupils an attempt upon the life of the emperor. Zeal for the "divine right of kings seems to have outrun discretion in this case. "It is not to be believed," says a correspondent of the *Tribune*, "that Emperor William himself would cultivate thorns on the hedge of divinity to any such extent."

You have all heard the anecdote of two American citizens who were discussing in the streets of Berlin the character of some ruler, perhaps of China, and who, on saying "the emperor is a fool," were immediately arrested. "But we were not talking about *your* emperor," they explained. "Ah," replied the officer, "our emperor is the only one who is a fool!"

We cannot accept this judgment. What do others think of him? A well-known French writer thus describes his character, "He unmistakably is a whole man; he possesses

intelligence, rare tact, and a big heart. He has the courage of his convictions; he is enterprising, albeit hotheaded, and over zealous, but he has a sympathetic heart. There are spirit, fire, and buoyancy in his character, and he is ever ready in repartee—quite unusual among the Germans. He reads much, and is well informed, and possesses a remarkable faculty for politics."

An equally prominent Parisian says, "The German emperor is somebody. He is ever original and interesting. He animates everything with such a fulness of spirit and life, infuses into it so much sincerity, shows such a fund of knowledge and healthful activity as to electrify those around him. He is unmistakably a soldier, but no less a statesman. . . . Quick to comprehend and equally to decide, he seldom misses the proper word at the right moment." Lord Lonsdale, after a recent visit to Berlin, pronounced him "every inch a king." Some continental observers profess to see in him the apparition of another Napoleon. A writer in the *National Review* calls him "a re-incarnation of Napoleon." But Von Bulow has just told the Reichstag that "the Hohenzollerns would not tread in the paths of the Bonapartes, nor desired that their country should play the rôle of Providence on earth." Dogged obstinacy seems to be the keynote of his character! Is he "the typical modern ruler, the child of his age?" or shall we call him "William the Zerschmetter"—the *smasher*—shall we accept the name Imperator-Imitator, which some one has given him, or decide with others that "he is not normal?"

We are accustomed to reading jokes about his mustache or sentences like this: "The German emperor is collecting the shoes of noted persons. Doubtless he thinks in each case how much better *he* could have filled them," and we fail to accept the idea that he is a genius.

"Personality," says Goethe, "is the greatest good fortune that can befall

the sons of men." This he certainly possesses.

We will close as we began with a word from Poultney Bigelow, "'What do you think of him now?' I asked an American officer who had been presented to him. 'Immense!' was the reply, 'he has a genuine Yankee head on his shoulders.'" This, perhaps, is the greatest compliment we can pay him.

A MELODY.

By Ormsby A. Court.

Rythmical noisy stream,
Yellow and red and brown,
Fruit of the harvest mill,
Song of the olden town.

Song of the harvest corn,
Crushed and yellow and white,
Wending a worldly way,
Bearing the soul of might.

Hunger and greed and wealth,
Song of the slave and free,
Life with its mission filled,
Finds its eternity.

THE WIDOW PINKHAM'S VALENTINE.

By Ida G. Adams.



WHEN Joe Pinkham died and left a legacy of five children to his widow, with no collateral stock with which to settle their individual claims, everybody said that the county was "in for it," and that taxes would be higher than ever.

But people did not know the Widow Pinkham. It takes great emergencies to bring out the characters of some individuals, and, in this case, the little home-living woman, who had relied so implicitly on her husband, rose to the occasion in the most unexpected manner.

The mortal remains of Joseph

Pinkham were barely laid to rest, when sympathetic neighbors of the bereaved family were surprised to see a load of lumber deposited in front of their little cottage. In a few days the boards developed into a small but sunny building for the accommodation of poultry. The structure being completed and stocked with a fine assortment of fowls, the business career of the Widow Pinkham began.

From this time on, with the help of her two older boys, Joe and Teddy, and Ruth, her oldest girl, she marketed her eggs and chickens and cultivated the tiny garden with such flattering results, that, at the end of three years, she had sufficient money in the bank to warrant her making an offer for the cottage which had been her home during her whole married life.

Now this same little home was owned by Benjamin Barker, a bachelor, who, since the death of his mother, had lived by himself in the old farmhouse that had been his birthplace.

With a feeling of wonder not unmixed with admiration, he had taken the monthly rent from the chubby hands of Joe and Teddy, expecting each offering would be the last, and that the plucky little mother would be compelled to give up the struggle, and, incidentally, the house. But time went on, and so did the monthly payments.

Benjamin seldom met the widow, but, by degrees, he began to realize that his life was a lonely one, and his big house empty. He began to picture to himself the widow sitting opposite him at his untidy table. What a transformation she would make in

the rooms that had been so uncared for since his mother's hands became idle. The children were thought of only as necessary incumbrances for the few years before they would be available "help" on the farm.

Naturally selfish, a life of parsimony had dwarfed all generous impulses, and, in considering the question of inviting the widow to share his home, his own comfort and pleasure were paramount.

At last, one day, the lonely bachelor received a note from the widow containing an offer for the cottage, agreeing to pay a certain amount of cash down, and the rest in monthly installments. This clinched his half-formed resolution. A woman who could accomplish what she had in three years would be worth a fortune to him.

But the next thing was how to open the campaign. Never having had experience in such delicate matters, he could not decide just how to make the important proposition.

Finally, a happy thought struck him. He would wait until the fourteenth of February and send her a valentine. After due deliberation, he selected a lace-paper affair ornamented with two bleeding hearts pierced by a dart, and containing the following lines:

How fair, how fraught with sweet delight
Is love, when faithful hearts unite.

He then wrote a note clumsily offering the widow a deed of the cottage under "certain conditions," the latter not named.

He despatched the two missives and confidently awaited a reply. It came very soon in the form of a request for Benjamin to call.

Never before had the penurious farmer felt the need of a spruce suit of clothes as now. But he donned his coarse garments that had done duty for "meetin'" and funerals for a decade, awkwardly adjusted his gaudy necktie, and started on his tender mission.

Arriving at the widow's home he was ushered into her sunny little parlor and requested to be seated.

The widow's manner implied no agitation, and her self-possession disconcerted her nervous visitor.

"You wish to see me," timidly began Benjamin.

"Yes," replied the widow, "I wished to see you Mr. Barker in regard to the offer you were kind enough to make me a few days ago. You mentioned 'conditions.'"

"Y-e-e-s," faintly answered Benjamin, his courage ebbing away before the woman's coolness.

"I offered you a deed of this cottage with, ah,—perquisites."

"Such as what?" asked the widow, calmly.

"Well, ah, my farm, and ah,—myself," stammered her suitor.

"I am to understand, then, that you offer to exchange this cottage, your farm, and ah, yourself, for me and my five children."

"Yes," still more feebly.

"The bargain might, perhaps, look one-sided to some people."

"Perhaps so," said Benjamin, not knowing what else to say.

"Mr. Barker," continued the widow, "since making you that offer I have changed my mind in regard to the cottage, and, as for the 'perquisites,' they are not necessary to my happiness, although I appreciate the honor done me. Here is the valentine. I am sorry that the sentiment is misapplied, but I am afraid that mine is not one of the 'faithful hearts' referred to."

Benjamin sat listening to the widow's flowing words with dull eyes and falling jaw.

"Do you m-mean that you r-refuse me?" he asked incredulously.

"Certainly," was the answer.

The discomfited wooer slowly arose and stumbled toward the door, which Teddy, hitherto concealed behind a screen, opened for him with much ceremony. As he descended the steps he fancied he heard a childish titter and a woman's rippling laugh.

Benjamin Barker lost his tenant the following month when the widow Pinkham became the wife of an old schoolmate, now a lawyer in a neighboring town.

THE SEA IN WINTER.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

The cold gray billows beat and surge and fume,
And rush upon the rocks with mighty din,
Only to break and fall in clouds of spume,
As breaks the heart when hope is dead within.

NECROLOGY

GEN. SIMON G. GRIFFIN.

Simon Goodell Griffin, born in Nelson, August 9, 1824, died in Keene, January 14, 1902.

He was the son of Nathan and Sally (Wright) Griffin, and came of a patriotic ancestry; both his grandfathers having been soldiers in the Revolution, and both engaged in the Battle of Bunker Hill. Nathan Griffin, the general's father, had a large family. Simon G. was, therefore, quite early in life, placed in the family of his uncle, Gen. Samuel Griffin. The latter had been in the War of 1812, and had attained the highest rank in the New Hampshire militia. His military life and descriptions of battles and musters made a striking impression upon the mind of his nephew, which had a decided trend in the military direction.

Although his educational privileges were limited, the young man judiciously employed every spare moment in gratifying those tastes which he possessed in a marked degree for reading and study. He mastered all of the ordinary English branches and became proficient in Latin and French. At eighteen he became a school teacher and achieved much success in that direction.

In 1850 he married Ursula, daughter of Jason Harris of Nelson. She died after giving birth to a son, which lived but a short time. While living in Nelson, he twice represented that town in the general court, serving as the chairman of the committee on education the second year. On leaving Nelson, he went to Exeter and studied law. He was admitted to the bar at Concord in 1860. Early in his practice the Civil War broke out. He enlisted as a private soldier in a company which was being formed, and was chosen as its captain. His company volunteered under the call for three years or the war.

This company was known as the "Goodwin Rifles," a compliment to Ichabod Goodwin, the worthy governor of New Hampshire at that time. It was assigned as company B, Second N. H. Vols. It was armed with Sharp's rifles, and was the only company sent from the state with breech loaders. At the first Battle of Bull Run this company was handled by Captain Griffin with great skill and daring, twelve of the men being killed or wounded. The Second Regiment then joined Hooker's Brigade. That distinguished officer learning of the efficiency of the arms of this company procured for Captain Griffin a leave of absence and sent by him a letter to the governor of New Hampshire, requesting that a whole regiment might be raised and similarly armed, but on account of the expense involved, the project was not carried out.

October 26, 1861, Captain Griffin was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth Regiment, N. H. Vols., which was recruited at Keene, and thoroughly drilled

under his instruction, and first saw service under Burnside in his famous expedition. He commanded the regiment at the battle of Camden, N. C., April 19, 1862, and received the commendation of his superior officers for efficient service. He was soon commissioned colonel, and, in July following, his regiment was assigned to Reno's division of the Ninth Army Corps, and sent to General Pope's aid for the Virginia campaign. During the second battle of Bull Run, Colonel Griffin's regiment was in the hottest of the fight. Six of the color guard were shot down and the colonel himself carried the colors from the field. This famous regiment took part in the battles of Chantilly, South Mountain, Fredericksburg, and Antietam. In the battle of Antietam, one of the most famous of the war, Griffin's regiment was the first to plant its colors on the heights above the stone bridge. The gallantry of Colonel Griffin in this battle was such that General Burnside recommended him for promotion. In 1863, Colonel Griffin was placed in command of the First brigade of the Second division of the Ninth Army Corps. He was transferred to Kentucky and afterwards participated in the famous Vicksburg campaign.

In the spring of 1864, Colonel Griffin was assigned to the command of the Second brigade of the Second division of the Ninth Army Corps. At the head of this brigade Colonel Griffin distinguished himself in the Battle of the Wilderness, by bringing up his brigade to Hancock's support, after a successful charge by the latter, which had left his troops in broken formations. Griffin's brigade bore the brunt of the counter charge of three Confederate divisions, until other troops could be brought to his aid. For this gallant conduct, both Generals Grant and Burnside recommended him for promotion. He was nominated as a brigadier-general of volunteers, and confirmed by the senate without a dissenting vote.

He bore a conspicuous part in the engagement before Petersburg. In the spring of 1865, he had command of that part of the Union line near the Jerusalem plank road, and, at the final assault, made two separate attacks with his brigade, at points a mile apart, between midnight and daybreak, a feat perhaps unparalleled during the war. In the last of these attacks the division commander was severely wounded, and General Griffin succeeded to the command, retaining the command through the war. General Griffin himself formed and led the charge at Petersburg. In that charge 727 men of General Griffin's division fell. For his distinguished gallantry in leading this memorable assault, he was brevetted a major-general of volunteers, April 2, 1865, the highest rank attained by any volunteer officer in New Hampshire. He led his division in the grand review at Washington, May 23, 1865, and was mustered out in the following August.

During the war General Griffin was in twenty-two battles, besides almost innumerable skirmishes and lesser fights. He had two horses killed and five wounded under him, so that they fell in action, and his clothing and equipments were frequently cut by hostile bullets. In urging forward his men into the awful crater at Petersburg, nearly all the men about him were shot down. A bullet struck the scabbard of his own sword, as he was drawing the blade, indenting it so that the sword could not be moved. Yet, strange to say, he never received a scratch and never lost a day's duty from sickness. At the close of the war he was tendered a major's commission in the regular army, but declined the honor.

While in the service, January 1, 1863, General Griffin married Miss Margaret B. Lamson, daughter of the late Charles Lamson, for many years a prominent business man of Keene. After the war, General Griffin took up his residence in Keene and continued to reside in the Lamson mansion on West street. He won honors in civil life as well as in the army. He represented Keene in the legislature from 1866 to 1868, serving two terms as speaker of the house of representatives, and also twice received the Republican nomination for congress.

For several years after the war he was engaged in manufacturing in Keene, and subsequently was active in business operations at the South. More recently he was engaged in preparing a history of Keene, which he left substantially complete.

General Griffin was an earnest Republican in politics. He was actively connected with the Episcopal church, and was prominent in Masonry. He is survived by his widow and two sons—Charles Lamson Griffin, a lawyer, and William Lamson Griffin, engaged in real estate business—both of New York city.

HON. NAPOLEON B. BRYANT.

Napoleon Bonaparte Bryant, long known as New Hampshire's "silver-tongued orator," died suddenly in the Grange hall at East Andover, immediately after making an eloquent address, on the occasion of the annual installation of the officers of Highland Lake grange, of which he was an interested member, on the evening of January 28, 1902.

Mr. Bryant was born at East Andover, February 25, 1825. His father being a man of limited means but anxious that his son might make his way to success in life, allowed him his time to secure an education, when fourteen years of age. Borrowing money in the start, and afterward teaching at times to pay his way, he attended school in different places, finally fitting for college at New Hampton, and entering Waterville college as a sophomore. At the age of twenty-two he commenced the study of law with Nesmith & Pike at Franklin, graduated from Harvard Law school and commenced practice at Bristol, having been admitted to the Grafton County bar. Here he was elected one of the commissioners of Grafton county, removing to Plymouth in 1853, and serving for two years as county solicitor, at the end of which term he removed to Concord, and formed a partnership with the late Lyman T. Flint.

In 1856 he changed his political affiliation, and allied himself with the newly organized Republican party, having previously been an ardent Democrat. He took the stump in the Fremont campaign, and the year following was elected to the legislature by the Republicans of Ward Six, being reelected the two succeeding years—1858 and 1859—in both of which he served as speaker of the house of representatives. He was actively instrumental, in 1859, in the passage of the bill reorganizing the judiciary upon the plan, with slight interruption, which was continued, until the reorganization last year.

Mr. Bryant was a delegate to the National Republican convention which nominated Lincoln, in 1860, and was one of Mr. Lincoln's most earnest supporters in convention and on the stump, but he soon after withdrew from active politics and established himself in Boston, where he was for twenty-five years actively engaged

in legal practice, establishing a high reputation as an advocate, and gaining a competency. Some years ago he retired from practice, and has since passed his summers at his old home in East Andover, where he purchased a fine residence, and finally established his home, taking an interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the community. In 1893 he was appointed a member of the New Hampshire Forestry Commission, and served thereon continuously until his death. In April, 1900, he presided over the Republican State convention for the choice of delegates to the National convention of that year.

He was not a frequent speaker in later years, but was heard with great pleasure by all present whenever he allowed himself to speak, retaining in full measure the graces of oratory for which he was distinguished in earlier life. He is survived by a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

CLARK F. ROWELL.

Clark Ferrin Rowell, one of the best known residents of Keene, died in that city, January 29.

Mr. Rowell was a son of Levi and Mary (Lear) Rowell, born in Goshen, February 2, 1834. He was educated in the common schools and at Tubbs Union academy, Washington. His home had been in Keene since 1849, where he was first engaged, and for more than twenty years, as a carriage painter and decorator. Subsequently he was for many years a newspaper agent and correspondent. He served for a number of years as station agent for the Ashuelot railroad at Keene, and subsequently as lost freight agent for the Cheshire road.

In 1871 he was sergeant-at-arms of the New Hampshire house of representatives, and was twice the Democratic legislative nominee for state treasurer. He was quite active in political life for many years, and was also a prominent member of the Masonic organization. He was for six years member of the board of education of Union school district in Keene, and a member of the common council in 1883. He also served several years on the board of health. He had been very active in the Humane society, and was for twenty years coroner of Cheshire county.

In 1855 Mr. Rowell married Evaline, daughter of James and Randilla (Bundy) Dodge of Whitestown, N. Y. Mrs. Rowell died January 6, 1889. Two daughters, Miss Jennie M. Rowell of Keene, and Mrs. Nellie I., wife of Carl D. Smith of Boston, survive him.

IRA C. EVANS.

Ira C. Evans, a well-known printer and Grand Army man of Concord, died at his residence in this city, January 22.

Mr. Evans was a native of the town of Hill, born April 16, 1841. He removed to Concord in boyhood and learned the printer's trade in the office of the *New Hampshire Statesman*. After the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted as a drummer in Co. C, Twelfth N. H. Vols., and was present at all the battles in which the regiment was engaged, except Bermuda Hundreds, when he was engaged on detail as a printer in the government office at Norfolk. May 1, 1864, he became principal musician of the regiment, and was mustered out of the service in June, 1865.

Upon returning home he resumed work at his trade, being engaged in different printing offices in Concord till 1879, when, in company with Geo. F. Sleeper, he established himself in business as a job printer, and has since done an extensive business in that line, for a number of years past being sole proprietor.

He was the founder and publisher of the *Veteran's Advocate*, a monthly paper devoted to Grand Army interests, and was public printer for the state for one term. He was very popular with his Grand Army associates, and with the public at large.

August 3, 1865, he was united in marriage with Helen G., daughter of George L. Rowe of Concord, who survives him, with two children,—a daughter, the wife of Roy L. George of Concord, and a young son.

HON. THADDEUS S. MOSES.

Thaddeus S. Moses, a native of Campton, born January 28, 1835, died in Meredith, January 13, 1902.

Mr. Moses was educated at the old Meredith academy. He commenced work in the tin business in Plymouth in 1853, but removed to Meredith in 1860, purchasing the tin and stove business of J. W. Page, which he continued until some two years ago, when he retired on account of failing health.

He was an earnest and lifelong Democrat, and a leader of the party in his town and section, and was prominent in public affairs. He was a selectman of the town several years and town treasurer for ten years. He represented Meredith in the legislature of 1878, and was a member of the constitutional convention of 1876. He was also state senator from the Fifth senatorial district in 1899-1900.

He leaves a widow and four children, viz., Mrs. F. L. Hawkins and Miss Mina Moses of Meredith, William H. Moses of Tilton, and Chester A. Moses of New York city. He was a member of the First Baptist church, and for many years had officiated as deacon.

HON. CHARLES T. MEANS.

Charles T. Means, born in Manchester, January 20, 1855, died in that city January 25, 1902.

Mr. Means was a son of the late William G. Means, paymaster of the Manchester Land & Water Power Co. Early in his youth he determined to learn the trade of a machinist, and served a three years' apprenticeship in the Manchester Locomotive Works, with which establishment he remained connected until death, having been promoted to bookkeeper, paymaster, and finally, upon the death of Artemus Blood, in 1897, to superintendent.

He was an active Republican in politics. He represented his ward in the legislature in 1883, and his district in the state senate in 1889. In 1900 he was made the New Hampshire member of the Republican National committee. He was also conspicuous in the social life of Manchester, and was a leading member of the Derryfield club of that city.

October 16, 1883, Mr. Means was married to Elizabeth A. French, daughter of G. A. French, by whom he had two daughters, Katherine and Louise.

MARK HUNKING WENTWORTH.

-Mark Hunking Wentworth, of the seventh generation in this country of the famous Wentworth family, of which Governors Benning and John Wentworth were noted members, died in Portsmouth, January 11, in the very house from which Governor John Wentworth fled to England on the breaking out of the Revolution.

He was in his eighty-ninth year, having been born March 12, 1813. In early life he engaged in the dry goods business in Portsmouth, but in 1843 removed to Cincinnati, where he was engaged in trade until 1855, returning then to Portsmouth, and becoming a member of the ship-building firm of William Jones & Sons, having married Susan O., a daughter of Mr. Jones, and after her death, another daughter, Ann S. L. Two children by the first wife, Charles C. and Susan J., survive, and now reside in Portsmouth.

HON. JAMES FARRINGTON, M. D.

James Farrington, a distinguished physician and prominent citizen of Rochester, died in that city January 19, 1902.

Dr. Farrington was a native of Conway, born June 10, 1822. He graduated from the medical department of the University of New York in 1847, and immediately located in practice in Rochester, where he ever remained, winning professional distinction and a competency. He was an active Democrat, and served in the legislature in 1863, and in the executive council in 1892. He was an active member of the Masonic fraternity.

GILMAN A. WHEELER.

Gilman A. Wheeler, postmaster at West Derry, died January 25, 1902.

He was a native of Ashley, Mass., born February 22, 1846, being the fourth of nine children of Erastus O. and Mary (Wiley) Wheeler. He had been a resident of Derry since 1874, and was formerly engaged in the coopering and box business. He had served the town as supervisor, selectman, and representative, and was appointed postmaster in 1899. He married Elizabeth A. McKinney of Derry, December 23, 1879, who survives him, with one daughter, Bessie W., nineteen years of age.

SAMUEL A. KING.

Samuel A. King, born in Langdon, July 27, 1820, died in Cambridge, Mass., January 22, 1902.

Mr. King was the fourth of a family of fourteen children. He established himself in the market business in Boston when about twenty-five years of age, and followed the same successfully for nearly half a century. For the last forty-five years his home had been in Cambridge, where he was a member of the First Universalist church, and had been for thirty-three years its treasurer. He had also been for thirty-eight years a member of Amicable lodge, A. F. & A. M. While a young man in Langdon he had served as a captain in the old state militia, as had his father before him.

THE GRANITE STATE A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress

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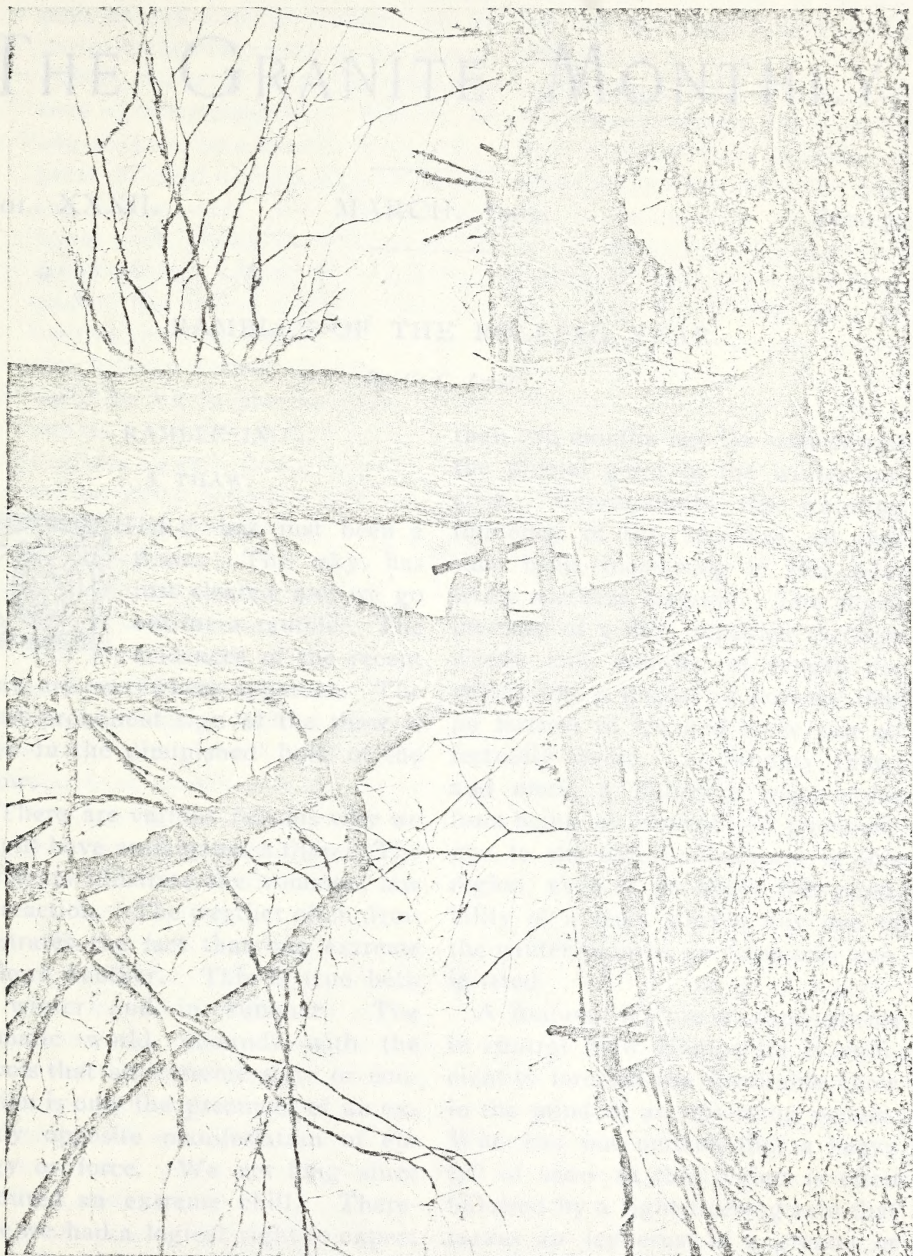
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EARLY SPRING.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXII.

MARCH, 1902.

No. 3.

RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

By C. C. Lord.

RAMBLE IX. A THAW.



HERE has just been a thaw. The sky has just cleared, and we go out for a ramble. The evidences of the recent thaw are everywhere apparent. The most prominent sign of the thaw is seen in the diminished bulk of the snow.

There are various reasons why we might have anticipated a thaw. The elements illustrate the common law of reaction. The weather often demonstrates the fact that one extreme follows another. This is true both in winter and in summer. The climatic world abounds with the proofs that an extreme state or condition is only the precursor of an exactly opposite manifestation of energy or force. We not long since endured an extreme chill. Therefore we had a logical right to expect an early exhibition of potent warmth.

The imminence of a thaw was suggested by the comparative lateness of the wintry season. More

than two months ago the year passed the pivotal point of the winter solstice. Consequently the warming influence of the sun has all that time been increasing in this relatively northern latitude. The slight increase of a day, repeated through weeks and months, at length develops into a degree of potency that no fortress of ice and snow can effectually resist. A January thaw, and more, a February one, is far from being an unexpected phenomenon to the oldest inhabitant of this region, even if we admit the possibility of a thaw during any one of the winter months as commonly designated.

A frequent feature of snow-storms in central New Hampshire is sufficient to forecast the inevitable thaw in the mind of an observing person. Who has not noticed that a heavy fall of snow in this region is often followed by a light freezing rain that makes an icy crust of a greater or lesser degree of thickness? In a previous ramble we alluded to a possible icy feature of a storm in a described instance, giving at the time a

passing explanation of the implied cause. The great storms that, from the distant regions of the southwest, pass by and over us on their way to their northeastern goal, do not always exhibit the same prevailing temperature of the atmosphere. This is, of course, true, because the seasons express different degrees of predominating heat or cold. It is also true because each season in itself varies in temperature. After the year has passed the winter solstice, there is continuously operative the aggressive force of warmth that must eventually be felt in the progress of the storms. As the season progresses, the sun steadily forces farther north the southern boundary of the snow. There is a smaller area of snowy landscape to resist the rainy progress of the northeasterly advancing storms. Sooner or later a storm will come that will not so readily yield to the congealing influence of the colder northern landscape. Instead of shedding a large quantity of snow it will prove mostly or wholly a storm of grateful rain, giving assurance, as it will, of the ultimate complete triumph of the warmth that ushers in the beautiful and joyful spring.

The proper and logical anticipation of a thaw at this season of the year implies the fact that our great storms vary much in individual characteristics. The track they follow is not identically the same. In fact, the centre of one storm may be more north and west, or more south and east, than another, in passing any given point. The area of the influence of one storm may be greater or less than that of another. Consequently one storm may visit us with a far more potentially subduing en-

ergy of warmth than another. The reflective person can easily conceive that a thaw in winter is far from being an unexpected phenomenon in this region.

Doubtless in the collective mind of local society all the considerations we have adduced were operative in the anticipative forecasts of the thaw that has just occurred. As the thaw approached, every one seemed to be expecting it. The sky was at first overcast with clouds that were accompanied with only an airy commotion. The wind blew and veered about, exhibiting a tendency to keep its source in a southerly or an easterly quarter. Apparently this was because the storm was north and west of us with respect to its center at the point of passing this location. The wind was a warm one and made the snow yield and settle. As the storm advanced, the wind was accompanied with rain. This was not a freezing rain like that which attended a recent wintry storm. In this fact we have an additional suggestion of the northwesterly aspect of the centre of the storm with respect to our point of observation. If any snow fell during this storm, it was north and west of us, where the snowbound landscape was cold enough to overcome the warmer tendencies of the advancing meteor.

The storm has come and gone. The thaw is a fact of history. The general surface of the snow has been lowered at least a foot. The warm air has cut away many a prominence of drift, and the rain has pitted the surfaces that were once so uniformly and beautifully smooth. The hill-tops now peep out in a promise of the future summer. The granite boulders of the rocky landscape lift their

heads in a bolder aspect than they exhibited a few days ago. The path where we tread is broader and deeper, affording easier progress for our feet. Altogether we have many pleasant suggestions of a happier season soon to be.

RAMBLE X.

A MARCH LANDSCAPE.

This is a beautiful morning in March. The sun rises gloriously in a clear sky. The season has so far advanced towards spring that there is a fervor of warmth even in the morning sun. We will go out and ramble a while this early day.

There is a special inducement to ramble this morning. The snow is hard and bears us up. There is a temptation to roam the fields and pastures, where the snow affords a perfect and uninterrupted solid footing. Happier would it be if the woods presented the same hard, snowy pavement for the feet.

There is a reason for everything in nature. The cause of the solid snow at this time is scientifically evident. The recent thaw that settled the snow into a more compact, damp mass was only the precursor of a more continuous climatic agency effecting a similar end. The earth is now inclining more and more to the sun in this geographical latitude, and the days are steadily growing manifestly warmer. Every day the sun melts and settles the snow, which, in the shades of night, freezes into a degree of solidity that affords the most pleasant perambulation of its surface in the morning, unless we except that portion of snow that lies in the forest,

where the variable degrees of heat and cold are tempered by the obstruction to the motions of both the air and light. At this time of the year a ramble out of doors is specially facile in the morning.

In view of the peculiar locomotory privileges of the hour, we take a ramble to a higher location this morning. We go up to the summit of Mt. Putney. This is not always a privilege of a wintry ramble. When the snow is deep and soft, and the great drifts fill the ancient highway on the summit of the mountain, the task of reaching the height on foot is not by any means so easy of attainment. But this morning we go up the gently inclining plains on the surface of the snow and hardly feel the effort necessary to progress.

We have viewed the extensive landscape seen from the summit of Mt. Putney at all seasons of the year. We have beheld it in light and in shade. We have noted it in fair weather and in the storm. It is always beautiful in the light and sublime even in the shade. But this morning there is a peculiar charm in the wide prospect that is not wholly born of conditions of infrequency of observation. A broad world, so to speak, covered almost completely with pure white snow, yields to sight a gratification that is in a measure incomparable. It being in March, we have to note an occasional bare spot of earth in the surrounding view.

Our imagination this morning can easily conceive that this is a crystal world. The pure white snow, reflecting the morning sun, presents a scene of dazzling beauty that suppresses every hint of the dreariness of winter.

The patches of darker forest, set in ground-work of pure white, form a picture that suggests the handiwork of a fairy artist. How easy it is to think with the poets on such a morning and on such a scene as this! We could fain believe that the mythical sprites had, after all, something to do in determining the composition of this world.

The suggestion of myths invites a special train of thought. Look across the land in any direction to the most distant hills! How radiantly fair they are in the sparkling light! Yet certain aspects of nature's beauty become more marked by contrast. Let one stand in one of our deeper New Hampshire valleys in late spring or early autumn, when the earth below is bare and the peaks above are decked with frost, and he will realize the force of our contrasted conception. Of course we anticipate that the view is taken in the morning. Touched into superlative radiance by the rays of the early sun, the icy summits become transcendently glorious in light. Standing in the shady vale, the impressive beholder looks up at the heights and only wonders. In such a state of entranced observation, how easy for the imagination to be lured into the most fascinating daylit dreams!

The ancient oriental poet doubtless looked up from the vales of his native, summery land and beheld the high, snow-crowned mountain peaks blazing in the early sun. He watched their shifting lights till the day sank in the west. Impressive, imaginative, creative, his mind dwelt upon the scene till his conceptions wrought into poetically tangible form the exalted abode of celestial beings. Far

in the radiant heights of the mountains, he saw the golden walks, the crystal palaces, and the jeweled thrones. His soul was enriched by the delightful themes afforded by the everlasting treasures of the snow. Herein is illustrated a divine provision for human happiness. The charm of nature excites the soul of man to its noblest activities. Even the frost inspires the thought that symbolically foretells the raptures that await the perfect spirit upon the eternal hills of God.

While we ramble and reflect, the morn advances towards noon. The increasing heat softens the snow which begins to yield under our feet. We turn homeward. As we haste along, we are constrained to leave the broad enclosure and take the highway. The privilege of a ramble on the surface of the untrodden snow is a comparatively brief one this morning. Yet what we lose we gain in the assurance of the spring, that shall soon in this region melt all the crystal snow.

RAMBLE XI.

THE MELTING SNOW.

The snow is melting. The snow has been melting since the sun passed the winter solstice. The phenomenon of the melting snow is now a special feature of the season. The snow now melts because spring in predominant potency is here.

In the first aspect of the case, there is nothing specially notable in the fact that the snow melts in spring. In this latitude we expect it. We are also gratified by the fact. We love to see the bare ground appear as

the snowy mantle of the earth gradually but surely wastes away. Still there is a vast fund of profitable observation afforded by the annually melting snow. Nature is full of lessons while it abounds in pleasures.

There is still much snow upon the ground as we go out for the present ramble. In central New Hampshire, it is not expected that spring will exhibit its full potency in March. Yet spring is now so much a fact that everyone is on the *qui vive* of anticipation. The increasing length of the days, the higher march of the sun in the sky, and the manifest softening of the air, have become facts of the season that are beyond reflective dispute.

A laborer in the forest remarks that there will be no more good sledding this spring, even if we should have several more heavy falls of snow. He says the path will slump and slue in any case. He is right. The old, hard snow in the accustomed path will soften by the steadily increasing warmth, and the possibly new snow will not harden. But the path will slue because the warm rays of the sun will touch all the westerly, northerly, and easterly aspects of the accustomed way and melt out its boundaries, so that the sled will leave its accustomed track and drag heavily. All work on the snow with the team is to be harder and harder now till the end comes, when the wheels will again resume their part in the economy of the laborer's routine.

It is but a simple thing to say that the snow melts in the path. Yet it melts in a very singular manner. As we ramble to-day, we, as it were, everywhere notice that the snow

melts below the surface before it does at the surface. Who has not noticed in the advancing spring of the year a crust of unmelted solid snow or ice that stands out boldly, though the soft snow is melted several inches below and beyond it? Herein is illustrated one of the most delicate and charming mysteries of the snow. To the informed mind it suggests some of the profoundest ideas of natural physics. Who has not observed that the rays of the sun will pass through a lens of crystal without apparent effect upon the lens itself, and yet in passing become so modified as to powerfully heat and burn an object beyond? Herein is the hint that explains the mentioned aspect of the melting snow. The friction of travel upon the surface of the snow in the path has made it hard and icy, and it has assumed a character akin to that of a transparent, glassy lens, which transmits the rays of the sun but does not sensibly absorb them. Consequently the first melting of the snow in the path is often below, instead of at, the surface. The film of icy snow that, as it were everywhere, stands out in relief in the path attests a fact in science of constant value to the studious inquirer after the truth of common things.

Our ramble takes us into the vicinity of the forest, and we take note of another peculiar aspect of the melting snow. We pass a number of evergreen trees, to note that the snow about their trunks is melted away a considerable distance from the bark. In other words, the trunk of every evergreen tree seems to have a ring of bare ground around it. This fact were of very little importance if it

were not for sundry others that we take into consideration with it. The bare aspect of the ground in immediate proximity to trees is not invariable; neither is it confined to evergreen trees, or else we might consider that the obstruction of their heavy tops prevents an average depth of snow beneath, and hence the earlier melting around the trunks. In reflection, we consider whether or not the ring of bare ground so frequently seen about the trunk of a tree is caused by the direct influences of the rays of the sun. We can hardly think it is, because the ring is a circular fact, the direct rays of the sun coming only with a more southerly aspect. We mentally ask whether or not this circular path of bare ground is caused by the radiation of heat absorbed from the atmosphere by the bark of the tree. While we are thinking, we observe that a granite rock, that protrudes above the snow, has no ring of bare ground around it. If the dark, dingy bark of a tree absorbs and radiates heat, why not the dark and dingy surface of a rock? We are puzzled for a solution of the problem. Yet there is an incidental fact of our observation that is very suggestive. This hardy old oak has no ring of bare ground about it. The snow lies close up to the bark. Is the oak a specially cold tree? We cannot overlook the fact that it is one of the last trees to leaf in the spring.

In contemplating the trees in connection with the phenomena of the melting snow, we cannot escape the intimation that some trees are naturally and inherently warmer than others. The testimony of science helps us a little on this point. We

have read somewhere that it has been demonstrated that there is specific heat in a tree. It were well for science to investigate the possible variable temperature of different varieties of trees, if it has not already done so.

RAMBLE XII.

EARLY SPRING BIRDS.

At this time of the year, it is our annual privilege to mark the evidence of advancing spring. But this morning a peculiar pleasure enters into our experience. As we go out to roam for recreation in the cheerful air, a sound of special gratification greets our ear. A bluebird's note salutes us from a leafless tree. The heart of spring takes a fresh hope when this bird sings.

The bluebird is in this latitude a bonny bird for several reasons. He sings both early and late. His sweetly modulated voice cheers us in the last days of autumn and enlivens us in the first days of spring. In this instance, the power of association contributes much to the delight we experience in his song. If he sang only when all other singing birds are supposed to be musically vocal, his song would, by its very commonness, afford us less interest and pleasure.

In this vicinity, the bluebird sings early and late for two reasons. In the first place he is by nature a singer whose voice belongs more to the warmer year than those of some others of the feathered tribes. In the second place here is his proximate permanent residence. Stopping with us, as it were, three seasons of the year, during the fourth he does

not wander far away. In the warmer sections of New England, he may be seen even in the local depths of winter. The bluebird is in an eminent sense our own bird.

The bluebird endears himself to his human acquaintance by his relative sociability towards man. It is one of the easiest things in the world to keep on good sociable terms with the bluebird. A troglodyte in domestic habits, he readily accepts the voluntary provision of man for his domiciliary convenience. A wooden box, a section of the hollow limb of a tree, or other object affording a suitable cavity, can, with a little preparation, be made to serve the purpose of a home for the bluebird and his thriving family. Indeed every spring the bluebird comes peeping round the premises of the rural human resident, seeking for the nook or corner that may furnish the properly enclosed receptacle for a nest. In any case he may take the cavity of a limb of an orchard tree, but he will not despise the artificial accommodation of man, who can derive much pleasure from the daily companionship of a social, feathered friend.

The bluebird sings this morning as if he were in anticipation of approaching joys. The slight provision we have described can attest our meaning. In an accommodating box or similar receptacle the bluebird and his female companion will take up residence, build their nest, and fulfil the duties of house-keeping. The female will lay a small litter of tiny, light blue eggs. A gaping, hungry brood will soon be hatched, and then the busy work of feeding the young can be watched with instructive interest and pleas-

ure. A family of bluebirds represents two or three broods of young in a single, open season.

While we are noting and discussing the bluebird, a second vernal visitor commands our attention. From the top of another leafless tree the robin chirrups. He has come with the bluebird to attest the reviving spring. In migratory habits, the robin and bluebird are very much alike, but the robin sings less and owes fewer obligations to man. Yet the robin is always a welcome spring visitor to the rural New Hampshire home, notwithstanding an old apprehensive legend. It has been said in this region that the uncanny presence of the robin in March is undesirable. He forebodes tempestuous and disagreeable weather for the anxious and apprehensive observer of his too early northward flight. But this is nothing. March represents a season of sudden and extreme transitions of climatic conditions, dependent upon meteorological and geographical causes, and the presence or absence of the robin cannot affect the law. The foreboding legend of the robin is scientifically at fault. Like many other similar legends, it is good enough for poetry, but it is totally unfit for prose.

Every one is supposed to recognize the robin, but not every one is aware just what he is. In strictly scientific classification, our American robin is not a robin at all, because he is a thrush. The English settlers of this country doubtless gave him the name of robin because, although smaller and of a different nature, he wears a hue somewhat like that of the English robin. Strange as it may seem to the uneducated observ-

er, the bluebird, which we have just been discussing, is more a robin than the American robin himself. But the prosaic scientific fact will not abate our love of and faith in our own robin. We will call him by his adopted name and welcome him in our hearts during this culminating season of spring.

Like the bluebird, the robin loves the rural haunts of man. The robin will flit about the farmhouse, hop about the dooryard, and even accept the farmer's roof for his own shelter. The robin is not so secretive as the bluebird in his domestic tastes, but under a shed, on a naked beam, he will often locate, build his nest, and rear his young.

The robin's nest is so familiar an object of the farmyard and orchard, there is hardly a necessity for its description. The robin's nest, the robin's eggs, and the robin's young are known to every child in this rural community. There is one thing peculiar in the construction of the robin's nest. The incorporation of a portion of earth in its walls is, doubtless, a provision of nature for an intrinsic use.

Welcome to the early spring birds! The bluebird and the robin shall be our annual vernal delight so long as we continue to abide in this region of the annually recurring chilly and snowy winter.

RAMBLE XIII.

THE SLEEPERS WAKE.

Perhaps it were more proper to say the sleepers begin to wake. It might be true to say they have been waking all winter. It is very hard to

frame a single sentence that will express a truth as wide in range as the one we are now contemplating.

An observing person, who lives in central New Hampshire, his location being a rural one, having passed the rigors of an average winter, welcomes every sign of spring. As we ramble out of doors to-day, we spy a pleasant living object. A ground squirrel peeps out of a wall and stares at us in apparent mute surprise. We cannot anticipate the reflections of this little mute creature, as he looks out upon the broad world, enveloped, as it still largely is, with a heavy mantle of snow. But we can tell the thoughts aroused in us by the welcome sight of a squirrel.

In this geographical latitude, on the approach of winter, some representatives of animal life flee to a warmer clime; some remain and face the cold season with an admirable fortitude; a few hibernate, retreating to their dens, where they pass the cold period in some degree of dormancy. The ground squirrel belongs to the hibernating class. Associated with others of his class, we propose to consider him in this ramble.

We have already made a remark indicating that hibernation is practised with some degree of inconsistency. It is true that some hibernating animals are irregular in their wintry sleep. Indeed, the study of hibernation, as it is practised by some representatives of the brute creation, is attended by peculiar difficulties. Some animals not only seem to sleep more soundly than others, but individuals of the same race vary in their wintry soporific tendencies. More than this, it is difficult to decide just

what the nature of the hibernating sleep is, though there are facts that tend to support the theory that, in some cases at least, it is very much like hypnotism.

There are three mammals, now denizens of this region, that seem to sleep more or less in winter. They are the odorous mephitis, or skunk, the ground squirrel, or chipmunk, and the woodchuck, or American marmot. The first may be out at any milder passage of winter, the second only on more extreme occasions of wintry warmth, and the third not at all till spring is confirmed in fact and temperature. The first comes out to forage for food, the second for his incidental pleasure, the third because his long, silent, wantless sleep is over. The woodchuck is the truest hibernating creature of them all.

The ground squirrel, or chipmunk, is a representative of a large zoölogical family. By the ordinary observer he is easily distinguished. His small, supple, graceful form, his invariable stripes, and his slender tail, give him an unmistakable identification. Yet he has characteristics and traits that specially distinguish him among the squirrels. His hibernating disposition in winter is one of them. Still he is not an improvident creature when contemplating the approach of winter, so much of which he intends to occupy in listless somnolence. Expecting to wake now and then, he provides a larder for the gratification of his wintry hunger. A ground squirrel, residing in a hole in the ground, the same excavated by his own labor, stores large quantities of food in his den. Indeed, he is reputed for provisional foresight

that suggests the idea of excess over need. The fact is of problematic utility in consideration, but he has his way.

One of the distinguishing features of the ground squirrel, or chipmunk, is his oral capacity for conveying food. On either side of his mouth is an expansion of the cavity of the cheek that forms a veritable pouch. In his two pouches, he loads corn, grain, nuts, and acorns, which he deposits in his den in anticipation of winter. During the prevalence of the cold season, he wakes at intervals and eats. If it is not too cold, he may take a brief peep out of doors and view the snowy and barren aspect of the wider world. He is out to-day for a peep and a view. There is yet so much snow upon the ground he will hardly assume the liberties and activities of spring. He will probably return to his humble couch and doze a while longer.

Upon the whole, the tiny creature we are considering is a pleasant object of contemplation. Beyond the appropriation of a ration of the farmer's corn and grain, his habits are as offenseless as those of almost any creature indigenous to this region. His diet is somewhat varied in range—he will sometimes devour even a bug—but he is mainly a vegetarian. He is of seclusive social habits, and hence his popular name—chipmunk—has been conceived to be an expression of his prevalent solitariness. Some have thought that the combination of chip and munk, or monk, in his name implies a derivation from the Creek *monos*, alone, in the second syllable. But this idea seems to have been abandoned. The name chipmunk was given him by his Indian

observer before the advent of the paleface in this country.

The ground squirrel, or chipmunk, has come out, but his tribe is much smaller than it used to be. The march of human civilization has told

severely upon the ranks of his army. Yet he will be out this summer to enliven the natural world by his presence, and to cheer us by his sudden chirp, or bark, as at times we shall steal upon his haunts unawares.



LOVE SONG.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

The bluebird sang his roundelay.

What is your theme? Confess!

The answer came, "I sing all day
Of love and happiness."

So I am singing, heart, a tune

With Life's sweet melody,

The song the bluebird sang in June,
A song of love to thee.



ARCTIC SONG.

By Ethan Allen.

Fierce the storm of winter blows
Over fields of arctic snows,
Fleecy flakes are falling fast
Loudly roars the northern blast.

Blow ye winds, in madness blow,
Over cold and drifting snow;
Over lands by tempests crossed
Bound in ice and chilled with frost.

Cold and drear the frozen land,
Where the icebergs huge and grand,
Rear their peaks of snowy white
Through the long and gloomy night.

THE DOVER WOMAN'S CLUB.

By Annie Wentworth Baer.



THE early history of Cochecho is replete with interest, and every item is dear to her children, no matter how many generations removed.

In fancy we listen to Richard Pinkham's drum as he calls the little band to meeting at Dover Point; later we hear "the Sabbath bell ring out over the water, like the bells of old England." We go with Mr. Leverich to the famous Hall spring for water, and drink with Mr. Cushing from his new well at Pine Hill. We hearken with interest and respect to the Rev. Jeremy Belknap of cherished memory, and go with our grandmothers, once removed, to the little store of Miss Nabby Belknap, maiden sister of the worthy divine, where we give ear to many a dish of conversation on the current events of their day, and where decisions were formed concerning the colors of silk to be used in their samplers.

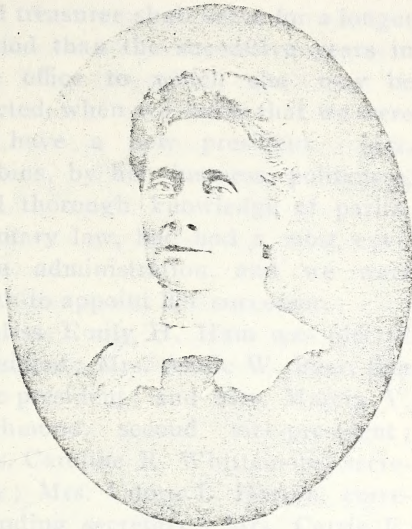
The young folk of the party were allowed to look at—not handle—the wonderful London doll given Miss Nabby's mother so many years ago.

Later the busy wheel of the Upper factory called the healthy girls out from their homes near the Faggotty bridge, where it crossed "ye Great marsh," and from the wooded shores of the Great pond. These ambitious daughters of old Dover started in the early morn, leaving their trail in the

dewy grass, as they hurried across fields on their way to the string piece over the river Styx, which ran its winding course between them and the new mill. At this time no thought of women's clubs had entered the heads of our ancestors. Fifty years later Mrs. Croly organized Sorosis, and other clubs have followed in its wake until their name is legion.

The club leaven was working all over the country, and in the winter of 1899, when a company of Dover women, from the several societies, met with Mrs. Charles Foss to sew for the Children's home, Mrs. Margaret Robins brought up the subject of a woman's club for Dover. Mrs. Estelle Hatch and Mrs. Carrie Kingsbury assisted Mrs. Robins in the talk on this subject so ably that a club was formed that there might be something to work from. Later, these earnest women, with others, met at the home of Mrs. Clarence T. Hurd and organized a woman's club with fifty charter members.

The club was to be known as the Dover Woman's club. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Margaret H. Robins; first vice-president, Mrs. W. H. S. Hascall; second vice-president, Miss Ada M. Thompson; secretary, Mrs. Eva G. Hurd; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Fannie E. Cushing; treasurer, Mrs. Carrie E. Kingsbury; executive com-



Mrs. Margaret H. Robins
President.

mittee, Mrs. John Scales, Mrs. John Downs, Mrs. Leroy M. Collins, Mrs. H. R. Parker; auditor, Mrs. Charles H. Hayes.

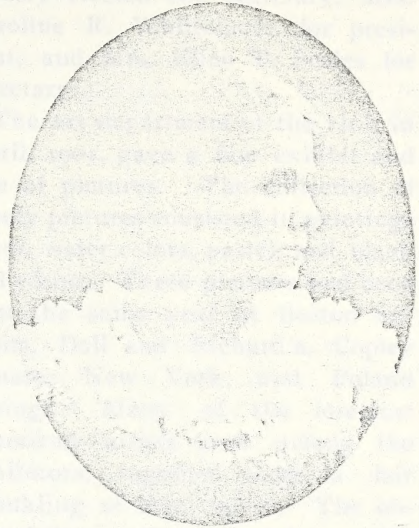
The object of the club is the study and discussion of subjects of general interest. Members may be active or associate. The number of active members shall be limited to one hundred and fifty. The directors with the officers shall favor an executive committee. No one except the corresponding secretary and treasurer shall serve for a longer period than two successive years in the office to which she may be elected; but any person shall be eligible for reelection after the intervention of one year from the time she last held office.

It shall be the duty of each active member to engage in some department work. The departments of the club are art, French, history, literature, music, and philanthropy.

Each department has its president and secretary; each department shall be responsible for the

programme of one club meeting during the year.

The meetings of the club are held on alternate Tuesdays at 3 o'clock p. m., from the first week in October to the last week in April, inclusive. All meetings are conducted by the



Mrs. Eva G. Hurd.
President Philanthropy Department.

rules of parliamentary law, "The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law," by Harriet R. Shattuck, being the authority.

The second election of officers gave Mrs. Margaret Robins a very flattering vote for reelection, all the members realizing how ably she had conducted the affairs of the club. Mrs. M. Josephine Mathes was elected first vice-president, and Miss Emily H. Ham, second vice-president. Miss Mary P. Woodman was elected a director, also Mrs. Eliza F. Bucknam.

The third year we were prone to question the wisdom of that section of our by-laws which reads: No officers except corresponding secretary

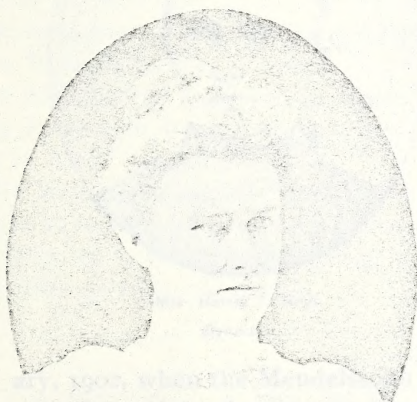
and treasurer shall serve for a longer period than the successive years in the office to which she may be elected, when we knew that we were to have a new president. Mrs. Robins, by her justness, politeness, and thorough knowledge of parliamentary law, had had a most enviable administration, and we were loath to appoint her successor.

Miss Emily H. Ham was elected president; Mrs. Annie W. Baer, first vice-president; and Mrs. Marcia Y. Richmond, second vice-president; Mrs. Caroline R. Whittemore, secretary; Mrs. Udora L. Horton, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Carrie E.

arranged for club work, when a sister city coveting our president for one of her schools said, come over into Massachusetts and help us. She went, and the club was without its first officer.

As soon as could be the club unanimously elected the secretary, Mrs. Caroline R. Whittemore, for president, and Mrs. Ellen T. Scales for secretary.

The art department of the club in April, 1901, gave a fine exhibit and sale of pictures. The collection of ninety pictures consisted in paintings in oil, water colors, pastel, and black and white. These pictures had been seen the same year at Boston exhibits, Doll and Richard's, Copley Square, New York, and Poland Springs. Many of the foremost American artists were among the exhibitors, together with a fair sprinkling of local talent. The object of the art department is to cultivate a true interest in and appreciation of all good work of art.

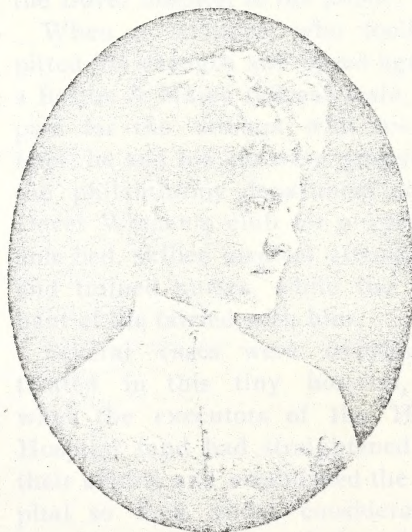


Mrs. Winifred L. Goss
Secretary Literature Department.

Kingsbury, treasurer, and Mrs. Emma E. Cushman, auditor.

The directors elected were Miss Mary P. Woodman, Mrs. Estelle C. Hatch, Mrs. Hattie T. Hoyt, Mrs. Edna F. Rines.

The new president called several meetings of the executive committee, and had the year's programme well



Mrs. Edna F. Rines.
Director.

The French department entertained the club by giving a French play.

The literature department furnished a lecturer, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Lovering, subject, "Modern Russia." This department has also taken up drills in parliamentary law, current event topics, and book reviews.

The music department has always given royal entertainments, but eclipsed its former efforts in Janu-

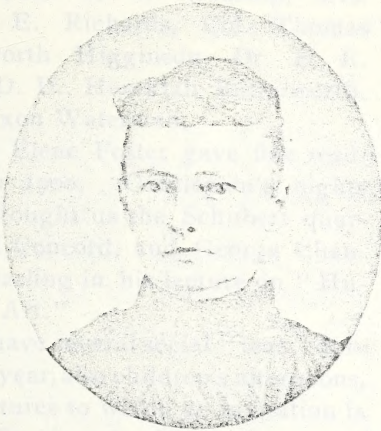
of 13,000 inhabitants, and no public or private hospital.

There was a pile of hospital lumber lying in the city, but the executors of the property had not seen their way clear to make, at least, any visible move. These women, members of the philanthropy department, weary with waiting, decided to start a hospital, if only a few rooms could be supported. The matter was studied pro and con, expenses were estimated, locations looked over, and with excelsior for their motto, and with no such word as fail in their vocabulary, these Dover women pushed on. They gave a rummage sale, which was a success financially. They held conference with the medical men, and were given abundant support from this quarter.

At last, feeling that their funds warranted, and that circumstances were favorable, they hired a house and provided several beds and other necessary conveniences, secured a matron and housekeeper, and opened the Dover hospital to the public.

When a stranger, who foolishly pitted his strength and speed against a Boston & Maine railroad train, and paid for the attempt with his life later, he and his kin were grateful to the philanthropy department of the Dover Woman's club for a comfortable bed, skilled medical attendance, and trained nurses, while the remnant of life tarried with him.

Several cases were successfully treated in this tiny hospital, but when the executors of the Hayes Hospital fund had straightened out their affairs, and established the hospital so long under consideration, that the committees of the philanthropy department, realizing that



Mrs. Hattie T. Hoyt.
Director.

ary, 1902, when the Mendelssohn trio gave beautiful selections on the violin, cello, and piano. Mrs. Harry P. Henderson, a member of the department, gave two vocal selections which were loudly applauded.

The history department is very enthusiastic, and entertained the club in 1902 with a lecture on "Rome," by the Rev. Geo. Lewis, D. D., of South Berwick, Me.

The philanthropy department has followed the advice of the Rev. E. E. Hale, D. D., to the club, "to look out and not in," from its inception. The brave women had an object, and this was a hospital for Dover, a city

Dover did not need two hospitals, cheerfully turned over all their effects to the Hayes hospital, and looked about for more good to do.

The Dover Woman's club was federated June 12, 1899, and the club has been well represented at the Federation meetings by Mrs. Eva G. Hurd, Mrs. Ellen T. Scales, and Mrs. Margaret H. Robins.

We have had excellent lecturers, among whom are Mrs. Margaret Deland, Prof. A. E. Winship, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Dr. E. E. Hale, D. D., Hezekiah Butterworth, and Nixon Waterman.

Miss Elene Foster gave fine readings in 1900. . Gentlemen's nights have brought us the Schubert quartette of Concord, and George Channing Darling in his lecture on "Humor in Art."

We have several social "teas" during the year, also children's afternoons, and lectures to which an invitation is especially given to old people.

Mrs. Susan C. Bancroft, president of New Hampshire Federation in 1900-'01, visited the Dover Woman's club October 30, 1900, and gave a most interesting talk on "Club Ideals." Mrs. Bancroft is remembered with much pleasure by our club. November 12, 1901, Mrs. Sarah G. Blodgett visited us and carried all hearts with her as she talked in her easy, graceful way on those subjects to which she has turned her attention. A new interest was awakened in us for the welfare of our insane and feeble-minded, by the talk given us by Mrs. Blodgett, president of New Hampshire Federation.

Nineteen hundred and two finds us happy in our work, with a feeling that socially we are growing stronger and that we have made the acquaintance of prominent personages in art, music, history, literature, and philanthropy, and know more of the ways of these people, and of the work they do.

TRUTH.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

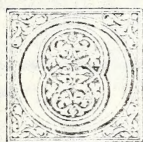
Truth, like the full corn in the ear,
May have rough hands laid on it here,
But lo! cleared of its husk alone
When shook and rent, its worth is shown!
And if, perchance, some grains are strown
Each golden kernel from its grave
Shall rise,—in tenfold glory wave!



Timothy Chandler Homestead, torn down in 1869 to give place to the Long Memorial Building.

AN HOUR IN THE ANTIQUARIAN ROOM.

By Sarah M. Bailey.



ON the northern side of the beautifully shaded street, leading through the quiet village of Hopkinton, stands the home of the New Hampshire Antiquarian society and the public library.

Many are the guests from all over the United States, who, during their sojourn in Hopkinton and the surrounding towns, visit this collection of relics. It is known to be the most extensive in the state, and is worthy an hour of our attention.

Over the door may be seen this inscription:

William H. Long Memorial Building.

Inside the vestibule upon a tablet is inscribed the following:

The building was erected in 1890 by Lucia A. D. Rollins Long, in affectionate memory of her husband,

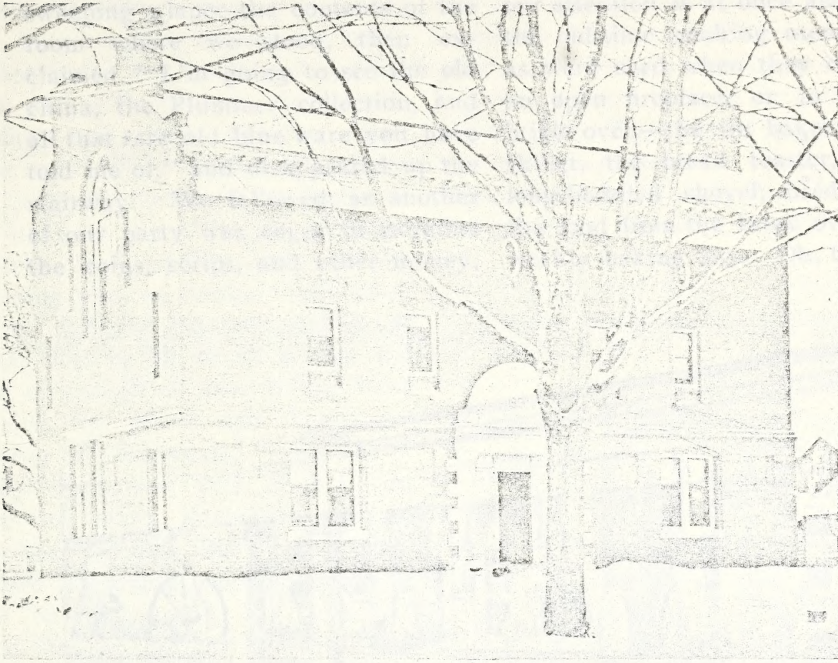
William H. Long.

Dedicated and presented to the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, Sept. 3, 1890.

Mr. Long was a native of Hopkinton, born in 1813. For many years he was principal of the Dearborn school, Boston. In 1848 he married

Miss L. A. D. Rollins. Long and happy were their years of married life. Fortune smiled upon them, and, after his death in 1886, it became her desire to erect some lasting tribute to his memory in his native town. Twenty thousand dollars was the sum fixed upon for the building, but long before it was completed the expense was far in excess of that amount. The walls of the structure are of brick, with a tile adorned vestibule leading into a small hall, from which doors open into the front rooms on either side. The front room to the east and the one behind it contain the books belonging to the free public library. The original library of 1,000 volumes, owned by a stock company, formed in 1871, was leased, without recompense, to the town, when a free public library was organized in 1892. Many hundred books have been added since then. Upon the walls hang life-size portraits of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Long.

The entire building is finished in beautifully polished wood. The remainder of the building is occupied by the Antiquarian society. The



William H. Long Memorial Building—Home of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society.

two rooms at the west end are fitted up as reception and business rooms. Here the annual meetings are held. Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Ketchum, the former a charter member of the society, hang upon the walls of the front room, and look smilingly down upon the present members as they sit in business and social relations. The huge register stands open for a record of the names of the many who visit the building. The windows are large, thus giving a strong light by which to examine the many ancient books that are arranged in cases around the room.

From a square room in the rear of the vestibule a winding staircase leads to the second floor. A long hall-like room (supplied with seats) reaches the entire length of the building. A fine large mullion window adorns either end, giving a good

light to display the contents of the upright cases that line the room on either side. These cabinets extend under the galleries. They have glass doors securely locked.

At the extreme west end a broad stairway leads both ways to the galleries that extend the entire length of the building. From the tiny alcoves, leading from the front gallery, one can look through the small oval windows to the street below. The effect is very picturesque.

Every niche and available space is filled with curiosities of such rare worth that the lovers of antiquities linger long and lovingly around the forbidden treasures.

Our party lingered around the registering book that warm summer afternoon, thinking, in a leisurely manner, of the treat in store. My dark-eyed lady companion took in with a

sweeping glance the contents of the room where we stood, then exclaimed, "I'm going to see the old china, the Plummer collection, and all that rare old blue ware you have told me of," and disappeared up the stairway. We followed, as another of our party was eager to examine the coins, script, and other money,

our attention is at once absorbed by the old-time cooking utensils, such as were used when they cooked by an open fireplace, or in the huge brick oven—the tin baker, the iron skillet, the bread toaster, and the long-handled shovel, used to draw the food from the brick oven on the weekly baking day. Oh, the brown



Interior of Antiquarian Rooms, showing Southern Gallery.

from our own and foreign countries. A third seated himself at the old-fashioned seraphine, once the property of the wandering crippled musician, Alfred Little, who, though deprived of his lower limbs, could bring forth sweet music, as he filled the instrument with the necessary air by the working of his elbows. The photographer, L. H. Kelley, took some views of the interior, and we wished many more objects of interest might have been photographed.

Ascending to the southern gallery

bread and beans, the Indian pudding, pies and cakes that were drawn triumphantly from the depth of that deep, dark, wide-mouthed brick oven and landed safely upon the "pantry" shelves. There was a richness and a color to the crust no modern stove oven can give. Here are the foot stoves, that in olden times, before the days of heated churches, our grandmothers used to carry hot coals in, to protect their feet from the intense cold.

Oh, this blessed warming pan!

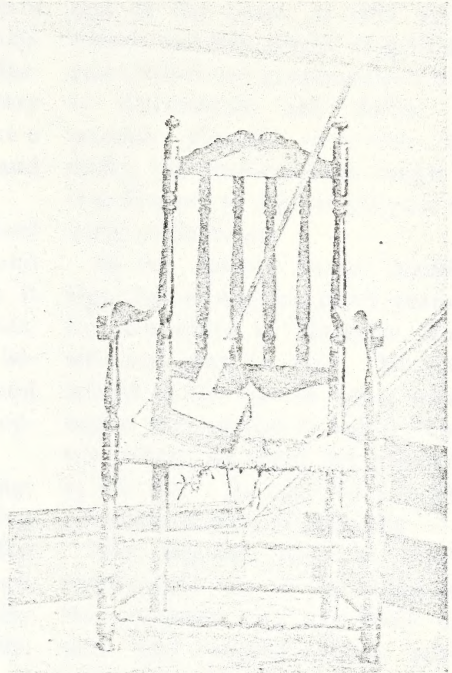
What memories crowd upon me of this long-handled brass pan, being loaded with hot coals and passed back and forth between the sheets, in that cold north chamber bed! How we children hurried to undress and jumped into the warm sheets, to be lulled to sleep by the welcome warmth and rattling cover of the warming pan, as mother went down stairs. Ah, the blessedness of childhood, that is off to sleep and the land of dreams as soon as the head touches the pillow and knows no waking till daybreak!

My companion had tarried long over the many interesting things, and was so happy that I was startled to hear her scream, as she stood, pale and nervous, before the iron jail door, behind which LaPage spent his time, after the terrible murder of Josie Langmaid in the Pembroke woods, until he was hung with the very rope that lay coiled at her feet.

In one of the alcoves stands a crudely made corn popper, which has a history worth repeating. In the year 1845, my father, Francis P. Knowlton, bought of Amos Kelley, wire manufacturer, some wire netting, from which he cut six pieces, the required size, to make the *first corn popper*. With fine wire he sewed the pieces in place, added a long handle, and it was ready for use.

It seemed as though the demand would be great for this new invention. So he made a dozen and took them to Concord, expecting they would sell readily, and that he should receive orders for more. He fully intended to get it patented. The corn popper struck the Concord merchants as a very ridiculous idea

and they would make him no offer. In fact he could not sell them at any price. Disliking to take them home he tried to leave them to be sold on commission. They would do this if he would pay storage. Thoroughly disheartened he brought them home, and gave up the idea of getting a



First Corn-popper made by F. P. Knowlton in 1845.
The Oldest Chair in the Antiquarian Rooms.

patent. He afterward sold the poppers to a traveling man from Vermont, for one dollar apiece and took his pay in maple sugar.

In after years Amos Kelley *pressed* them into shape, and slowly but surely the demand increased, but to our knowledge no patent was ever applied for. The picture represents the first one of the millions now in use, which was placed here by the children of the inventor. The old chair is one of the most ancient arti-

cles in the place. It bears the date of 1702. It was once the property of the Drake family, and was placed here, authentically labeled, in 1873, by Fletcher C. Wells.

At the head of the stairway to the northern gallery stands the first clock ever owned in Hopkinton, in 1776, made in 1733. Silent now, but could it speak and tell the tale of its life, the scenes of sorrow and happiness it has looked down upon during its life of 169 years, what a story of real life it would be. But like a true friend, it reveals no secrets and we pass reverently on.

Ah, here is a leather mail bag used to carry mail between Montpelier and Canada in 1814. In those days it cost money to write to one's friends, and the letters were few and far between, for money was scarce and postage high,—from ten cents upward.

A little farther on is a bear trap, huge and ugly looking, hinting strongly of the far-away time when it was not safe to "roam through forest shades" unarmed. Surely those huge iron jaws look formidable.

C. B. Childs, the bridge builder, of Henniker has a model of the bridge that made him famous, a duplicate of the one lodged in the patent office at Washington. A spider web like structure to look upon, but so built that it has proved a trustworthy span from shore to shore.

How the gentlemen of the party linger about and discuss the rough farming implements that are displayed in the northern gallery. The eldest of the company was born in good old Hopkinton and entertained us with many reminiscences of the olden time and people.

To get the most satisfaction from an afternoon in this building, one really needs an interpreter. How is the child of the present generation to know the use of a "sap yoke?" He has never seen this beam resting upon the broad shoulders of our forefathers, as they carried a pail of water or sap, suspended from each end of the beam, or this spinning wheel, and flax wheel, or grill wheel, upon which our grandmothers worked so dexterously and deftly. The wooden plough, so crude in its make, has broken these rough fields into furrows to a good purpose in the early settlements.

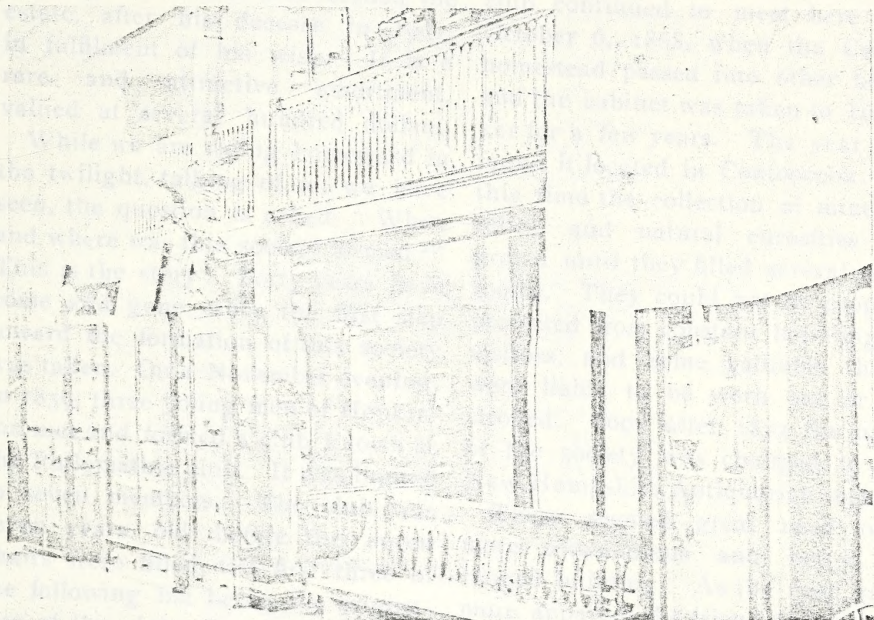
In the remote corner stands the sign that swung for many years over the law office of Matthew Harvey, who was born in 1781. He was admitted to the bar in 1802, when he began the practice of law in Hopkinton, where he spent the greater part of his life. In 1830 he was chosen governor of New Hampshire.

We lingered long to hear the stories told us of the olden times, the incidents and anecdotes of the men and women whose portraits hung upon the front of the opposite gallery. Capt. Nathaniel Colby and wife, Jacob Weeks, born in 1796, Hannah Colby, wife of Dr. Thompson of the noted Thompsonian period, well remembered by the medical world. His home was on the main road to Concord, where now lives the family of the late Geo. K. Goodrich. Four noble elm trees guard the house in front, like sentinels. Mrs. Isaac Long, Philip Brown, and others, all of whom lived in the early part of the last century.

The dark-eyed lady leans over the

balcony, impatient to see the bonnets in a case on the lower floor; chief among them is the brown leghorn worn by Mollie Stark, the wife of Gen. John Stark of Revolutionary fame. It was given to the society in 1877, by her granddaughter, Miss Harriett M. Stark. That ancient headgear, known as a "Calash," was

front of the Timothy Dexter mansion, Main street, Newburyport, Mass. This house is still standing, though it has passed out of the Dexter name, and most of the statuary that once ornamented the grounds has been destroyed. The story of long ago is that Timothy Dexter was a "lucky man;" everything he



Interior of Antiquarian Rooms.

once the property of Joanna Carter Buswell, in 1830. We long to throw open the glass case and have them photographed to present to our readers, but alas! we cannot go beyond lock and key. Therefore the "powder horn," carried into battle by Gen. John Stark, and the huge poke bonnet worn in the times of peace that followed the war, by his good wife, can be seen only in imagination by the reader.

Here is an old leathern pocket book made in 1680. This large smooth stone came from the lawn in

touched turned to gold. Once, with more desire for speculation than knowledge of foreign ports and people, he sent a ship load of warming pans to the East Indies to be sold to the natives. Ignorant of their proper use, they purchased them and took the main part for ladles to dip the molasses, while the covers were used for strainers. Thus Timothy Dexter increased his wealth by this, as well as many other like ventures, much to the amusement of his fellow townsmen.

The beams of the afternoon sun

came aslant through the western window, and still those large dark eyes are peering at the old blue china, the pewter ware, the brass candlesticks, and the curious shaped dishes of long ago. The latest addition of this kind is the "Plummer Collection," owned by George Plummer of Henniker. It was deposited here by his sister who settled the estate, after his decease in 1901, in fulfilment of his wish. It is a rare and attractive assortment, valued at several hundred dollars.

While we are riding homeward in the twilight, talking of all we have seen, the question is asked, "When and where was this society formed?" This is the story: Forty years have come and gone since the first step toward the formation of this society was taken. On a November evening, in 1859, three young men of Hopkinton met and formed a club known as the Philomathic club. It was limited to seven members. The club was seven years old before the seven chairs were filled, the first three of the following list being the originators of the club: George E. Crowell, Silas Ketchum, Darwin C. Blanchard, Harlan P. Gage, Henry A. Fellows, Henry C. Day, and George H. Ketchum. At the present time only two of these men are living, George E. Crowell of Brattleboro,

Vt., and George H. Ketchum of Ashland, N. H. In a chamber in a cottage house upon the southern slope of Beech Hill, then the home of George E. Crowell, the meetings were held. Here, one by one, the first articles of this large collection were gathered together and placed upon shelves around the room. The club continued to meet here until October 6, 1868, when the Crowell homestead passed into other hands, and the cabinet was taken to Henniker for a few years. The year 1872 found it located in Contoocook. By this time the collection of minerals, relics, and natural curiosities had grown until they filled several small rooms. They could not be properly protected from constant handling by visitors, and some valuable things were liable to be worn out or destroyed. Soon after 1873 the name of the society was changed to the New Hampshire Antiquarian society.

There seemed great need of a more commodious and better arranged building. As the need grew more apparent the friend above mentioned came forward with her generous offer to build and fit up the place where we have spent this pleasant afternoon. It now remains with the public to perpetuate her memory by continued interest and substantial aid.

THE WRAITH OF THE STORM.

By Albert Annett.

In my cabin snug and fast,
I heard the moan of the winter blast;
And I feared, as I saw by my lamp's dim light,
Through the elfin dance of the snowflakes white,
The wraith of the storm go past.

ON WIDE COLUMBIA'S SHORE.

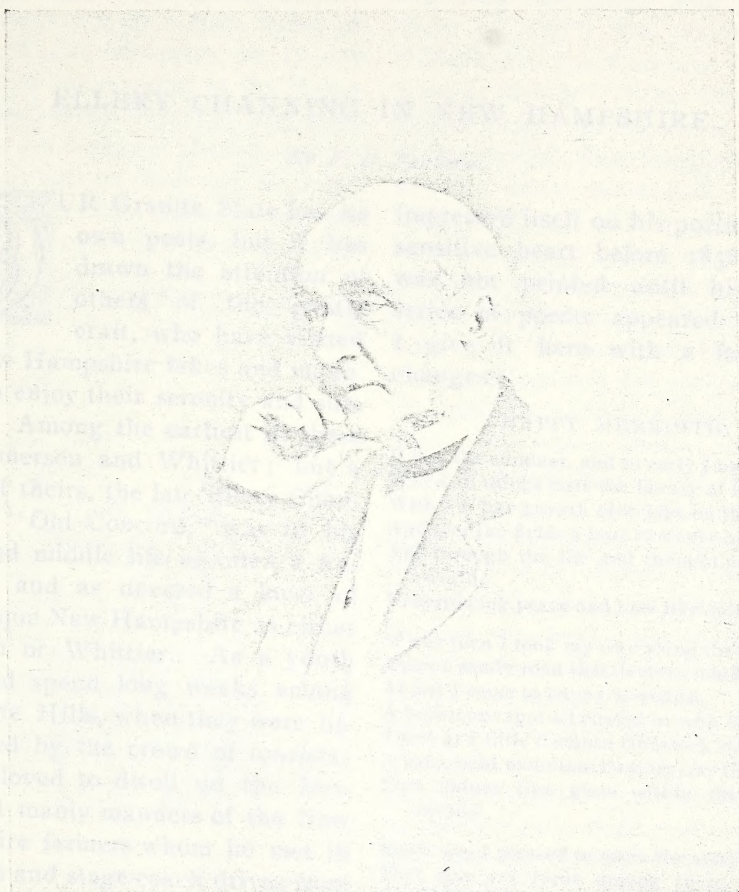
By Walter Cummings Butterworth.

All silent, yet so swiftly burn'd the sun—
Light of another century low; and all
Unnoticed sank the blazing sun that mark'd
The hasty flight of each brief day that pass'd
Unheeded to the boundless realms of that
Eternal gulf of time that moves aback—
Forever farther off. While we press on,
And on, yet deeper and still deeper in
Upon another reach of time that moves
Forever on before.

And now we pause
Amid these morning hours which mark the dawn
Of a new and grander century's peerless reign;
And here look back upon the long, long train
Of years which form our country's life; and each
Event that holds its vital place within
Her honored walls. All, all her triumphs and
Reverses, and her strivings all. Nor from
The erring human gaze let there one deed
Escape. All, all her great men, all who serv'd,
Or held the reins of state; for tho' their deeds
Were great or small, still her servants were,
And help'd to mould her fate.

Sail on! "Sail on!
O ship of state; sail on, O Union," grand!
Plow strong and deep the heaving main, cleave not
The wave-worn shore. As fathers of an infant land
Press'd o'er the western plain; o'er the Rockies' snow-
Crown'd heights; onward to the "Golden Gate," and gave
To young America this glorious domain:
So let the seamen of our time sail o'er
The rolling wave, and bear to earth's most distant port
The banner of the free. And thus, for aye,
No more the "stars and stripes" shall be a stranger on
The deep.

Arise! My countrymen, arise!
Lead forth with master-hand. Forever may
Thy watchword be: Union, Light, and Liberty!
And forever keep that flag aloof
From conquest and oppression, tho' on the land,
Or on the sea; imperial in right:
A model to the nations. Let kingdoms of
The Orient; let proud old Europe's lore, behold
The silver mantle fall on wide Columbia's shore.



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O'er the far intervale that dimly lies
 In every region placed, o' the skies,
 Come northern breezes o'er the sleeping field,
 And little vexed amidst the great deeps, gird
 Their snowy curtains to the venting air,
 The build again for architect's despair,
 The alabaster cornice from the wall
 That the next moment in new forms shall fall.

William Ellery Channing.

ELLERY CHANNING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By F. B. Sanborn.



OUR Granite State has its own poets, but it has drawn the attention of others of the gentle craft, who have visited the New Hampshire lakes and mountains to enjoy their serenity and sublimity. Among the earliest of these were Emerson and Whittier; but a friend of theirs, the late Ellery Channing of "Old Concord," was in his early and middle life as often a frequenter and as devoted a lover of picturesque New Hampshire as either Emerson or Whittier. As a youth he would spend long weeks among the White Hills, when they were little visited by the crowd of tourists; and he loved to dwell on the freedom and manly manners of the New Hampshire farmers whom he met in his walks and stage-coach drives from the head waters of the Merrimack to the hostleries of Ethan and Tom Crawford at the foot of Mount Washington. A native Bostonian, born near the spot where Emerson was born fifteen years earlier, he was not so occupied in youth with college tasks or the active duties of life that he could not give much time to the joys of Nature. Before he was twenty-one he went to McHenry county in Illinois as a pioneer, and dwelt there for two years in a log cabin, in what is now the city of Woodstock, near the Wisconsin border. The picture that he draws of Meredith and its rural inhabitants must have

impressed itself on his poetic eye and sensitive heart before 1838; but it was not printed until his second series of poems appeared in 1847. I give it here with a few slight changes:

HAPPY MEREDITH.

It was the summer, and in early June,—
When all things taste the luxury of health,
With the free growth of foliage on the trees,
And o'er the fields a host of clover blooms;
And through the life and thought of the fresh world,
Unsorrowing peace and love like softest air.

'Twas then I took my way along the hills
Upon a sandy road that devious winds;
At last I came to happy Meredith,
A beauteous spot all circled in with heights.
There at a little distance Gunstock stands,—
A bare, bold mountain looking o'er the lake
That shines like glass within the emerald meads.

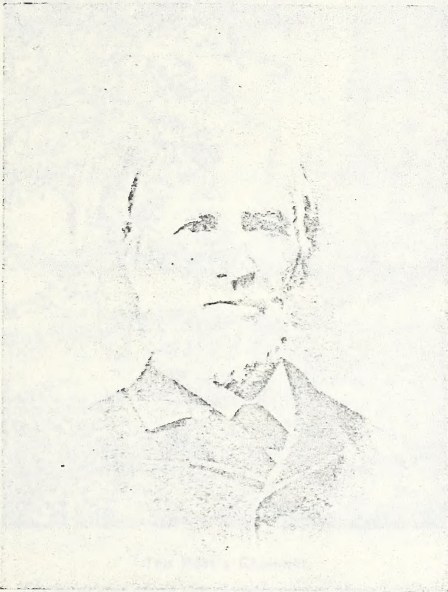
Much was I pleased to mark the simple life
That man yet leads among these mountain shades;
Nor failed to see a Farmer who was born
Upon the side of Gunstock, where his sire
Had tilled the fertile soil,—himself a son
Of Nature, framed to love the heights and fields.

The meaning of the landscapes, in his heart,
Shone with a rural splendor, and his eye
Trembled with humor as it roved abroad,
Gladdened by each familiar scene of youth;
While in his mind the words of men were stored,—
Quaint phrases and wise sayings manifold.

Not often have I met so wise a man,
Nor often heard such merry words, and learned
That Nature pours her wealth unstinted forth
Upon the unknown, careless and remote.

Ellery Channing, after his prairie experiences in northern Illinois, went to live in Cincinnati for a year or two, where he had pupils and studied

law,—having previously studied medicine practically for a time under his father, Walter Channing, M. D., one of the visiting surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and a lecturer in the Harvard Medical School. At Cincinnati he made the acquaintance of Miss Ellen Fuller, a younger sister of Margaret Fuller, and they



Calvin H. Greene, of Rochester, Mich.

(*Friend of Thoreau and Ellery Channing. See Dr. Jones's "Collection of Thoreau's Letters."*)

were married in the autumn of 1842, shortly after the marriage of Hawthorne with Miss Sophia Peabody, who then went to live in the Old Manse at Concord, Mass. The Channings followed the Hawthornes to Concord in April, 1843, and there Ellery Channing continued to live, with brief absences in New York (1844), Europe (1845), New Bedford (1855-'57), and Dorchester (1856), until his recent death, December 23, 1901, at the age of 83. From Concord he made excursions

into New Hampshire with Thoreau, some of which are noted in the "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers." Like Thoreau he formed a close acquaintance with one of the typical New England farmers of the early nineteenth century, George Minot, who lived in a picturesque cottage near Emerson's garden, and whose small farm adjoined Emerson's few acres. Unlike Channing and Thoreau and Hawthorne, George Minot was not a Rambler, but the most stay-at-home body in Concord. He was a distant relative of Captain Jonas Minot, who had married Thoreau's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Dunbar, after the death of her husband, Asa Dunbar, of Keene (where Thoreau's mother, Cynthia Dunbar, was born), and it was at his grandmother's house in Concord that Henry Thoreau was born in 1817. Perhaps this fact brought Thoreau into intimacy with George Minot and his sister Mary; but Channing was for some years their near neighbor, and had opportunity to make a pen portrait of this Concord farmer.

In 1853, when the three friends, Emerson, Channing, and Thoreau, undertook to contribute to a volume (to be called "Concord Walks" or "Country Walking") which Channing was to edit, but which never came out as a book, Channing contributed a sketch of George, under the fanciful name of "Angelo." A portion of this (pages 265-266 of the original manuscript of "Country Walking") is here given in fac-simile, as Channing wrote it out in 1853. This came into my hands some twenty years ago, and in 1898, when I was writing, at my son Victor's request, a chapter on "The New

Hampshire Way of Life, 1800-1860" for the "Sanborn Genealogy," which was so admirably printed by the Rumford Printing Company, I copied, as illustrative of the farmers I had known in eastern New Hampshire, Channing's sketch of his neighbor. A portion of this may interest the readers of the



The Poet's Chamber.

The windows above the shrubbery are those looking west from the rooms of Ellery Channing, since September, 1891.

GRANITE MONTHLY, who will recognize some features of the portrait. Indeed, while visiting Francestown a dozen years ago, I found in a country store there, very much such an Angelo as George Minot was.

A WINTER WALK.

The winter sunsets and the winter twilights rain slowly into our valley, and our river gleams in reflections through the bridges and across the wide meadows. I wish that Both and Berghem had paid us a visit this evening, and so re-peopled their minds with nature. The beauty of our December sunsets is unwritten and unpainted. First there comes the warmer orange, then the firm, lustrous apple-

green; while higher, to the zenith, rushes the light yet glorious roseate effulgence,—fading above by imperceptible shades into the softest of delicate blues. Does not this extreme of Summer and the point of Winter's nose recall to your mind our old friend Angelo, that late russet apple hanging on the New England tree? By himself now,—the survivor, we may say, of a long line of such,—a relic of men that were old by virtue of having lived, young by reason of not exhausting the good of life. Church, state, and society generally Angelo coldly omits, leaving their preservation to womankind. "You do not go to meeting," said I once to him. "No." "But why don't you go? your sister does." "I don't want to," was his answer,—"blast em!" Singular ancient skeptic—Angelo yet impresses me with a feeling of religion. In the intensity of his unbelief there is belief; in the absoluteness of his hate there is love. He has Thomas Audley's opinion, who, in 1600, said of English ministers, "Their religion is a mere preach." Be the day ever so fair, Angelo can pick a flaw in it ere nightfall; be the crop ever so enormous, the veteran declares that "Carn ain't nothin'!" his homely pronunciation smelling of earthworms and ground-nuts, husks of corn, and hop-vines. Yellow he calls "yaller," moderate, "mawdrate;" and he said of a close day, "Kind o'seltry." This rich alteration in his pronouncement,—this brave and noble contempt for the rules of grammar, has long impressed me as a privilege accorded to those who rank high in the affections of the old god Tellus. Of course, Angelo is a husbandman by constitution; he reminds me of beans, plow-fields, deep grass, hoeing, and corncake. Everything local, homely, rustic, square, is his. He has never ridden on the railroad,—not he. He was in Boston once as a volunteer in the last war, and has not gone there since. He has one book, "Lives of the Buccaneers." He admires hens, kittens, robins, bluebirds, pigeons. His discourse sets me dreaming of valleys in New Hampshire, with a single cabin in their range,—vales where new milk is plenty, sweet butter to be had, and a treat of maple syrup.

This was the face of New Hampshire which presented itself to the first visitors from cities and from Europe,—Dr. Jacob Bigelow, the Channings, Miss Martineau, etc.,—as they went toward the White hills, or along the lakes of Merrimack and Belknap counties, driving in country wagons, or on the top of stage-

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The remains ^{me} ~~the spectacle~~ of beans, plough-
fields, deep gray, hoeing, & corn-cakes.
Everything ~~and~~ local, namely, rustic,
square, is his. He has never ridden on
the railroad; not he. He was in Boston
once, as a volunteer in the last war, &
has not gone to that place since.

~~And he is~~ ~~He has a~~
book; that ~~is~~ being a countryman;
is the "Lives of The Buccaneers."
~~Nothing~~ He admires ~~more~~ ~~than~~ these,
Kittens, robins, bluebirds, pigeons. His
discourse sets me dreaming of ~~any~~ vale
in New Hampshire with a single cabin
in this range, - vales where new milk
is plenty, sweet butter to be had, &
a treat of maple-syrup. Old New
England is that a bit, which Angelo

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came, before the American revolution had
 got over ~~you~~, when new run flowed in
 rivers, for luxurious plenty, & living pre-
 vailed. Little pears then grew like ~~lump~~
~~of~~ ^{gold} ~~tree~~, as high tree, in solitary pastures,
 quack whistled out of the pear in each wood,
 and people arose at three in the morning.
 Then Angels truly lived, in those luxurious
 revolutionary Arabian Nights, all liberty
 and mugs of flip. Reflowing was in
 stately dreams and gorgeous reminiscence.
 Once he broached for me the secret of those
 holy days. "The world is turned upside
 down" said he, "since I was a boy. There
 were cold long winters then, — solid, and
 the cast or harkkon wood fetcht two
 dollars a cord. The snow did not fly
 off after it ~~was~~ once was on, but lay :

coaches, with the merry and familiar driver. My brother, the doctor, traversing the forest of Kilkenny, in the one stage road through that abandoned mountain township, on a deer-shooting excursion with a cousin famous for his shots at sea fowl, heard this fable from the wagoner, a mountaineer Minot:

I was drivin' stage through this piece o' woods some years ago, when I come all to once on a rabbit settin' on the brush fence an' cryin' as if his heart would break. Bein' a good-natured man, an' fond of askin' questions, I spose,—jest as you are,—I stopt the hosses, and said, "What ails ye there? kin a feller do anythin' to help ye through yer trouble?" The rabbit wiped his eyes with his tail as well as he could, and said to me, "Stranger, my father died last week and left me two hundred acres of this land, an' I've got to get my livin' off on it;" an' then he bust out cryin' ag'in. "G'lang," said I to the hosses, "can't do a thing to help ye, if it's as bad as that."

Such was the legend of the Kilkenny rabbit. Channing goes on:

Old New England is that out of which Angelo came before the Revolution had got well over,—when new rum flowed in rivers, and a luxurious plenty of living prevailed. Seckel pears then grew like lumps of gold on high trees in solitary pastures,—quails whistled out of the grass in each meadow,—and people got up at three o'clock in the morning. Then Angelo truly lived,—in those luxurious Revolutionary Arabian Nights,—all liberty and mugs of flip. He flourishes now but in stately dreams and gorgeous reminiscence. Once did he broach for me the secret of those holy days. "The world's turned upside down," said he, "sence I was a boy; there was cold, long winters then,—solid,—and the bast o' hakkory wood fetched two dollars a cord. Snow did n't fly off after 't was once on, but lay there; summer was short—hat—all yaller days. We used ter have things in abundance in them times, and men used to live twice as long as they do now,—old style, you know. Craps were somethin' then; earn was powerful. That's all over in these abominable times,—an' I'm sorry for it,—ain't you?" A hundred times has Angelo told me this melancholy tale,—on the fairest, clearest days, when heaven was shining like a new dime, and the peace of Paradise shimmering in the sunlight; he standing in fields deep with grass, in the midst of corn-

fields covered with drooping ears of promise,—and himself now gone over seventy healthful summers. 'Tis so with true old-fashioned New Englanders; no drop of faith trickles through their souls. The railroad has proved their pest,—the abolition of "May trainin'" and the inroad of Irish laborers, whom more than poison they hate. Angelo raises in his garden beans, peppers, onions; he has a pole for hops,—"*hops*," as he says. Being so much in the society of vegetables, as he is, I once turned his thoughts to flesh-diet, and told him of French soups. "You!" he replied (a common mode he has of beginning discourse), "I like biled vittles." "So do I," was my answer; "but let us put in the potatoes, carrots, peas, and salt, and omit the meat." "You—that's all the fun on 't!" was his reply. I have never known him tript in his discourse; his machine of wit is ever in good playing order, and he can hit any object from a five-cent piece to a cardinal's hat. Of course he has the rheumatism, like every New England farmer, chews tobacco, never turns his shirt-sleeves down, and is of a deep Indian-red color.



The Minot House, Concord, Mass., 1760.

Such were the humorous pictures drawn by this irregular genius at five-and-thirty. Years passed; his friends, Thoreau and Hawthorne, died, he was left more solitary than Nature framed him, and then he revisited Monadnock, that lovely New Hampshire mountain; sometimes with a troop of younger friends, the children of his earlier companions, and once with me alone. In September, 1869, we spent almost a whole week there in fine weather, sleeping in a hut of spruce boughs, where he had formerly camped with Thoreau, although



The Sanborn House.

Residence of the Poet Channing since September, 1891.

another camp, on a more eastern spur of the mountain, looking off upon Jaffrey, bears in his long poem, "The Wanderer," the name of "Henry's Camp." From notes taken in these visits Channing made up in 1870 that canto in his poem called "Mountain," and sent it to me, then living in Springfield, Mass., to obtain a publisher. I had the verses copied, in order to preserve the autograph manuscript, and from the latter now reproduce this striking picture of life on Monadnock, with occasional changes from the printed page which the poet revised.

NIGHTLY MEMORIES OF THOREAU.

Thus could Idolon image his red race,
While o'er our heads the night-hawks darting
swarm

(On sharded wing the unwary beetles then
Like Indians to the godly, falling in),
Ripped through the empty space. And the
young stars,—

The glittering Pleiades and Orion's crest,
Or she who holds the chair, Cassiopœa,
Or swift Bootes driving from the North,

xxxii—11

And the red flame of war, the torrid Mars,
Oft added to our strange society
On those religious nights, when all the air
That lingered on the rocks was fragrant with a
flower

Not of this lowland life. Then flit abroad
Dim figures on the solitary stones:
Almost I see the figure of my friend
Scaling the height or running o'er the slabs;
I hear his call, for which I listened long,—
His fresh response, as swift I shouted back,
Echoes in the space,—see, see his light form
Bound o'er the dark crevasse, or thread the slide
Where never from the year deserts the ice!

Stay! 'twas a shadow fluttering off the past,
A multiplex of dreams that kindled thus:
But, if near eve, the circle of small lakes
Around the mountain's foot securely drawn,
Like smoothest mirrors sent me back the world
Caught from their cheerful shores,—or, slow re-
vealed,

Came forth new lakes, or even what meseemed
A river in one path,—I thought I heard
My old companion's voice, who in his heart
Did treasure all these joys.

DAYS ON MONADNOCK.

And great those days
And splendid on the hills, when the wild winds
Forever sweep the clouds,—at once re-formed,—
From off the plateau's slope,—and at a breath
Up start the sunlit valleys sweet with morn,—

The hamlet's homely grange, the dappled
shades
Thrown from the sultry clouds that sail its
heaven;
And in a second instant the wild mists
Instantly obscure; the valley vanishes;—
Gone as a flitting vision from the skies.

Poised in my airy pinnacle, I see
(The darting swallow whirring swiftly by)
At dizzy depths, far in the valleys womb,
Through zigzag coil of alders, a black thread,
The serpentine progression of the stream,
Playing its rival flute-notes all the year;
See the herds feeding on the tiresome hills,—
Enormous to the herdsman,—and to me
As flat and motionless as I to him
Obliterate.

* * * * *

Then search we out the mazy village roads
Stealing from town to town,—a sweet response
Greeting our hearts where human feet have
trod;

And village spire, and gleams of pine-clad lake,
And rippling river playful in the sun,—
Glances of human sunshine on the shore
Where Labor pulsates. All these signs, and
more,

That earth from *this* divorce,—O far apart
Then, when the dying orb behind the range
Gilds the Sierra,—and on this, the Night,
Thrown from his Alpine shoulders, fills our
souls.

Every one who has spent hours or
days on Monadnock, looking off on

Dublin and Marlborough, Troy and
Fitzwilliam, and the more distant
towns, will recognize these pictures
of that charming scenery. With
eastern New Hampshire Channing
seems not to have been familiar,
though he was much at Newburyport,
and occasionally crossed the Merri-
mack and called on Whittier in his
cottage at Amesbury. His own sea-
shore haunts were at Plymouth and
Cape Cod, which he has described in
verse with equal fidelity to the scenes
and emotions that Ocean, not less than
mountains, furnish. For years, how-
ever, as age came on and his chosen
companions died, he withheld his
steps from mount and stream and sea;
would not sail his own Concord river,
nor thread the woodpaths he once
knew as well as the citizen knows his
daily street; and died tranquilly at
last, within sight of the hills and
meadows he had loved to ramble
across with Emerson, Hawthorne, or
Thoreau, beside whose buried dust
his own ashes will rest in the village
cemetery.



The Concord Meadows, below Nashawtuc.

A CALL TO PRAYER.

By Adrienne Webster.

Played by a master's hand,
The organ pealed its notes of solemn praise,
The air about was worshipful, and yet my soul
Disturbed, could find no help within the house of prayer.
When sudden in my weary ear
A peewee, just without the door,
Sang sweet and clear and in all plaintiveness,
"See me,—hear me—here!"

And ever through the service it did call
This messenger from heaven sent,
Till what before was restless and distraught
Became at peace, and 't was all content
While the bird-voice rose sweeter still and clear
And worshiped with me,
"See me—hear me—here!"

EVERY-DAY APHORISMS.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

What we term worldly wisdom is
often sheer foolishness.

Ideas are crystallized thoughts.

Do not stain your lips with an
oath or your lives with an improper
action.

The less a man knows, the greater
should be his capacity for silence.

Some lives are an inspiration, some
are a warning.

Youth is forever hallowed by the
sweet flowers of memory.

It is better to turn the grindstone
of adversity than to sit in the ham-
mock of luxury.

To profit by the misfortunes of
others is not business capacity, it is
moral robbery.

A girl's intelligence is often judged
by her millinery.

If you wish to be remembered do
something for the children.

When our virtues become a com-
modity we have forfeited our self-
respect.

The sweetest songs are those that
are never sung, the fairest flowers
those that are never gathered.

Some men think they are square
edge boards when they are only
slabs.

For a few moments' pleasure we
often endure an eternity of pain.

Every life has its mountain of
transfiguration and its valley of
tears.

Who can find us the birthplace of
the lily or the pathway of the wind?

If the devil pays you a visit you
need not invite him in.

No sympathy was ever wasted and
no love ever given in vain.

To live for ourselves alone is mis-
fortune, to live for others glory.

A WEEK IN A WOOD-HOUSE CHAMBER.

By J. M. Willard.



N attic is an attic. A week in a wood-house chamber is lots of things. Grandfather must have had an inspiration when he put both attic and back chamber in the old home. Not musty little tucked-up ratholes, nor rickety garrets, but fine large spaces forty or fifty by sixty feet and open to the ridgepole, great square-hewed beams and plates, such as little Emily might have looked up to, had some great tidal wave turned Mr. Peggoty's home bottom up.

The first was somewhat more imposing than the other. In it stood long lines of superannuated trunks, filled with diaries and woollens in tobacco leaves. Along the wall were piles of papers and magazines, *Boston Records* and *Weekly Journals*, each bunch carefully wound with cotton twine, and each containing exactly fifty-two numbers. On a spare bedstead lay six or eight extra feather beds carefully covered from the dust, and on shelves nearby stand, side by side, several bulky editions of the "Census" and the long, thin, Psalm-tune books of our grandfathers. To be sure, the attic has its playhouse with little glass cups and blocks, but a sort of girl's playhouse it is. There is not a single evidence of disorder in the whole place, except, perhaps, the earless pitchers and other discarded china distributed about under the various leaks of the skylights.

On the other hand, the wood-house chamber is a sort of place for everything, and everything in it. Through it runs the great, square, rough chimney from the wash room, and nearby the high swing, then the barrel of butternuts, dear to every boy's heart, the tool room in the corner, which secured the various farm implements, with seed drawers, shelves for miscellaneous bits of hardware, spinning wheels, croquet set, etc. Under the eaves lie an assortment of old stove pipes, a washing machine or two, and various weird heaps of stored furniture attract the attention, as one wanders in little paths through last year's crop of sage and sweet marjoram drying on the floor.

How many days I have defied the rain to spoil a good time and gone to the wood-house chamber, hot always in summer and cold always in winter, but the same unfailing source of entertainment. How well one remembers such a playhouse in after years! Every year adds a new halo about it. Every return to the old home gives one another chance to lose himself in it.

One is not surprised in such a place to find anything, be it a mouse over in the seed drawer or marble monument in the corner. It is soon forgotten, whatever it is, and its sudden recovery is discovery, and yet it seems almost as if one could go through the mazes of the old attic at midnight and in total darkness and not stub one's toes. Everything has

a familiar look, even after years of absence. No other attic has quite the same atmosphere for us.

And so it came about that while I mused upon the past I noticed for the first time, so it seemed, a great heap upon the floor, covered with a horse blanket and boards. From one corner a book peeped out, and my student instincts drove me to it,

For 'a that
And for 'a that
A book is a book
For 'a that.
(With apologies to the poet.)

I threw back the covers and began to pick them over. At first I found nothing of any great interest. There was the same big pile of *Congressional Records*, printed in the fifties, that had laid there ever since I could remember, still in the mailing covers in which they left the government printing office in Washington, and these were buttressed about with goodly piles of agricultural and patent office reports, which may sometime go to the soapmaker as the oldest library in the world is said to have done,—I do not know for what use.

The first interesting things to turn up were the old muster book of the town, containing the roster of the town militia for the first part of the century. Then the older town treasurer's books, in which the largest items are the school moneys and the minister's salary, the latter \$365 per year. Poor man! How could he be what he was on a dollar a day? Then I began to turn up book after book, rare and curious, of forgotten lore, such as I had never dreamed of. It seemed almost as romantic as Sir Humphrey Davy's unrolling the Metropolitan library of Herculaneum after nineteen centuries.

I read books bad and good—Some bad and good
At once (Good aims not always make good books,
Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling soils
In digging vineyards even); books that prove
God's being so definitely, that man's doubt
Grows self-defined the other side the line
Made atheist by suggestion; moral books,
Exasperating to license; Genial books,
Discounting from the human dignity;
And merry books which set you weeping when
The sun shines—ay, and melancholy books,
Which make you laugh that any one
Should weep,

In this disjointed life, for one wrong more.

—*Mrs. Browning in "Aurora Leigh,"*

Book I, Line 793.

But the third call has come for dinner. I reluctantly brush the dust off my clothes, and with blackened hands go down stairs, dreaming of the lost libraries of antiquity,—of the great Alexandrine collections of Ptolemy and Cleopatra and their successors, that perished or were scattered no one knows exactly how; of the old chests and dusty alcoves in the monasteries, that hide away for centuries all we know of Roman grandeur and Grecian glory. Presently I am to endeavor to tell you something of what I found under the horse blanket and boards, for as yet I had only partially uncovered my treasure.

My father gave me the history of important additions made to this pile of books since I left home, which was somewhat as follows: After the passage of the High School law of the state some years ago, the town fathers found it expedient to purchase the Academy building, which is a substantial three-story, brick building for its graded school. Now this academy, like so many in New England, once very flourishing, failed to keep pace with its more

fortunate sisters, mainly through lack of any endowment. Built by subscription, under the leadership of my grandfather, in the time of his father, the shares of the corporation naturally drifted into the family, by purchase or otherwise, and when the sale was made to the town and the building cleared out by the workmen for new occupants, these books, among other things, had been transferred to my father's wood-house chamber. But I said, "Does not the town library wish them?" To which my father replied that the town librarian had gone through the academy library and taken out all she thought would be of any use to them. Furthermore he said, "I wrote to the college nearby in regard to them and they did not reply." He further said, "You can have whatever you want of them except the 'History of Upper Coös.'" Now, this is the oldest history of the settlement of the Connecticut valley, very hard to obtain, and he rightly believed that I would find a copy there, as I did the following day. He told me that he had found, during the cleaning up at the academy, a copy of Belknap's "New Hampshire," three volumes, a very rare and valuable history published during the middle of the last century. He showed the books to me after dinner; they were in perfect condition, and my fingers began to itch for a chance to make some such find myself. I was on fire to discover.

At the next opportunity I hurry up into the fiery furnace (as one might almost call the shed chamber in August) and draw forth my first prize, Boswell's "Life of Johnson," complete in three volumes, tree calf.

Ha! Ha! I said aloud. *First American Edition*, published in Boston, 1807. Yes, I hugged it tight lest I should lose it and began to read. At the top of the page my great grandfather's signature, whose book it was and whose signature I do not know that I had ever seen, gave it a touch of sentiment, and then those familiar words, "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D., comprehending an account of his studies, etc., etc., etc., the whole exhibiting a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain for nearly half a century, during which he flourished." Next comes William Law's "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life. London; 1797."

"Dr. Johnson," says Boswell (Vol. I, page 59), "communicated to me the following particulars upon the subject of his religious progress: 'When I was at Oxford, I took up Law's "Serious Call to a Holy Life," expecting to find it a dull book (as such books generally are), and perhaps to laugh at it, but I found Law quite an overmatch for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion after I became capable of rational inquiry.'" I have just read this testimony in Boswell's "Johnson," and I lay the book down with somewhat more of reverence. The great lexicographer may have overestimated it. I do not know, but if it helped to make his character and that of old England and New England of a century or a century and a half ago, I honor it.

But how about Goldsmith, Johnson's young friend? Why, of course, his "Animated Nature," is there, four volumes; the dog kind, the scor-

pion kind, the eagle kind, the monkey kind, and mankind, read to pieces, half the leaves completely worn away. Here, too, is his "History of England," which was written about the time he made the acquaintance of "The Great Cham of Literature," as he dubbed the learned Doctor in the language of his Chinese letters to the *Public Ledger*, "First American Edition," pirated no doubt by the good Scotchman, R. Campbell, Bookseller, Philadelphia, 1795.

Yes! and here comes Goldsmith's classmate at Trinity college, Dublin, "The Right Honorable," so the title page justly styles him, Edmund Burke. Oh, what a treasure! Complete works, 4 volumes, all here. "First American Edition," Boston, 1806. *Bel exemplaire, remarquable par son état de conservation* Edition *princeps rarissime*, as a French catalogue would say. Friend of the oppressed; rebuker of the insolence of power and the excesses of petty tyranny, as well as the fierce ragings of successful and unprincipled democracy; champion of justice, mercy and truth; writer of one of the best styles of his time, possibly; three things seem to have called out his eloquence: The contest of the American colonies, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the French Revolution.

Here is another of Johnson's contemporaries and admirers—"Dr. Adam Smith's Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," 2 volumes, Hartford, 1804, apparently a reprint of the fourth London edition. Here is another of Johnson's friends—"Hugh Blair, Sermons," 3 volumes. Blair was professor of Rhetoric and Belle Lettres at Edinburg on £70 a year. Johnson almost had to force

the printer to give £100 for the first volume, but he gave £300 for the second, and £600 for the third. There are frequent references to this man in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," who kept repeating, "I was the first to praise him."

In Vol. I, page 430 of this same life, I was just reading Dr. Johnson's strictures on the Scotch writers of his day, especially of one Dr. Robertson whose books are in my pile. Boswell, who is of Scotch descent, is naming over some of the principal living Scotch authors. Finally, Johnson begins, "Do you ever see Dr. Robertson?" Boswell, "Yes, sir." Johnson, "Does the dog talk of me?" Boswell, "Indeed, sir, he does and loves you." Thinking that now he had Dr. Johnson in a corner, and being solicitous for the literary fame of his country, Boswell pressed him for his opinion of Dr. Robertson's History of Scotland, but he escaped. "Sir," he said, "I love Robertson, and I will not talk of his book."

The library I had discovered, as you see, does not appear to be like St. Victor's library, in Paris, which Rabelais says, "Had nothing in it but trash and rubbish." Pentagruel II. 7. You may be familiar with Rabelais, but you may like to have me recall a part of the list of books he found there. Here are the titles:

1. Pomegranate of Vice.
 2. Mustard Pot of Penance.
 3. Crucible of Contemplation.
 4. Goad of Wine.
 5. Cure's Rasp on the Knuckles.
 6. The Pilgrim's Spectacles.
 7. The Prelate's Bag-pipe.
 8. The Lawyer's Furred Cat.
- Etc., etc.

Some of my pile did have, I confess, a serious air about them, and some of the more strictly religious

books almost an oppressive atmosphere. Such were,

1. Poor but Happy.
2. Baxter's Call to the Unconverted,

of which latter 20,000 copies were sold the first year, in spite of Cromwell. The author seems about equally good at making sinners worry and saints rest.

3. "A Cheap Repository of Tracts" by Anon and Ibid.
4. William Guthrie's "Christian's Great Interest,"

a century and a half old, printed by and, I understand, at the expense of John Bryce, Glasgow, and "sold by him in his shop in the salt market."

5. Fuller's Systems.
6. William Wilberforce's "Practical View of the Prevailing Religious Systems of Professed Christians in the higher and middle classes of the last century in Great Britain contrasted with *real* Christianity."

One almost smiles at Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good," when he reads on the title page, "Improved by Geo. Burder," who seems to have tried to do better. I chanced upon a rather interesting criticism of the book in another book of the pile, the "Life and Works of Benjamin Franklin." A letter to Samuel, son of Cotton Mathers, written from Paris, runs as follows:

"Permit me to mention one little instance, which though it relates to myself will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book entitled 'Essays to do Good,' which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by its former possessors that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life, for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good* than on any other kind of reputation, and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantages of it to that book."

Can it be that the great Franklin

drew his unique philosophy of life from this little book? Verily! He saith as much. Let me not despise it. I feel something of the same touch of power as I read for the first time the pages of this best known of all the three hundred or four hundred works of possibly the most remarkable man of his day.

Here follow three works of the famous Dr. Jonathan Edwards; one of them, a beautiful tree or spotted calf edition of his "Freedom of the Will," printed in Albany in 1804, together with a copy of Lock's "Human Understanding," which Edwards is said to have preferred to any other book when a student at Yale. These are all the theological works I shall mention at present, lest I should weary you with naming them. I did not find the percentage of theological works as great as both Emerson and the elder Hawthorne would have one believe. A study of the book plates and inscriptions showed in all three libraries before 1860

The Social Library,
The Social Union,
The Union.

The first was organized certainly as early as 1786, only twenty-one years after the first settler and his young wife built the first home in that northern wilderness. It was incorporated two years later under the laws of the state and continued in active operation until about 1820. The one hundred and ninety-seven volumes, which seem to have belonged to that first library, are the subject of this paper. Of these I was not a little surprised to find only *eighteen per cent. theological and religious.*

The largest group

History and politics	29 per cent.
Literature and Belle Lettres	18 per cent.

eighteen per cent., the equal of theology. Then

Biography	13 per cent.
Science	11 per cent.
Voyages and travels	7 per cent.
Miscellaneous	4 per cent.

It is probable that the true percentage of theological works was even less than eighteen per cent., for in this computation only the actual number of volumes extant are counted. No one is morally certain, as eleven out of the fourteen volumes of Dean Swift's works were in this library, and two out of five of Lawrence Stein's works, and one volume out of four of Hume's "History of England," etc., that *the others were there also*. And it seems quite probable that a larger number of books of a general character would be lost than those of a theological and religious character.

The library contained, as I have indicated, a large number of volumes on the political history of the country. Among them, of course, Marshall's "Life of Washington," five volumes, first edition—a remarkable book by a very remarkable man. One can almost see the young Marshall coming up from Virginia in his green hunting shirt with his "Don't tread on me" rattlesnake on the the bosom; making a personal acquaintance with Washington, which afterwards grew into a tender intimacy; going through the principal battles of the war; enduring the horrors of Valley Forge; at the head of our diplomatic service, under his own motto "Millions for defence; but not a cent for tribute," then sitting

down to write a sympathetic picture of what ought always to remain "the true Washington." Another set of books of considerable value are the first eight volumes of the "American State Papers and Public Documents." They cover the period 1789 to 1815, first edition. One could hardly pick out a period in the history of our government when the state papers would be of nearly equal interest. They give a complete view of our foreign relations from the accession of Washington to the close of the War of 1812.

You would hardly think a West Indian boy of disputed parentage, cast adrift on the world at thirteen years of age, growing up in the atmosphere of slavery, was good timber of which to make a statesman. Yet possibly the most brilliant statesman we have produced, a man whose fame is still growing, with only such a start, made reports "On the Public Credit," "On a National Bank," and "On the Establishment of a Mint," and addressed the people of the state of New York on the new constitution, so clearly and convincingly, in the *Federalist* as to not only win the respect of his contemporaries but command the admiration and direct the thinking and destinies of his countrymen since that time. Three volumes, first edition, bound in decorated leather, Philadelphia, 1820. A footnote to one of the pages of the preface of Volume I gives an item of interest:

"To the honor of our country, the respectable college in Providence, R. I., has introduced the *Federalist* into the course of academic studies, as containing the best commentary on the principles of free

government." Then follows considerable advice by the editor to the other colleges to go and do likewise. The next book I turn up is "The Official Letters of George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Forces, now President of the United States (1796)." There is a stroke of pride in that title page, methinks. A volume of the secret debates on the Federal constitution, and a volume of "Debates on the Judiciary" (Boston, 1802) follow.

Next a copy of "Novangalus," in the pungent, crisp, vivacious style of President Adams, to be edited by Jonathan Sewall, at one time well-known in New Hampshire as register of probates in Grafton county. Then three little volumes printed respectively in Boston, Newburgh, and Philadelphia. One of them (1785), contains (1) "The Constitution" of the several independent states; (2) The Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, treaties, etc. Another of these little books prides itself on including for the first time (1800), the constitution of Vermont, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, and "The Regulations for the Government of the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio." Then a copy of patriotic addresses presented to the president and his answers, when (1798) war was feared with France, and actually existed, though never declared. Talleyrand's insolent treatment of our special embassy. Adams had declared the failure of this commission. Marshall had raised the battle cry "Millions for defense but not a cent for tribute." An army is raised and Washington is again put in command. "Hail Columbia" is born,

and yet these addresses of the citizens of Harrisburg; the militia of Lancaster and Berks counties, the students of Dartmouth and Masons of Massachusetts strike one as rather flat and human. I have no time to speak of four or five naval histories and histories of the War of 1812. One of the former, "The Life of William Eaton," a graduate of Dartmouth college, 1790, who by tactful negotiations and altercations (1799) with the Bey of Tunis, in reference to the annual payment of tribute money, especially attracted my attention; but I will not speak of it further. "These are the books, the acts, the academies, that show, contain, and nourished" (Romeo and Juliet, 1-3) the makers of our Federal government.

Here are one or two curios: "Printed by Norman and Bowen in Marshall's Lane near the Boston Stone." (Const. of Amer.) Newton on "The Prophets," sold at the "Fly market"—possibly accounts for the book worms. Guthrie's "Christian's Great Interest," sold in the salt market, and finally, Owen "On Sin," published, as, no doubt, it was written, "near the cross." This book was No. 1 of the old library, a thing I looked long to find.

Robert Nasmith's "Entail of the Covenant of Grace," Glasgow, "printed opposite the College," 1771, was numbered 26, contains an inscription, undoubtedly authentic, presenting the book to the library and dated September 19, 1786. This inscription is, of course, interesting as fixing the early founding of this particular library. It also suggests the reflection that in many of the great libraries, as well as in many of the

smaller libraries, the public has benefited by the munificence of private individuals. One not only recalls the Astor and Lenox libraries of New York, the Peabody and Pratt libraries of Baltimore, the Newberry library of Chicago, the Sutro library of San Francisco, and Carnegie libraries everywhere, but remembers that all the great European libraries arose from the liberality and foresight of some sovereign. This was, I believe, the case with the *Bibliothèque National*.

On the other hand, the *British Museum Library* was founded at a time when literature was at its lowest ebb in England, by the gift of Hans Sloane. It is, however, sometimes very different to have a thing given to you and to have the thing. Many of these great libraries were entirely inaccessible to the public. Indeed they were as if they were not. When it was possible to obtain admission to them, the amount of material and poor classification often defeated their general aim, so that no one but a student who could go and live *with* the books could get any good out of them. This, no doubt, accounts in some measure for the fact that universities have clustered around and given birth to *great libraries*. Indeed some one has said that a great university is a great library and has not gone far wrong in his definition. One of Harvard's greatest boasts is her great library. When one thinks of it, however, there are other aims which may and often should lead to the establishment of libraries.

Free public libraries are as much an American institution as free public schools, and, as far as they go,

have sometimes proved quite as much of an educational factor in our national life. New York state has, with some measure of success, I believe, tried to cement the two by a law founding what are called school district libraries. Is it not strange that the first free town library in England started as late as 1853? The first act of parliament incorporating them was passed less than twenty-five years ago. The report of the first committee on public libraries in Great Britain said, "Our younger brethren, the people of the United States, have already anticipated us in the formation of libraries entirely open to the public." In 1847 Josiah Quincy of Boston suggested to the city council that they petition the state legislature for authority to levy a tax by which the city of Boston could establish a library free to all its citizens. Such a law was passed in 1848.

This library movement was particularly fortunate in its friends and supporters. Among them were Edward Everett and George Ticknor. The latter gave a good part of his life to it, and mapped out a policy for it so well done that it has never been improved. As a fruit of these labors, Boston has the finest library in the country, with the possible exception of the Government library at Washington, and you may go there a perfect stranger, as I have done, and consult it with entire freedom. As another result, three hundred and seventy-four of the three hundred and eighty-one towns of Massachusetts have free town libraries. An article in the October *Review of Reviews* gives several very good half tones of these *public buildings*.

W. F. Poole in his presidential address before the American Library Association, 1887, says, "New Hampshire in 1849 anticipated Massachusetts by two years in the adoption of a general library law." This is quite true and it is also a fact that New Hampshire had by special act of incorporation founded a *free public library* in Peterborough, in 1835, which has had a continuous and useful history till the present, and this was ten years before the foundation of the Boston public library or any other free public library in the world.

Both Massachusetts and New Hampshire have in their constitutions sections on the encouragement of literature. The former also recognizes Harvard college in that connection. The movement to form the free town library of Peterborough, N. H., seems to have resulted from the division of what is called the State Literary Fund. This fund was established in 1821, two years after the famous Dartmouth College case was settled by the decision of the supreme court. It was raised by an annual tax on the capital stock of the banks of the state and the original intention was to use it for the endowment of a state university. This plan was abandoned in 1828 when an act of the legislature was passed by which the fund was to be divided annually among the several towns of the state, for the "support and maintenance of common free schools or other purposes of education." Although this statute has often been revised the main idea is still unchanged. It was under this statute that Peterborough organized its town library, "being the first

town to realize the significance of the last clause and the educational importance of a *free library*."

These free libraries were preceded by public town libraries, owned by literary associations and educational bodies, but which were not free to the general public, nor did the public contribute to their support. The first subscription library in the world seems to have been due to Franklin, and was started in a coffee house in Philadelphia. The first order for books was sent to London in 1732, Newton's "Principia" being one on the list. The subscription was £2 a year for members. Others left pledges equal to the price of the books and paid besides 8d for reading a folio, 6d for a quarto, and 4d for others. The drawing of books was under the charge of a librarian and occurred once or twice a week. Franklin himself served as librarian the second year. Parton, Franklin's biographer, thinks that Franklin originated the idea of subscription libraries and also the idea of taking books home. Such libraries in New England almost universally had the word "social" in their corporate name and contributed very much to educating the people up to independence.

The *Orford Social Library*, of which I have been speaking, was the second such library to be incorporated in the state, the act granting such incorporation being dated in 1798. It will not be out of place, as I have already said a few words on the scientific books I found there, to name a few of the books which one would probably classify under the head of literature. Of course, there were a couple of copies of Milton's poetical works, one in two volumes,

quite interesting, and Bunyan's classic, "embellished with cuts." The likeness of President Kruger's head on a lion's body appears before the gate beautiful—strange combination for these times—and an Apollyon quite like an indigenous specimen of the Transvaal fighting with Christian in the valley.

Thackeray, in his "English Humorist," says, "I remember something like the following, 'If Swift's life was most wretched, Addison's was one of the most enviable.'"

A prosperous life
Calm death
An immense fame and
Affection afterward
For his happy and spotless name.

I have spoken already of fourteen volumes of Swift's works, published in London nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. Addison is represented by a two-volume edition of the "Spectator, Tatlers, and Guardians," first American edition, containing on its fly-leaf a copy of the rules of one of the early circulating libraries and part of an advertisement of a lottery. Nothing was more happy for the age of our grandparents than that many of them copied Addison's style.

Fielding is represented by a copy of his "Adventures of Joseph Andrews and Parson Adams." Library No. 23 could be kept five weeks. I wonder why. The book was, I believe, Fielding's choice of all his works. It contains a long preface, giving the author's idea of romance writing and realism, which is unusually entertaining. It may be in modern editions of the book—I don't know, but I venture to quote the following:

A comic romance is a comic epic poem in prose, differing from comedy as the serious prose from tragedy, the action being more extended and comprehensive containing a much larger circle of incidents and introducing a greater variety of characters.

Distinguishing his work from burlesque, he compares the work of Hogarth as a painter with the caricaturists, claiming that the ridiculous, and that only, falls within the province of his (Fielding's) present work. With regard to realism, he has these two sentences:

It hath been thought a vast commendation of a painter to say his figures seem to breathe: but surely it is much greater and nobler applause than they appear to think.

And again

For though everything is copied from the book of nature and scarce a character or action produced which I have not taken from my own observation, yet" . . . etc.

I will read no further, but go on to mention a two-volume edition of Robert Southey's "Remains of Kirk White," with copper plates, a very sweet specimen of biography; one volume of Dr. Johnson's "Rambles," edited by Alexander Chalmers; Campbell's poems, containing the poems, "The Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "Höhenlinden." In later books, Bulwer's "Athens," first American edition, Grote's "Greece," first American edition, might be mentioned, and many another till I should waste your patience.

So that all I say is "Mary Louisa, don't you want to go up to the attic and play with Papa?" She bobs her head and puts up her little hand and is beginning all over in *her* life my experiences in the wood-house chamber.

GOD'S FOOTSTOOL.

By George Warren Parker.

God's footstool, proof of love divine,
His richest gift to man,
Of stately faues, the fairest shrine
Where we with him may stand.

In starry sky, in earth and sea,
In peak and ocean strand,
In flower and blade, in shrub and tree,
We see His master hand.

The heavenly music of the sphere
Is near us ; let it in !
The murky air round self will clear
And we 'll be free from sin.

Help us in nature Thee to see,
Thou Spirit of Infinity !
May we more truly know Thy way,
And worship Thee to endless day.

TO MY GUN.

By Hale Howard Richardson.

I prize thee much, my handsome gun,
And pose thee in conspicuous place,
My decorating fancies run
To sporting trophies of the chase,
My bullet or my dollar won,
Enhancing thine artistic grace.

Such testimony to thy worth
Admiring eyes with wonder view,
No cognizance on this fair earth
Proclaims I say, " It was n't you."
Of honest work there was not dearth
In search of game that ran or flew.

I blame thee not, my worthy gun,
Friends demonstrate that thou canst shoot,
I've had with thee a lot of fun,
And gained a deal of health to boot ;
It compensates that thou hast done
Small harm to hapless bird or brute.

A FEW MEMORIES AND TRADITIONS OF SANBORNTON.¹

By Hannah Sanborn Philbrook.



SIXTY years ago—I was fourteen then—the first sewing circle was formed in connection with the M. E. church of this village. Mrs. Chase, the minister's wife, was chosen president, somebody else vice-president, and then, much to my surprise and confusion, I, a mere child, was nominated for secretary. I tried to decline but nobody paid any attention to me, and I was voted in, but when the meeting was over I begged the president to excuse me on the ground of my inability and inexperience. She was a very dignified person, and, placing her hand upon my head, she replied, "Child, if we had not considered you competent we should never have elected you." I was not only humiliated but annihilated. Since that time I have never dared to refuse, on the ground of incompetency, to do anything that I have been asked to do lest I should feel "the touch of a vanished hand" on my timorous head and hear the tones of a voice long since stilled.

So, now, if I have undertaken what I cannot do, and if I fail to interest you, the responsibility is upon the good Mother Chase, and not upon myself.

I can have no definite plan. I can only rehearse a little of what others have written and add a few rambling recollections. The history of Sanbornton cannot be an exciting one, for the founders were quiet, upright people, and were not addicted to those chivalrous escapades which

gave flavor to the stories that circulated freely respecting the inhabitants of some adjoining towns. Rev. M. T. Runnells has written a history of the town which can hardly be excelled, and his name has become a household word in thousands of families who trace their birth or ancestry to the good old town of Sanbornton. His records have been brought down to 1880, from which time the history of the Sanborn family has been very ably continued to a few years ago by Mr. Victor C. Sanborn of La Grange, Ill., son of Mr. B. Frank Sanborn of Concord, Mass., who is well-known for his literary and philanthropic work and successful public career. This "Sanborn Genealogy" is extremely interesting, profusely illustrated, and contains several thousands of new names. Its high price prevents its general circulation though it is well worth all that is asked. I have had access to it through the kindness of Dr. John H. Sanborn, who appreciates it fully.

From the name of our town we may infer that the Sanborns were the first to occupy it in any numbers. Mr. Runnells has traced the family to John Sanborn, who was born about 1600 in Derbyshire, Eng., but Mr. Victor Sanborn has visited England, and has spared no pains in his researches, and finds records of the family as early as 1194.

They have been an unusually prolific family, conspicuous for size and fine physique. Mr. Runnells gives the names of 1,400; Mr. Sanborn gives 7,000, and the number

¹ Paper read before the Tilton and Northfield Woman's Club.

in the United States bearing the name, to say nothing of the female branches of other names, is estimated at 12,000.

The Smiths come next in point of numbers—700 strong. Probably a history of them has been written, though I have never seen it. I do not know when or where they originated, but everybody knows that they are like the stars of heaven for multitude, and have occupied every position attainable by mortal man. Years ago sixty of them had been found worthy of a place in the "American Cyclopaedia," and they have been increasing ever since.

Mr. Runnells gives the names of 500 Morrisons. A history of the family was written by Mr. Leonard A. Morrison of Windham, in 1880, but he gives mostly the Morrisons of Londonderry, with their descendants, and refers to Mr. Runnells's history for the Sanbornton branches. He has traced them to the first emigrants from Scotland into this country in 1635, then back in the Island of Lewis, west of Scotland. He has made an extremely interesting book, and his poetical extracts in the Gaelic are great curiosities. Every Morrison ought to own one of the books. The author was a student in Tilton seminary in 1861.

The Clarks come next with 400. The name has been an honorable one from the great commentator, Adam, to the soldiers, mechanics, and farmers of our own town.

The Philbrooks, or Philbricks, make rather a small show—only 300 according to Mr. Runnells. Rev. Elisha Chapman in his history of the family gives 1,300 and traces them back to Hampton and Water-

town in 1630, thence to England. Miss Helen Philbrick and her sister, of Salem, Mass., have visited England and made exhaustive researches into the records of the family. They have traced them through various changes in spelling and more or less tradition to an Italian nobleman, the Duke of Savoy, in the eighth or ninth century. Many of these have made their mark in the various learned professions, especially as educators in numerous departments.

The Emerys and Prescotts have family histories, but I have not had access to them.

About two hundred and fifty Tilton names are given. They settled in the south part of the town, then Sanbornton Bridge, and they have added materially to its wealth. In 1869 the south part of the town was set off for a separate town and received the name of Tilton.

The Taylors, numbering 270 in the history, have been among our most valuable citizens—solid, intelligent men and women, many of whom have carried their industry and integrity into broader fields to elevate and bless the world.

There are Woodmans and Browns, Perkinses, Moultons, Lanes, and many others who deserve honorable mention, but our space is limited and we have mentioned only the greater numbers.

The original town was about fifteen miles from east to west and ten from north to south. In 1829 a piece was set off from the southwest part to help form the town of Franklin, and in 1869 a large part was taken off for Tilton, leaving the old town with the original length and little more than half its width.

We have very little idea of the labors and sufferings of the first settlers. The "stork" came "early and often," bringing additional bodies to clothe and mouths to feed but not the necessary supplies. I was very sadly impressed, when a child, by hearing an old woman who had officiated as nurse and housekeeper in her younger days tell some of her experiences. She spoke of one family who were always kept on short rations, and one day a little girl, about as old as I was then, cried, because she said, "Sally had one tater the most, and the fryin'-pan!" There was no West nor South then to supply food when their own crops failed.

Agriculture and manufacturing were carried on slowly and laboriously by hand, and hard work was the rule with scarcely an exception. Yet, in spite of hardships, they religiously obeyed the command to "be fruitful and multiply," and the fittest, physically, survived. Help for the family was cheap when it must be had, and a girl could be hired for fifty cents a week, or seventy-five cents at most. At one time, when I was ten years old, twins came to my father's house and a woman did the nursing and housework for a family of eight for the enormous sum of \$1.25 per week. Poor Betsy! I have pitied her all these years for I have no doubt that the most disagreeable part of her work was to get a little from me in the line of dishwashing. I used to hear voices in those days and I did not even imagine that they came from heaven—but the sound of my hated name reached me either in some remote corner of the house where, as Betsy said, I had hidden with my nose in a

book, or at some one of the neighbors' where I was gadding.

Our Sanbornton ancestors were, in the main, a very conscientious church-going people, and one of their first acts was to arrange for a minister and a house of worship. The old meeting-house on Tower Hill was the first one and for many years the people went there and sat through the services two or three hours long, and in winter without a fire and without a murmur. At noon many went into the house of Simon Lane across the road to warm themselves and replenish their foot-stoves with coals from his immense fireplace. The first pastor of this church was Rev. Joseph Woodman. He preached the strongest and bluest Calvinism, raised a large family, and died as had been foreordained from the foundation of the world. Tradition ascribes to him some terrible expressions of that cruel doctrine, but charity requires that we consider them Apocryphal. Rev. John Crockett was the first Baptist minister and he preached to a loving and beloved church thirty-nine years. His was a beautiful life and a triumphant death, illustrating the power of the religion he professed.

Father Bodwell succeeded Mr. Woodman and for forty-six years ministered to a people who listened to his words with the greatest reverence while they loved him as a father. He was among the first to advocate the cause of total abstinence, and as early as 1812 he preached before the Female Cent Society on the subject of missions then so little known. He and Dr. Carr and Dyer H. Sanborn were the superintending school committee of the

town for many years, but the teachers never dreaded their examinations. Professor Sanborn questioned us in grammar, of course, Mr. Bodwell in geography, and Dr. Carr in arithmetic. All other branches were optional with the teachers, and we often taught the higher English.

Seventy years ago Sanbornton Square was a much larger place than the Bridge. Mr. Runnells gives a list of more than a dozen manufactories and places of business. A paper called the *Weekly Visitor* was published there by Charles Lane; bibles and testaments were printed, also a sensational novel, "Alonzo and Melissa," which I read with many tears, when I was about ten years old. My parents had a holy horror of novels of any kind, but I, having an insatiable appetite for reading, devoured without discrimination everything that came in my way from "Pilgrim's Progress" to "Charlotte Temple," while yet too young to be much influenced by them. Seventy-five years ago the practice of liquor drinking was almost universal. There was no event from a birth to a burial that was not baptized in rum. Storekeepers sold it unmo- lested, as they did *other* groceries, and no family considered it safe to be without it. It is true that Sanbornton had fewer confirmed drunkards and downright sots than some of the adjoining towns, but it is also true that many farms went down their owner's throats, strong men were laid in drunkard's graves, women died of broken hearts, and children from want.

The Sanborns were among the first to join with Father Bodwell in oppos-

ing the practice, and their record in this respect has been an honorable one. When the first Congregational church was built in Franklin, it was the custom that whoever bought a pew should "treat" when it was opened and he took possession. At this time my father was living with his uncle, Dearborn Sanborn, at the foot of Willow Hill. They bought a pew together and decided to break the established custom which they regarded as wrong. As they entered the church, the man in charge handed a decanter to my uncle who silently passed it to my father. He refused it and gave his reasons. The crowd which had collected to share the spoils, stared sullenly, and the foreman swore that he would have the treat if he had to pay for it himself, which he did.

I remember when there were not more than twenty-five houses in this village. There were only two on the north side of Main street between the hotel and Mr. Merrill's, now Sidney Taylor's, and only four on the south side. Tin Corner, now called Tilton Highlands, was once quite a business center; clocks, tinware and carriages were made there; peddlers were sent out to all parts of the state and their wares were exchanged for all kinds of commodities, especially sheepskins, which supplied a large tannery in the vicinity. My grandfather Durgin lived where Albert Clark lives now, and was not only a carpenter and joiner, as they were called then, but an accomplished cabinet maker. I have a desk, which he made a hundred years ago, and it does not suffer in comparison with the modern ones. He designed and framed several churches in different

parts of the state. The woman he married heard of him in her home as the man who could "make everything but rennet-bags."

Many of the people walked five miles to Mr. Crockett's church. The young women generally went barefooted in summer till they got near the church, to save their white stockings and morocco slippers. Two of my aunts had the first calico dresses ever worn in town, and paid forty-two cents per yard, and money had more purchasing power then than it has now. For the same quality of print now we should pay about six cents.

I do not find in Mr. Runnells's history any mention of a small meeting-house, which, sixty years ago, stood between the Tin Corner and Charles Smith's residence. It was a union church and occupied by all denominations. A burying ground was near it, where many of the forefathers sleep.

Samuel Tilton built the hotel, which has stood eighty years, though there have been fires on every side of it, and the corner where the town hall stands has been burned out three times.

The first boom in building was by Mr. William Folansbee, about 1840, who built and moved more houses than any one ever did before the division of the town.

Sanbornton has raised and sent out a large number of superior teachers; the Woodman academy at the Square and the old academy on the hill, where the seminary now stands, furnishing the equipment. Prof. D. H. Sanborn was a superior teacher, and had among his pupils many of strong minds and excellent influence.

Among them was Miss Elizabeth Jewett, now Mrs. Hale of Chicago, and Miss Eliza J. Cate, who were teachers and contributors to the best magazines of those times.

There were comedies, no doubt, in those years long gone by, but there were tragedies often; epidemics that would lay whole families low, or remove the stay and staff, leaving the women and children to face misfortune and want alone; suicides driven to despair, perhaps by those who might have saved them. But there were heroes then—men who went to the wars or fought the elements at home, and women of wonderful fortitude to bear and courage to do. One instance must suffice: my grandfather Sanborn lived between the Square and East Tilton—then Union Bridge. At one time his wife had occasion to use in weaving a certain reed and harness which could not be obtained nearer than the west part of the town—now East Franklin—in the Cate neighborhood. They owned, it was said, "the smartest four-year-old colt in town." My grandmother mounted this animal, and, with a baby in her arms and another child on a pillion behind her, she started on her ride of five miles over some of the worst hills in town. Soon after her arrival there were signs of a coming tempest, and she had to hasten. The reed and harness, at least, four feet long, were bound to the colt and she turned toward home. My great, great uncle Cate said that when she passed his house she was going like the wind, the sky was black with the coming storm, and the thunder and lightning were terrible. As soon as it cleared off he saddled his horse and fol-

lowed, "expecting," he said, "to find Tabitha and the children dead in the road. But I went *clean* over, and there she was, getting supper and singing as lively as a cricket." She had kept ahead of the shower which came from the west and reached home without getting wet. This same Mr. Cate was a poet; he composed seventy-three verses on the death of Mr. Benj. Sanborn, who, with three of his sons, died within a few weeks, of fever. The occasion was certainly a sad one and the poetry exceeds the Rubaiyat in its doleful wailing.

One unique character of sixty years ago was Lyddy Haines. She was unmarried and homeless, and in her younger days had lived with the Moores and Lovejoys at the Square, but later transferred her services to various families at the Bridge. She had had no educational advantages, but she read everything she could get hold of, from the Bible, which she knew almost by heart, to "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Arabian Nights." In some way, which seemed a wonder in those days, she learned about everything religious and political all over the world, and this, with her humor and originality, made her a great favorite. She might have won fame as a writer if she had been educated, for she was a capital story teller, and the children who knew her almost quarreled to see who should have her the most. She was no gossip and seldom spoke of the affairs of those for whom she spun and wove, but she could not help telling of one woman who was always going to die to plague her husband. Whenever it rained in the summer this amiable wife would

go out and weed the vegetable garden, "so as to get her death-o-cold," and her devoted husband would stand and hold an umbrella over her till she was ready to come in. "Aunt Lyddy" was wholly indifferent to appearances; her favorite costume being a "long-short," as she called it, which was a loose sack hanging to her knees, and the rest was petticoat. Her beautiful hair, which a modern belle might covet, was piled on the top of her head in a manner which we thought then almost scandalous. We did not know that she was fashion's propheticess, and was illustrating sixty years in advance the style of the present day. I asked her one day why she had never married, and she replied, "I never had but one beau—he wanted to be married pretty soon, but my father wanted me to wait a year, so I waited, but by that time my feller had gone to the Jarseys and here I am." She was a good soul, and I believe her occupation in her present life is to watch over little children as she did over those of my mother, whom she almost idolized. She has gone, as have all of her generation, and we are following. Soon the places that know us now will know us no more forever.

I have been so impressed by the necessity of being brief, and confused by the mass of material to select from, that I feel as though I had given you absolutely nothing. I really think that this paper deserves the epitaph from the headstone of a *very* young child, who is supposed to be apologizing for the failure of its little life:

Since I am so early done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

NECROLOGY

JOHN B. VARICK.

John Barnes Varick, one of the most prominent business men in Manchester, and the most extensive dealer in agricultural implements and supplies in the state, died at his home in that city, after a long illness, February 18, 1902.

Mr. Varick was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., January 29, 1833. He was a descendant of an old Dutch family, which was identified with the early history of New York, one of its members being Col. Richard Varick, who was quartermaster general on General Washington's staff, and was afterwards mayor of New York from 1789 to 1801, holding the office longer than any of his successors. Varick street, an important thoroughfare in the early days of the metropolis, was named in honor of Colonel Varick. The father of John B. Varick was Dr. Richard A. Varick, who was, in his day, the leading physician in Dutchess county, N. Y.

Mr. Varick came to Manchester in 1849, being but sixteen years of age, and entered the employ of his cousin, John P. Adriance, who was in the hardware business on Elm street. Two years later Mr. Adriance disposed of his interest to Messrs. Varick and Dennis, and, in 1855, Mr. Dennis withdrew from the partnership, and the firm became Varick, Storm & Co. Still another change came three years later, when Mr. Storm retired, and was succeeded by Walter Adriance, the firm being known as John B. Varick & Co. In 1860 Mr. Varick purchased his partner's interest, and from that time to the day of his death he was the sole owner of the well-known hardware establishment which bore his name, and which had come, passing through one stage of development to another, through his remarkable business sagacity, the most complete hardware establishment in the country, east of Buffalo.

While Mr. Varick's personal affairs occupied most of his time, he was identified with several business establishments and financial institutions in Manchester, being, at the time of his death, president of the People's Gas Light company, director and auditor of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance company, director of the Amoskeag National bank, and trustee of the People's Savings bank.

Mr. Varick's life was strictly one of business, and he could more frequently be found at his desk than elsewhere, yet he found time for a large measure of sociability. His favorite social organization was the New York State Society of the Cincinnati, the finest of all the state societies of this unique organization, with a history running back to the founding of the order. Mr. Varick was for several years a member of the executive committee of this society, and took great pleasure in attending the meetings in New York. He was also a member of the Holland society of New York, an organization composed of descendants of the old Dutch

families of the Empire state. He was a director of the Derryfield club, and was a member of the Masonic order.

It is said that no man in New Hampshire, except those who have followed the sea, has crossed the Atlantic as many times as had Mr. Varick. He made over fifteen trips to England or the continent, finding unfailing delight in the voyage each time. He was on board the fated ocean liner *Oregon*, which sank while approaching New York, a number of years ago, and was the last person to leave the vessel.

Mr. Varick was twice married, his first wife being Isabell Rice, daughter of Thomas Rice of Newton, Mass. His children by this marriage were Thomas Rice Varick of Manchester and Richard Varick. In 1881 Mr. Varick married Miss Melusina A. Hopkins of San Francisco, Cal. One child was born to him of this marriage, a son, Remsen Varick. He is survived by Mrs. Varick and all of his children.

PROF. SYLVESTER WATERHOUSE.

Sylvester Waterhouse, for more than forty years professor of Greek in Washington university, St. Louis, Mo., died in that city February 12, 1902.

Professor Waterhouse was born in the town of Barrington, September 15, 1830. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter academy, and graduated from Harvard college in 1853, and from the law school in 1855, but never entered the legal profession. Although earnestly devoted to his occupation as an instructor, in which he achieved great eminence, he took a strong interest in public affairs and matters pertaining to the general development of the country. Particularly was he interested in promoting the prosperity of his adopted city and state, and the development of the great Mississippi valley, while never allowing his love for his native state and the home of his youth to weaken. His attachment to Phillips academy was particularly strong, and his portrait hangs on the wall in the Greek recitation room of that institution.

Professor Waterhouse had been a member of the Missouri bureau of geology and mines, secretary of the St. Louis board of trade, a member of the convention for the improvement of the Mississippi, and a commissioner to the World's fair held at Paris in 1878. In 1872-'73 he made a journey around the world, and embodied his observations in many helpful articles. He was officially connected with and keenly interested in the exposition soon to be held at St. Louis.

He was never married, and always lived a very quiet, retired life, but he made hosts of friends in and out of the university circle.

STEBBINS H. DUMAS.

Stebbins H. Dumas, one of the best known hotel men in the state, died at his home in Concord, February 9, 1902.

Mr. Dumas was born in Waitsfield, Vt., February 12, 1828. He came to Concord in 1845, and was for some time employed in the old Phenix hotel, then kept by the late A. C. Pierce, ultimately becoming a partner, and upon the retirement of Mr. Pierce in 1851 assumed the sole management, and continued the same until the destruction of the hotel by fire in 1859. Subsequently he was

engaged in the *Eagle*, and was afterward associated for a time with the late Robert N. Corning in the proprietorship of the new *Phenix*.

In 1865 Mr. Dumas became proprietor of the Great Boar's Head hotel at Hampton beach, and so continued until its destruction by fire in September, 1893. The following season he opened the New Boar's Head hotel, located near the one destroyed, which he successfully managed until the time of his death. In addition to these various hotels he was at times connected with other hostelries. The Arlington house at Boston and the Squamscott house in Exeter were under his management, more particularly during those portions of the year when his presence was not required at Boar's Head.

He married Miss Annie F. Wood of Concord, October 8, 1851, by whom he had two children, one son, Edward P., deceased in 1882, and one daughter, Annie Q., the wife of William O. Taylor, now a resident of Pennsylvania.

No man in New Hampshire had a more extensive acquaintance with the traveling public than Mr. Dumas, and his genial manner toward all and his interest in behalf of his guests always made him a favorite landlord.

REV. CHARLES E. LORD, D. D.

Charles E. Lord, D. D., born in Portsmouth, February 11, 1817, died in Newburyport, Mass., February 19, 1902.

Deceased was the son of John Perkins and Sophia (Ladd) Lord, and spent his childhood in South Berwick, Me. He was graduated at Dartmouth college in 1838, and taught in the South Berwick academy and at Kingston (N. C.) academy. After studying in the New York and New Haven theological seminaries he removed to Michigan and was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Niles, Mich., for three years, going thence to Evansville, Ind. Dr. Lord returned to the East and supplied pulpits in South Newmarket, Westbrook, Me., Mt. Vernon, Easton, Mass., Chester, Vt., and Beverly.

He was at one time professor of evidences of Christianity and church history at Talmage's Lay college, Brooklyn, N. Y., and at another a lecturer at a lay college at Revere. The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon him by the East Tennessee Wesleyan university in 1873. Dr. Lord was a strong Abolitionist in the ante-bellum days, and issued several strong pamphlets on the subject, besides being a writer of several books upon theology.

He married, January 5, 1857, Eunice E., daughter of Joseph S. Pike of Newburyport. Since 1880 he had lived in Newburyport. Some years ago he raised funds for the erection of Hope chapel, Salisbury beach, to which during the past decade he had given his undivided attention.

REV. CHARLES L. TAPPAN.

Rev. Charles Langdon Tappan, a well-known retired clergyman of the Congregational denomination, died in Concord, February 22.

Mr. Tappan was born in Sandwich, June 26, 1828, the son of Jonathan and Dolly Beede (Heard) Tappan. His early life was spent in his native town. He was bred a shoemaker, and worked at his trade in Lynn, Mass., for a time. Later he fitted for college at Smithville (R. I.) seminary and graduated from Amherst

college in 1858, and Andover Theological seminary in 1861, having taken the first two years of his course at the Theological Institute of Connecticut, now Hartford seminary. He was licensed to preach by the North Hartford association at Windsor Locks, Conn., June 5, 1860, and afterwards spent another year in theological study at Andover as resident licentiate. He was ordained to the Congregational ministry as an evangelist at St. Paul, Minn., January 28, 1864, and became acting pastor at Owatonna, Minn., where he continued till 1866. Afterwards he was acting pastor at Brighton, Ill., from 1868 to 1870, and in Sandwich, his native town, for seven years, from June 18, 1871. He also supplied the church at Wilmot for a time, and at East Concord a year or more in 1881-'82.

He established his home in Concord in 1881, and ever after resided here, serving for many years as librarian of the New Hampshire Historical society. He was a member of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and its first secretary.

Mr. Tappan married May 16, 1876, Miss Almira Remington Rice, of Natick, Mass., who died August 8, 1899.

DR. GEORGE W. EMERSON.

George W. Emerson, born in Barnstead, October 23, 1823, died in his native town, February 26, 1902.

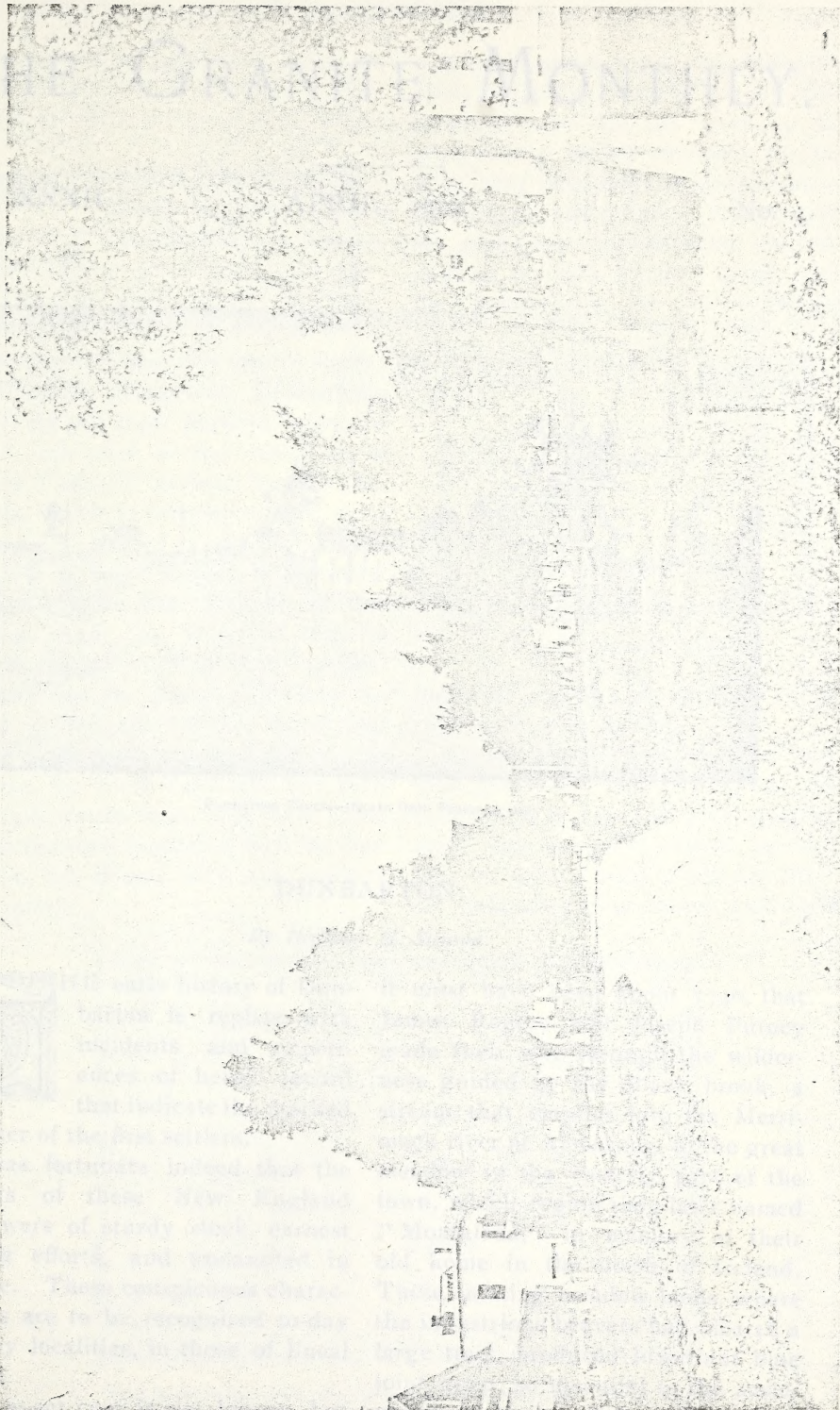
He was a grandson of Capt. Jonathan Emerson, a soldier of the Revolution, who was one of the early settlers of Barnstead. At an early age he commenced the study of dentistry, and subsequently graduated from the Philadelphia Dental college. He practised in Macon, Ga., about twenty years, and retired with a competency in 1873, returning to his ancestral home in Barnstead to pass the balance of his life in leisure and study.

He took a deep interest in public affairs, and labored to promote every enterprise calculated to advance the welfare of the town. He was a prime mover in the construction of the Suncook Valley railroad, and one of its directors. He held various town offices, including that of representative in the legislature for several terms.

WALLACE P. THRASHER.

Wallace P. Thrasher, born in Cornish, May 10, 1850, died at Plainfield, January 31, 1902.

Mr. Thrasher was the third of thirteen children of the late Hon. Samuel P. and Ann (Haven) Thrasher. He was educated in the district schools and Kimball Union academy, and taught school to some extent in his youth. He married in 1871, Eliza E. Dickinson, of Newport, and soon after settled in Plainfield, where he was engaged in cabinet and repair work. He was a public-spirited citizen and prominent in town affairs, serving as a member of the school board, selectman and town clerk, holding the latter position at the time of his death. He also transacted an extensive business as a justice of the peace, and was active as a correspondent for the press, being a ready writer, as well as a forcible speaker. In politics he was an earnest Democrat. He is survived by his wife and nine children, or rather eight, as one daughter, ill from pneumonia at the time of his death, also died soon after.



DUNBARTON CENTRE.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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No. 4.



Dunbarton Centre—North from Prospect Hill.

DUNBARTON.

By William H. Stinson.

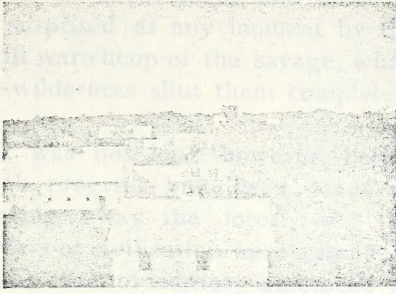


THE early history of Dunbarton is replete with incidents and experiences of heroic record that indicate the marked character of the first settlers.

It was fortunate indeed that the pioneers of these New England towns were of sturdy stock, earnest in their efforts, and undaunted in courage. These conspicuous characteristics are to be recognized to-day in many localities, in those of lineal descent.

The exact year is not known, but

it must have been about 1740, that James Rogers and Joseph Putney made their way through the wilderness guided by the Black brook, a stream that empties into the Merrimack river at Amoskeag, to the great meadow in the easterly part of the town, which region they later named "Montalona," in memory of their old home in the north of Ireland. These inviting meadow lands, where the industrious beavers had cleared a large tract, produced luxuriant blue joint grass, so essential to the sustenance of their cattle. They here



Looking North from Belfry of Congregational Church.

established themselves, cleared the land, set out their orchard, when, in 1746, the year of the massacre of many Concord settlers by the Indians, which is commemorated by a monument erected on the Hopkinton road, they were warned of a similar disaster impending to them, by two friends from the Rumford fort, to which place they, with their families, hastily fled for safety. On their return on the morrow they found that they had experienced a marvelous escape, for their buildings had been burned, cattle slain, and their apple trees that had reached a bearing condition, cut down, with one solitary exception.

It was, indeed, a sad and disheartening beginning, but the plucky, determined men did not give up at even such a severe calamity, for, in 1749, they returned and entered on a permanent settlement. In spite of the rocky soil, the abundant growth of grass on these meadow lands, and the possibilities the surroundings



A Bit of Dunbarton Road.

promised convinced them of their wisdom in settling here.

We can picture somewhat the outlook presented, with Rumford, our Concord of to-day, the nearest settlement, some ten miles distant, reached only by spotted trees, where the nearest habitation was found, with wild



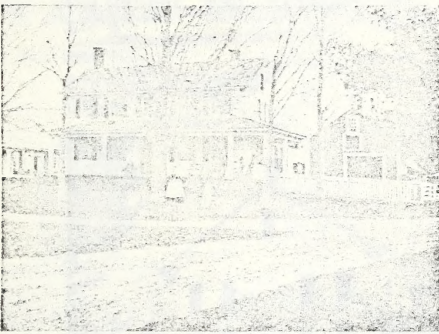
Henry E. Burnham. Sherman E. Burroughs. Bayard C. Ryder. Harry P. Ray.

Dunbarton in the Legislature of 1901.

beasts all about them, and liable to be surprised at any moment by the shrill warwhoop of the savage, while the wilderness shut them completely in.

It was not long, however, before much progress had been made in clearing away the forest, and the borders of civilization were extended.

The tract of territory embraced in what is now Dunbarton is first mentioned in a diary kept by Captain Pecker, in 1725, while in pursuit of Indians, and, in 1733, when it was granted and surveyed as a township known as Narragansett, No. 6, by the Massachusetts General Court. In 1735 Capt. Samuel Gorham of Plymouth, Eng., secured the grant



Residence of John D. Burten.

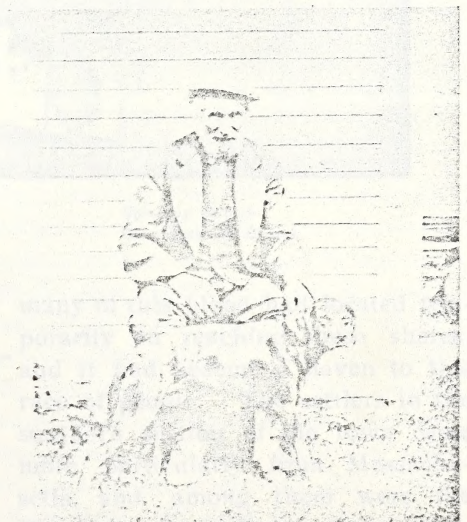
and named it Gorhamtown. The pond in the southwesterly part of the town still retains his name. In 1751 Archibald Stark and others purchased the same tract of the assigns of John Tufton Mason and named it Starkstown. This name was retained until 1765, when it became incorporated as Dunbarton, in memory of Dumbarton, Scotland, from which vicinity many of the first inhabitants came. This grant embraced a territory five miles square, and included a part of the present town of Hooksett



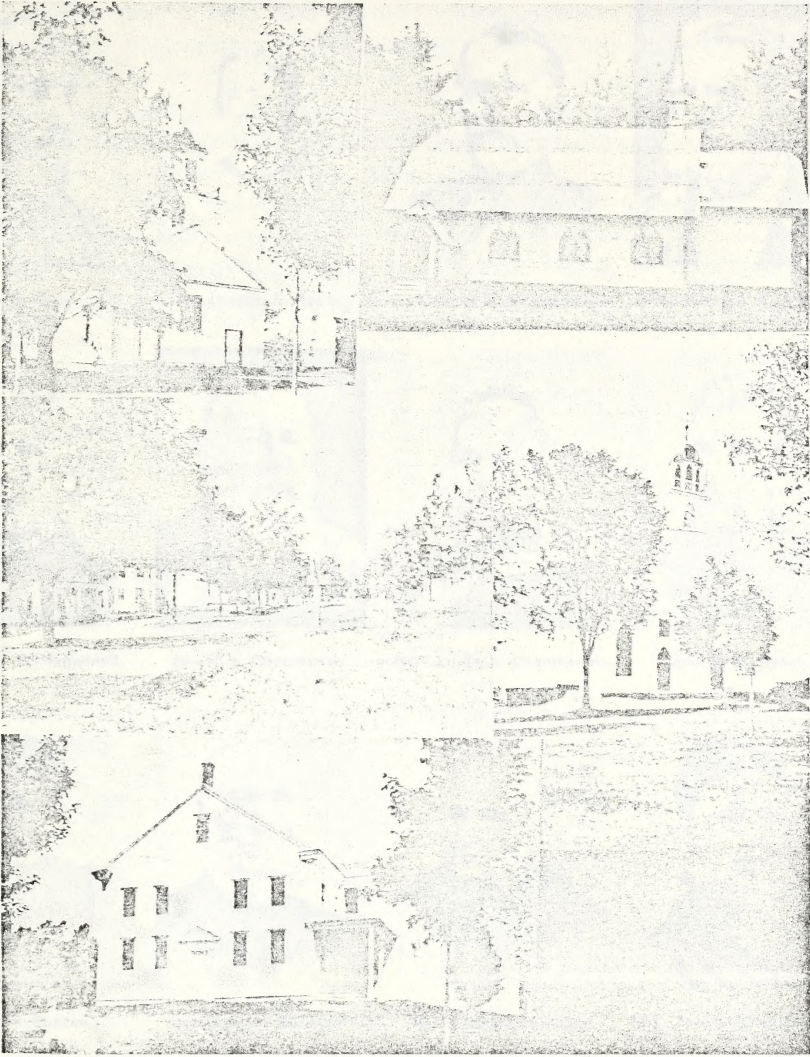
I. Stevens Ex. Bow Express and Dunbarton Telegraph, from 1853 to 1857.

to the Merrimack river. In 1825, by legislative enactment, the part bordering on the river was disannexed and added to Hooksett.

At the time of the grant in 1751, Rumford had some 350 inhabitants, Bow, possibly five families, Goffs-



Walter E. Clough, 86 years old.



Baptist Church.
Dunbarton Village View.
Town Hall Building.

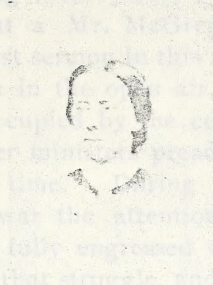
Episcopal Church.
Congregational Church.

town could have had but few people, if any, Weare was not settled, and Hopkinton had only been settled some ten years. About this time a settlement was made in the western part of the town by William Stinson, Thomas Mills, and John Hogg. These were also of Scotch-Irish stock, and came from Londonderry, where

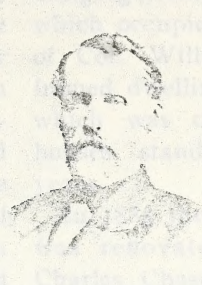
many of this blood had located temporarily on reaching these shores, and it had become a haven to this race of people. The settlers in the southern section of the town came more particularly from Massachusetts, and among them were the Burnhams from Essex, there being six families of that name.



Harris E. Ryder.



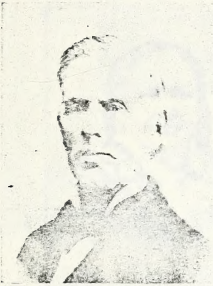
Mrs. Harris E. Ryder.



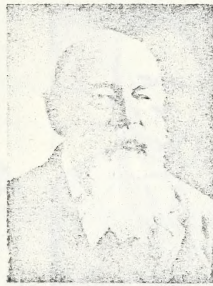
Charles G. B. Ryder.



Hon. Stephen P. Stinson.



Col. Samuel B. Hemmond.



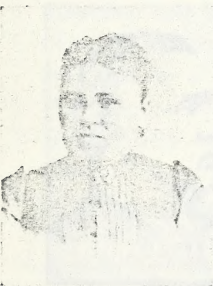
Joseph A. Chamberlen.



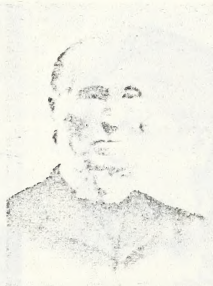
Mrs. Joseph A. Chamberlen.



George H. Ryder.



Mrs. John Buntin.



Dea. Samuel Burnham.



Mrs. Samuel Burnham.



Mrs. Fannie L. Burnham.

The thrift and enterprise of these early people was most noteworthy in clearing away the forests, laying out highways prior to 1760, building the first meeting-house, for which latter purpose a committee consisting of Caleb Page, Samuel Rankin, and John Stark was chosen in 1753, the work being completed by William Stark, William Stinson, and Jeremiah Page, a committee chosen in 1765. This first meeting-house was located on

the common, where the present town house stands, and was a low-framed, rude structure, with possibly one finished pew, with loose plank seats resting on logs, a raised platform for singers, and a rough board pulpit for the minister. In those days there were no conveniences for heating the house; the foot stoves of our mothers alone tempering the chilly atmosphere. It must not be understood that the people were without

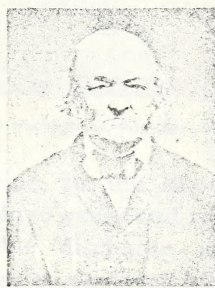
preaching during these years, for it is recorded that a Mr. McGregore preached the first sermon in this new wilderness town in the open air, on the spot now occupied by the cemetery, while other ministers preached from time to time. During the Revolutionary war the attention of the people was fully engrossed with the outcome of that struggle, and, in 1785, a call was extended to a Mr.

Congregational church was built, which occupies the site of the house of Col. William Stark, the first framed dwelling built at the Centre, which was one of the only two houses standing there for many years.

In 1885 the interior of the church was renovated and modernized, Charles Chase, of Manchester, presenting a large chandelier, in mem-



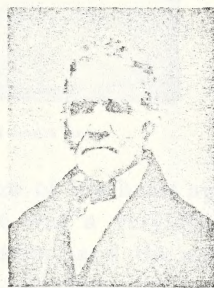
Mrs. Elizabeth Brown.



Capt. Benjamin Whipple.



Mrs. Beni. Whipple.



Col. John Stinson.



Gilbert B. French.



Mrs. Gilbert B. French.



William Caldwell.



Mrs. William Caldwell.

Bradford, but he was not settled. In 1788, on October 30, a committee was chosen to engage Walter Harris to preach on trial, and on August 26, following, he was duly ordained as the first settled minister. The first meeting-house served its purpose for twenty years, when it made way for the present venerable building now used for town purposes, erected in 1789. This continued the house of worship until 1836, when the present

cry of boyhood days. A substantial set of pulpit furniture was donated by members of one of the older families.

Dr. Harris, the first minister, was born in Lebanon, Conn., June 8, 1761. At the age of sixteen he was left without parent or guardian and with hardly a pittance of worldly support. In common with other patriots, in May, 1777, he enlisted, and his brother was shot at his side in the



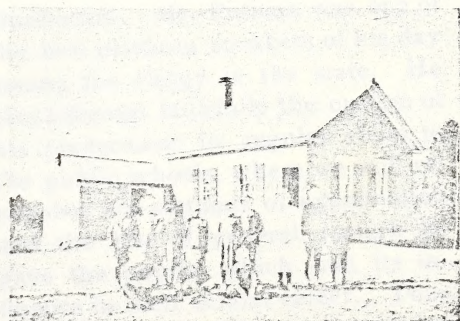
The Dr. Walter Harris Place. Birthplace of Senator Burnham, now owned by Lewis Page.

battle of Brandywine, in the same year. He served three years and received an honorable discharge in 1780. On his return to peaceful life he soon purchased a tract of land in Lebanon, this state, and engaged in clearing the same, but suddenly deciding to enter the ministry, struck his axe in a fallen tree, as a gift to the finder, commenced his studies preparatory to entering Dartmouth college, graduating with honors in 1787, and studying divinity under Dr. Emmons, an eminent scholar and divine.

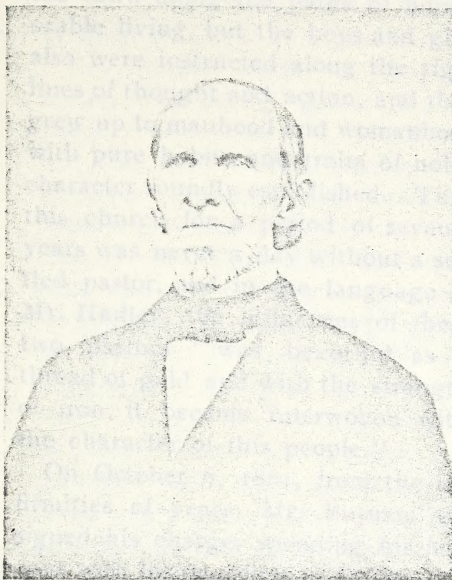
It is said that the appearance of Dr. Harris in the desk was unusually grave and commanding; the distinctness of his enunciation with considerable skill in adapting the tones of his voice to the sentiments he expressed, greatly increased the happy effect of his language. In the argumentative parts of his sermon his delivery was calm and distinct, but never dull, and in application animated and often highly impassioned. The purity of his motives, the strength and expansion of his understanding,

and the benevolence of his heart appealed to all. He was a very able and faithful counselor, and the excellence of his private character corresponded with that of his public life.

Dr. Harris was, withal, a model farmer. His land was well cultivated and abundantly productive; the appearance of his grounds and buildings denoted thrift and good husbandry, which had a most salutary influence on the farmers of the town. He also took a deep interest in the conduct of the schools. An instance of his decision of character is given by Professor Burnham, ora-



The Burnham Hill School.

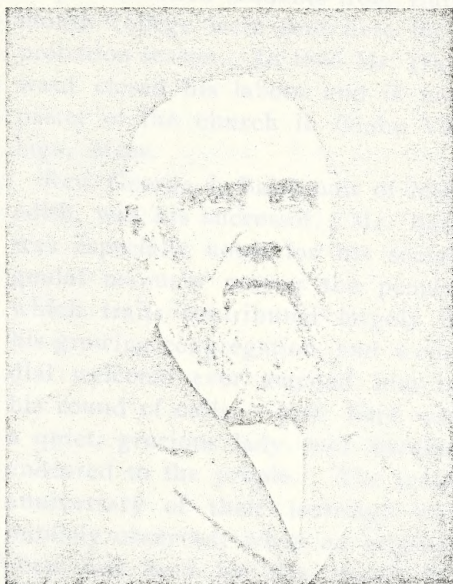


Rev. John M. Putnam.

tor at the Centennial celebration, where he said, that in 1812 political spirit ran high and the question whether clergymen had a right to vote was raised, when, on March meeting day, Dr. Harris, at the proper time, entered the meeting, advancing and standing upon the steps that led to the pulpit, and with a full commanding voice, said: "I have fought the battles of my country, my only brother fell by my side, and who is he who says I shall not vote?" and then deliberately extended his hand to the ballot-box, and deposited his vote. He then, with dignity, walked out of the house. The silence was intense during this exhibition, and not a question on this point was ever after raised. Owing to failing strength he was assisted during the closing portion of his ministry by Rev. John M. Putnam as a colleague, when on his enforced retirement from pastoral

work in 1830, Mr. Putnam became his successor.

The same council that dismissed Dr. Harris installed his successor, Rev. John M. Putnam, July 8, 1830, but Dr. Harris still rendered much assistance in church work. They labored together, and their relations seemed more like that of father and son. Dr. Harris died December 25, 1843, at the age of 82 years.



Rev. Silvanus Hayward.

Seldom has a town been so blessed in its church relations as Dunbarton. Mr. Putnam was one of the best platform speakers of his day among the clergy in the state. He also followed faithfully the custom of his predecessor in regular visits to the public schools, where we well remember his methods of examination and the line of general remark he gave the pupils, which had its influence in their school career. Thus these two blessed, strong-minded leaders not only led the elders of

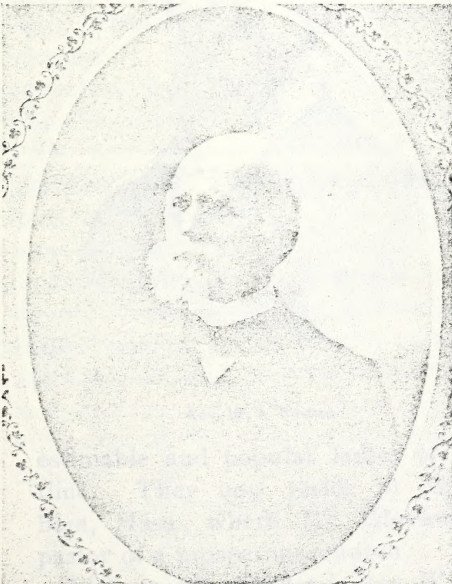
the town along the paths of honorable living, but the boys and girls also were instructed along the right lines of thought and action, and they grew up to manhood and womanhood with pure habits and traits of noble character soundly established. Thus this church for a period of seventy years was never a day without a settled pastor, and in the language of Mr. Hadley, the influences of these two pastors "was beautiful as a thread of gold and with the strength of iron, it became interwoven with the character of this people."

On October 9, 1861, from the infirmities of years, Mr. Putnam resigned his charge, spending his last days with his daughter in Elyria, O., where he died August 8, 1871, at the age of seventy-seven years. Rev. Silvanus Hayward was called to the vacancy on the same date and installed by the same council. Mr. Hayward was a man of rare intelligence

and force of character, his sermons during the years of our Civil war being marked by their lofty spirit and ardent patriotism. Mr. Hayward acquired a wide reputation as a lecturer, and his ability and recognized intellectual powers always bespoke for him a large and attentive audience whether in the pulpit or on the platform. His earlier experiences as a teacher were often brought into play at periods when students from Dartmouth college were sent here for a probation season. In 1866 Mr. Hayward closed his labors and is now pastor of the church in Globe Village, Mass.

Rev. George I. Bard, now of Meredith, was his successor. Mr. Bard was especially noted for his social, genial manners among the people, which traits contributed largely to his growing congregation, and a cordial welcome ever awaited him in his round of calls. Mrs. Bard was a quiet, gracious lady, who became endeared to the people. The tenth anniversary of their marriage was publicly observed, when an original poem was read by Mrs. Annis G. Marshall, while numerous articles of the "shining tin," with a liberal roll of greenbacks, were presented.

He remained six years, being followed on October 16, 1873, by Rev. William E. Spear of Rockland, Me., who came fresh from the seminary, who, after five years, resigned, traveled extensively abroad, and later studied law, was admitted to practice, settled in Boston, compiled several law books, was associated as one of the secretaries with the Spanish Peace commission at Paris, and is now secretary of the Spanish Treaty Claims commission at Washington,



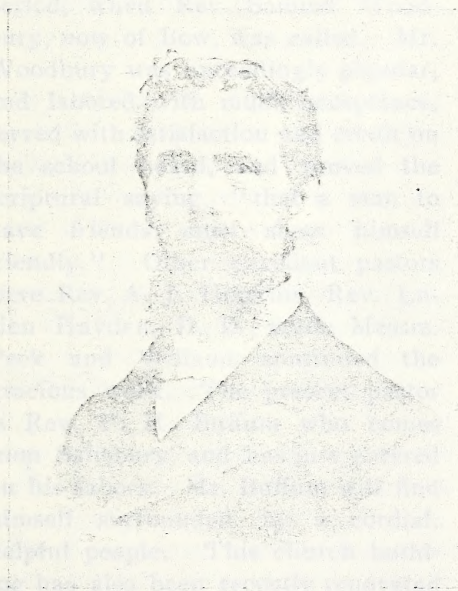
Rev. George I. Bard.

of which ex-United States Senator William E. Chandler is president.

Rev. James Wells of Holliston, Mass., was acting pastor for two years. Rev. Tilton C. N. Bouton was the next pastor, coming from Andover seminary, and being ordained and installed July 14, 1881, closing his pastorate September, 1888, and now residing at Henniker, without a pastorate, from choice. Mr. Bouton was very popular with his people. He was succeeded by Rev. George I. Sterling, and he by Rev. Avery K. Gleason, who preached with much acceptance for seven years, and married Miss Hannah K. Caldwell, eldest daughter of Horace Caldwell, one of the most

and year, and is carrying forward the work of this honored church so wisely begun, and so signally blest during these one hundred and thirteen years. The present deacons are Frederick L. Ireland and Frank C. Woodbury.

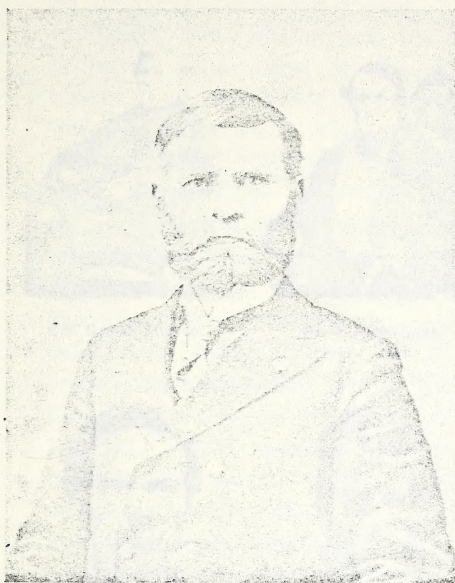
The first Baptist society was formed in 1828, and a church organized. A second society was afterwards formed, and in 1848 the two became united into one at the Centre, and on December 1, of this same year, the present church building was dedicated, and the first service held therein, Rev. H. D. Hodge being then pastor. The first church building of this society, however, was erected at Montalona in 1830, and Isaac Wescott was the first preacher. Prior to this date young Wescott held meetings in the schoolhouse near this same location. Mr. Wescott subsequently went to Vermont, and later to New York city, where he acquired a wide reputation as a preacher and pastor. After Mr. Wescott's departure, in 1831, services were held by various clergymen, the first settled pastor being Rev. Stephen Pillsbury, who came in 1835 and continued until 1839. There were several short pastorates, among them being that of Rev. J. W. Poland, but Rev. H. D. Hodge was pastor at the dedication of the new church, in 1848. Rev. Samuel Cook was his successor in 1849, and he in turn was followed by Rev. Horace Eaton, in 1855, who remained five years. Mr. Stephen Pillsbury, a licentiate, son of the Rev. Stephen Pillsbury before named, supplied until 1865. Rev. T. B. Eastman and Rev. E. J. Whittemore occupied the pulpit for a short



Rev. W. A. Bushee.

estimable and popular ladies of the time. They now reside in Raynham, Mass., where Mr. Gleason is pastor of a prosperous church.

The present minister is Rev. W. A. Bushee, who has entered on his sec-



Rev. F. H. Buffum.

period, when Rev. Samuel Woodbury, now of Bow, was called. Mr. Woodbury was exceedingly popular, and labored with much acceptance, served with satisfaction and credit on the school board, and proved the scriptural saying, "that a man to have friends must show himself friendly." Other excellent pastors were Rev. A. J. Hopkins, Rev. Lucien Hayden, D. D., while Messrs. Peck and Willand continued the gracious work. The present pastor is Rev. F. H. Buffum who comes from Salisbury, and has just entered on his labors. Mr. Buffum will find himself surrounded by a cordial, helpful people. This church building has also been recently renovated and repaired. E. Chase Brown and Nathaniel H. Wheeler are the active deacons.

The Episcopalian worshipers have a neat and inviting chapel at North Dunbarton, at which regular services are conducted by Rev. Edward M.

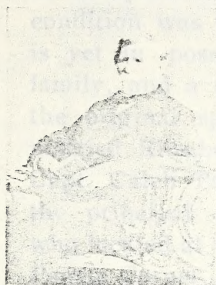
Parker, instructor at the famous St. Paul's School, Concord. A parish house was also built nearby in 1900. Much credit is due Mr. Parker for the prosperity of this branch of Zion, known as St. John's.

The Universalist society, of which Rev. Nathan R. Wright was pastor four years, was organized in 1830, but long since ceased to exist. Mr. Wright was the father of Col. Carroll D. Wright.

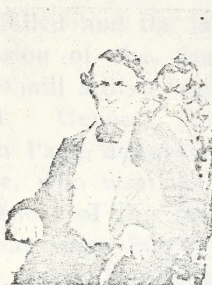
In 1844, through the efforts largely of Amos Hadley, now of Concord, then teacher of the high school at the Centre, there was organized a lyceum for intellectual cultivation and literary improvement, which acquired a wide reputation in all the surrounding towns. Mr. Hadley delivered two addresses on "The Literary Hours of the Laboring Man," and "Early History of Dunbarton," that possessed marked merit and value. They were printed, and



Old High School Building.



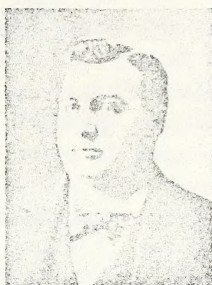
Col. Daniel Stinson.



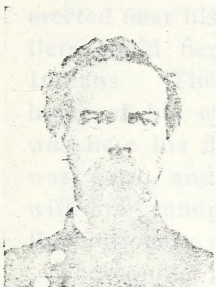
David T. Whipple.



Eliphalet R. Sargent



Fred D. Sargent.



Capt. Andrew J. Stone.



Mrs. A. K. Gleason.



Rev. E. O. Jameson.



N. H. Wilson, Esq.

the address on Dunbarton is especially valuable for its authentic historic presentation. By Mr. Hadley's labors the reputation and success of the lyceum were early established, and the opportunities it afforded for culture in debate and public effort were well informed by the people, and had a powerful influence in the development of all participating in the exercises. The lyceum flourished until about 1864, when the calls that came for soldiers to defend our country's honor, and the emigration of our young men and women to other localities, told on the institution to such an extent that it was gradually discontinued. The high school was not, however, wholly abandoned until late in the seventies.

A town like Dunbarton is rich in historic character. Archibald Stark, while never a permanent inhabitant,

was one of the first applicants for the grant of the township of which he was a large proprietor and which, for fourteen years, bore the name of Starkstown. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1697, and came to New Hampshire in 1720, joining his Scottish friends at Londonderry. His son, Col. William Stark, was a proprietor and inhabitant. He was a captain of rangers and was at the capture of Louisburg, and fought under Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. His younger brother, Gen. John Stark, was evidently a resident of the town, though possibly for a limited period, as his name appears several times in the early records, and in 1760, lot number twelve, in the fourth range, containing one hundred acres, was granted by the proprietors to him as an encouragement to build a sawmill, and that the same should

be in operation within a year. The condition was fulfilled and the land is yet in possession of the Stark family, and a sawmill still occupies the original spot. General Stark married Elizabeth Page, daughter of Capt. Caleb Page, who was one of the principal settlers of the town, who located at what is now known as Page's Corner, or North Dunbarton. He was surveyor and commissioner under the crown. There was a fort erected near his home, where the settlers could flee for safety from the Indians. The general made his home at his wife's father's, and it was here his first son, Caleb Stark, was born, and retained his home with his grandparents until after the Revolutionary war.

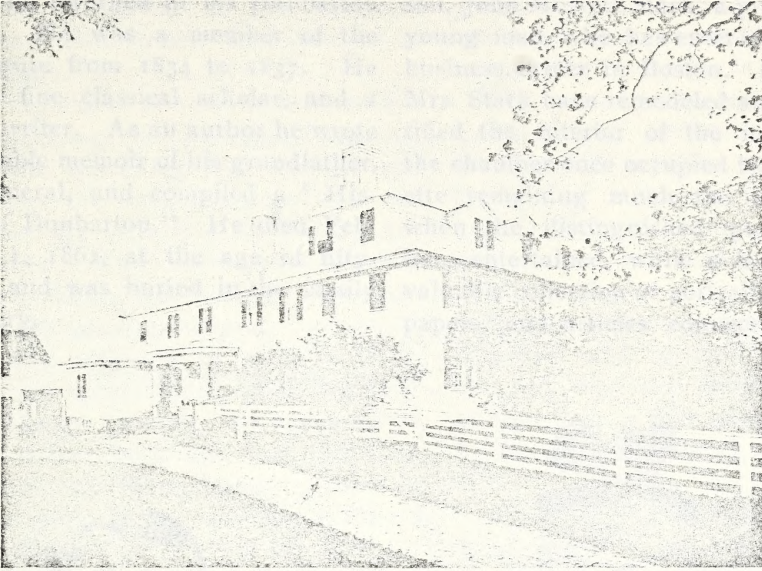
The conflict at Lexington on April 19, 1775, aroused the patriotic spirit of all the people, and General Stark abandoned his occupation at Manchester, and hastened to join the American forces near Boston.

The war spirit reached Dunbarton, and Caleb Stark, then sixteen years

of age, became eager to join his father, but his grandparents objected. In spite, however, of this refusal, his mind was made up, so with caution he gathered his clothing together, and in the early morn of June 16, 1775, he mounted his own horse, and, with his musket, started for the American camp, which in due time was reached. The morrow proved an eventful day. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought where the New Hampshire line, under Colonel Stark, formed the left wing of the American forces, and repulsed the many attacks made by the British. Young Caleb was with the regiment at the rail fence, and bravely performed his part in this his first experience in battle. He followed the fortunes of war to the end, being promoted to the rank of major, and was aide-de-camp and adjutant-general on the staff of his father, and was wounded in the arm at the engagement of October 7, 1777. He was a brave, fearless soldier, much like his illustrious father in many ways. At the close of the



The Stark Cemetery.



The Stark Mansion.

war he returned to Dunbarton, built the spacious mansion house now standing on the estate, and died in Ohio, where he had gone on business pertaining to proving the family claims to lands granted for military services, August 26, 1838. He was buried in the family cemetery on the estate,—a charming spot in nature's quiet and repose. He was married in 1787, to Sarah, daughter of Dr. William McKinstry of Taunton,

Mass., who, in 1775, was surgeon-general of the British hospitals at Boston. He had eleven children. Mrs. Stark survived her husband only a year.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument Major Stark was the youngest survivor of the battle present, and was recognized by the Marquis de Lafayette, and during the time of the distinguished nation's guest, the marquis was entertained at the Dunbarton mansion. Major Stark was also one of the twelve Revolutionary veterans who stood by Jackson at his presidential inauguration.

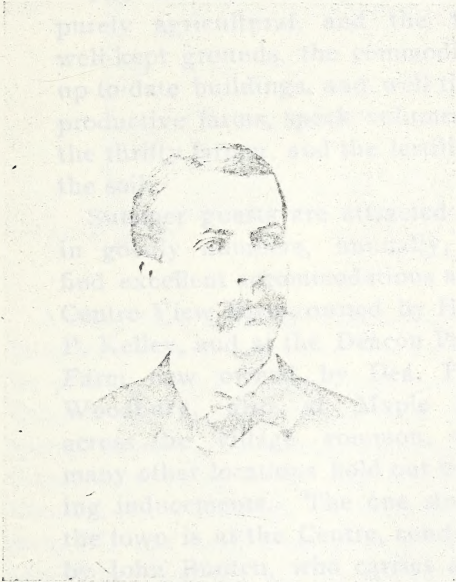
Of his children, Harriet, Charlotte, and Caleb, Jr., were closely identified with the town, the daughters being women of superior capabilities, while the son, Caleb, Jr., was a graduate of Harvard college, and later was admitted to the practice of the law. He followed his profession in Cincinnati, and afterwards in Concord.



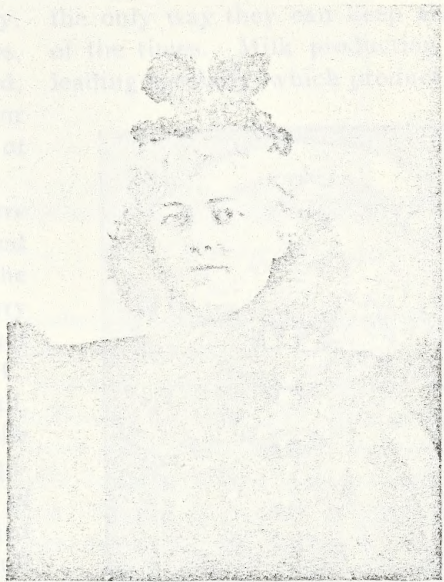
McNeil Hall—Stark Estate.

Later he returned to his Dunbarton home. He was a member of the legislature from 1834 to 1837. He was a fine classical scholar, and a ready writer. As an author he wrote a valuable memoir of his grandfather, the general, and compiled a "History of Dunbarton." He died February 1, 1862, at the age of fifty-seven, and was buried in the family cemetery.

son, John McNeil Stark, a promising young man, who has entered on his business career in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Stark have remodeled and beautified the interior of the mansion; the chamber once occupied by Lafayette remaining much the same as when the distinguished guest was here entertained, while a large and valuable collection of portraits, relics, papers, and articles connected with



Charles F. M. Stark.



Mrs. Charles F. M. Stark.

The mansion house and a large part of the original estate is now owned by Charles F. M. Stark, a great grandson of the general, also a descendant of Robert Morris, the distinguished financier, who well maintains the honorable reputation and kindly hospitality of the illustrious family. In 1878 he married Annie McNeil, daughter of Gen. John McNeil, of Winchester, Mass., a charming lady, who presides over the household with most hospitable grace and dignity. They have one

the Stark, Morris, Potter, Pierce, and McNeil families can here be seen. Recently, two other artistic and spacious houses have been erected, largely for summer use, which add very much to this historic and interesting part of the town. Mr. Stark is also a sportsman and delights in the rod and gun. He is a crack shot, and has captured several badges or medals. Among the sightly and attractive locations about the town are the Ray, Burnham, Mills, Bailey, Hammond, Parker, and Stiinson

farms, delightful in the extensive scenes that stretch from horizon to horizon.

The sheets of water known as Gorham, Long, Kimball, and Purgatory ponds, stretching from west to east across the southern portion of the town, are attractive for boating and fishing. Near these ponds sawmills were built, but which have now largely gone to decay.

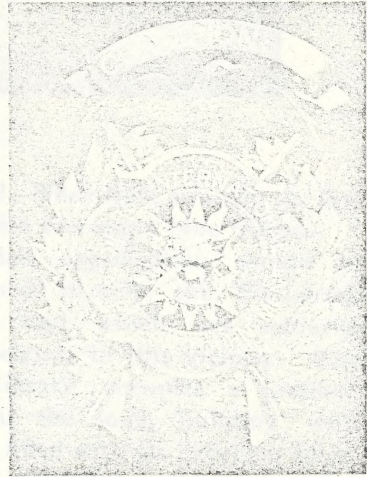
The interests of the town are purely agricultural, and the tidy, well-kept grounds, the commodious, up-to-date buildings, and well-tilled, productive farms, speak volumes for the thrifty farmer, and the fertility of the soil.

Summer guests are attracted here in goodly numbers, annually, and find excellent accommodations at the Centre View Farm, owned by Henry P. Kelley, and at the Deacon Parker Farm now owned by Dea. F. C. Woodbury, also at Maple Hall, across the village common, while many other locations hold out tempting inducements. The one store of the town is at the Centre, conducted by John Buntin, who carries a full stock of everything that goes with a thoroughly up-to-date establishment, and it is here that the telephone service is reached, a convenience every

progressive town must have, and which will soon circle all about the town. The post-office is also here.

The peace-loving people and the health-giving atmosphere of this municipality wholly preclude the thought of a lawyer or physician casting their lot here. They have had to move on to less favored spots or starve.

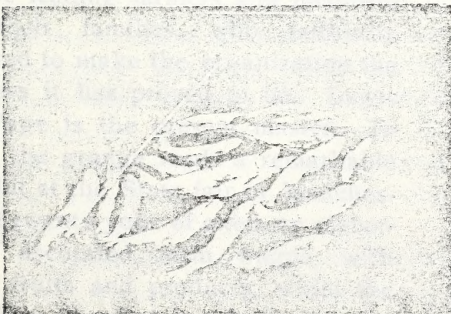
Modern and up-to-date machinery is largely used by the farmers, and is the only way they can keep abreast of the times. Milk production is a leading specialty, which product goes



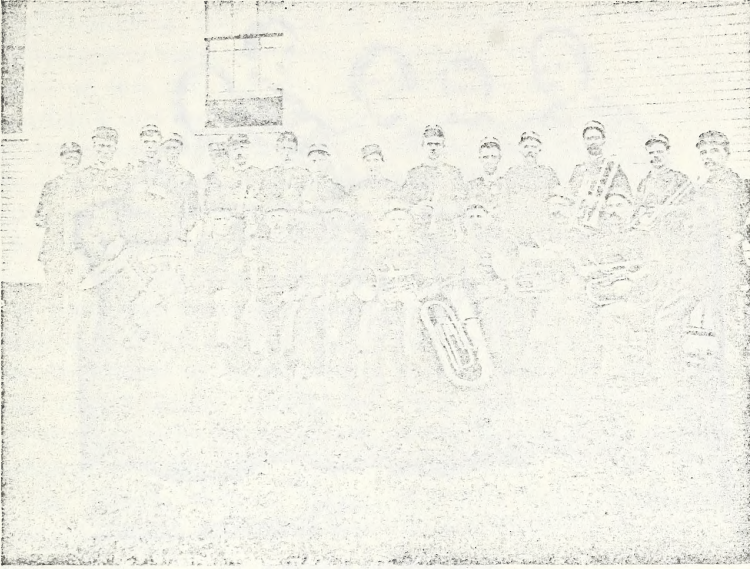
Diamond Badge won at Chicago in 1884,
by C. F. M. Stark.

mostly to the Boston market, while those within convenient reach of Concord and Manchester have a class of customers which they regularly supply in general lines.

The free rural mail service very thoroughly covers the town, which was one of the early towns in the state to secure the appreciated blessings it brings. Four routes,—two from Concord, and one each from Manchester and Goffstown,—well accommodate the people.



A Catch of Trout by C. F. M. Stark.



Dunbarton Band.

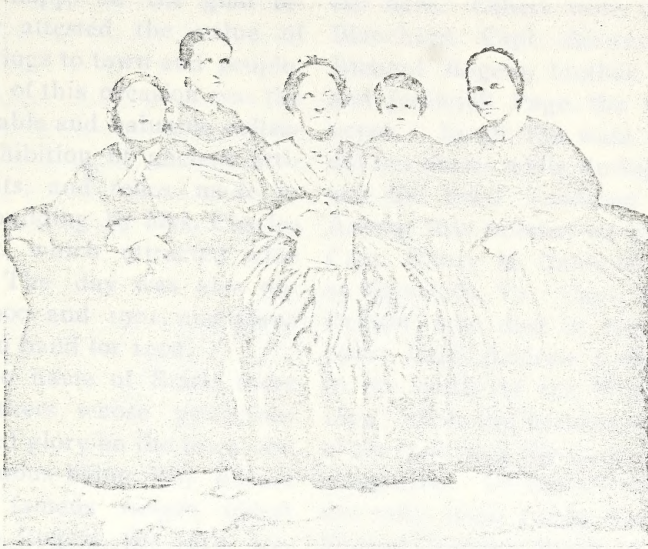
Among the agencies that contribute in no small degree to the public good is Stark grange, organized October 30, 1873, which has been of special benefit to its members during these years along social and educational lines. Through its influence farm life has been most perceptibly brightened, and the dignity and substantial character of this honorable profession greatly advanced. Harris E. Ryder was the first master, and associated with him were many of the leading farmers and members of their families, who faithfully labored to make the organization the success it has proved to be. Lewis N. Page is the present master. In 1878 the grange made a remarkable exhibit at the State fair in Manchester of twenty yoke of oxen, an elaborately decorated farm wagon, with farm fruits and products, while the members attended in a body escorted by a band, with Wesley P. Stone as

marshal. They were awarded the first cash prize and many blue ribbons.

Another organization should be mentioned, namely, the Dunbarton Cornet band, which has achieved much renown in this vicinity. The town library occupies a pleasant room in the town building, with shelves filled with an excellent selection of readable volumes. Miss Mabel F. Kelley is librarian, and has inaugurated an excellent system in the conduct and care of the same.



Centre View Farm—H. P. Kelley.



A Group of Five Generations.

*Mrs. Ann K. Wilson, 68; Mrs. Mary W. Clement, 70; Mrs. Eliza A. Hammond, 45;
Mrs. Helen M. Marshall, 23; Herbert Marshall, 4.*

A worthy innovation, although just established by Rev. Mr. Buffum, deserves a passing word,—the opening of a public reading room at the Baptist parsonage, where the best current literature of the day is provided, also a library of valuable reference books free of use to the people.

The schools of the town have gradually been consolidated and now number four. They will compare favorably with those of other like localities, and here, as in other towns similarly situated, the trend is towards a central graded school, and supervisory methods, which would ensure more thoroughness and work of greater efficiency. James E. Stone, Miss Annie M. Burnham, and Mrs. Lewis N. Page comprise the present board of education.

In September, 1865, the town celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, with delightful exercises that were participated in by throngs of people.

The president of the day was Dea. Daniel H. Parker. Prof. Charles G. Burnham of Haverhill, Mass., was the orator. Hon. Henry F. Burnham was the poet. Hon. Henry M. Putney was toastmaster, and Capt. Charles Stinson, chief marshal. It was a notable event, notable men and women came home once more to renew the happy days of long ago.

"Old Home Day," inaugurated in 1899, by Governor Rollins, had much in kind with the centennial event. The home-coming was a joyous one, elaborate decorations abounded, 1,500 people were dined, while the church was packed with an enthusiastic crowd during the exercises. Governor Rollins, Senator Chandler, and a host of distinguished natives were among the guests, and no town in all the state had a happier or more complete gathering. The satisfaction expressed in face, voice, and hand clasp, as friends long separated met

once more, happy in the glad reunion, fully attested the value of these gatherings to town and people.

A feature of this occasion was the very remarkable and valuable collection and exhibition of ancient articles, portraits, and relics made in the chapel building by Mrs. Charles F. M. Stark, which attracted wide attention. The day was also observed in 1900 and 1901, and plans are already in hand for 1902.

Besides the name of Stark there are many others whose patriotism and valor shed glory on the town, the most conspicuous being Maj. Robert Rogers, the famous ranger, eldest son of James Rogers, the early set-

tlar here. Others were Col. Joseph Blanchard, Capt. Alexander Todd, Richard Rogers, brother to Robert, and Jeremiah Page, the king's surveyor. In all the wars Dunbarton did her share, while during the Civil war the town furnished 101 men. Among this number we would name Capt. Henry M. Caldwell, who died at Falmouth, Va.; Capt. William E. Bunten, who died in New York in 1900; Capt. Andrew J. Stone, killed in the battle of the Wilderness, in 1864; while the heroism and bravery of the rank and file were everywhere recognized. Of our Civil war veterans only these reside here, namely, Horace Caldwell, Bradford Burnham,



The Twiss Group.

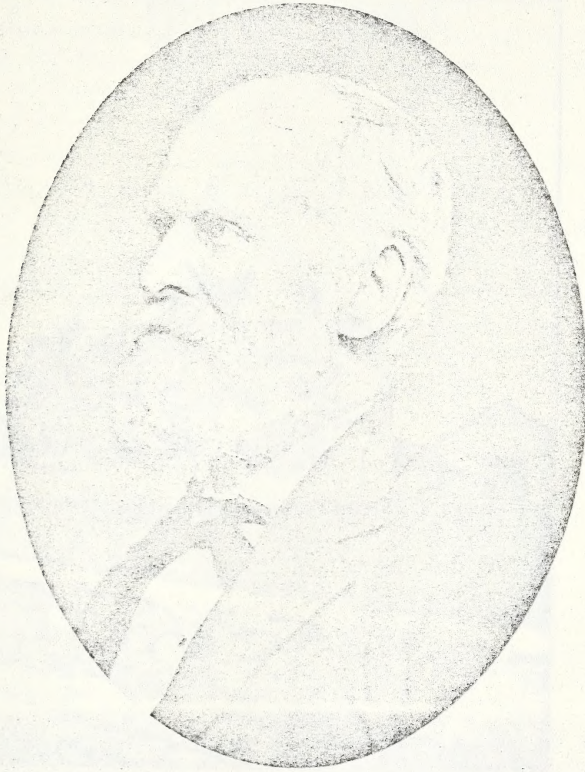
Page Twiss died at 87 years of age.

Mrs. Mary Jameson died at 74, Mrs. Abigail Allison died at 92, Mrs. Sarah Stinson died at 86.

James E. Barnard, John R. Emerson, E. Chase Brown, David T. Heath, George Noyes.

Of the more distinguished sons whose careers in the civil walks of life have reflected conspicuous credit on the town, we find an eminent array. Among the galaxy are United States

S. Parker, the fearless abolitionist and consecrated minister; while of those who have passed away are Hon. Moody Currier, the gifted scholar, banker, and governor; Joseph Gibson Hoyt, LL. D., the classical scholar and instructor, and chancellor of Washington Universi-



George H. Twiss.

Senator Burnham; Col. Carroll D. Wright, the eminent statistician; Prof. Mark Bailey, the accomplished elocutionist, of Yale college; Hon. Henry M. Putney, the successful journalist and politician; David B. Kimball, for twenty years district attorney of eastern Massachusetts; Rev. George A. Putnam, the popular and faithful divine; Rev. Leonard

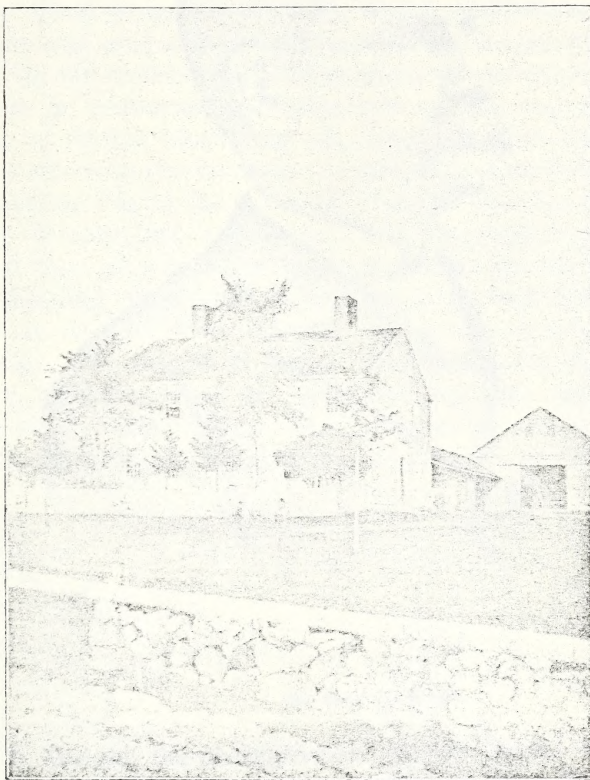
ty, St. Louis; Charles G. Burnham, author of "Burnham's Arithmetic," and state superintendent of schools for Vermont; Caleb Mills, state superintendent of schools for Indiana, and professor of Wabash college; John A. Cavis, lawyer and judge in California; N. Fisher Harris, a judge in Georgia; Stephen B. Stinson, district judge in Illinois;

Col. Daniel Stinson, for fifty years in the military and regular army service in New York commencing under General Scott.

George H. Twiss was the son of Paige Twiss, born in 1833. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1859, taught school in Washington, D. C.,

His present wife was Julia M. Minot of Concord. He has four children.

Among the successful business men are Charles Chase of Manchester, also his brother, the late Thomas Chase of Nashua; and John C. Stinson of Gloucester City, N. J., The boyhood and early youth of Hon.

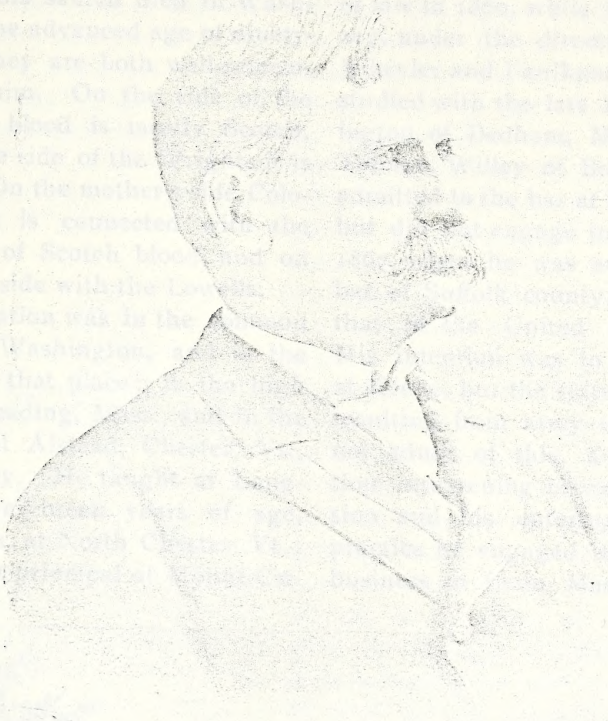


The Twiss Homestead.

was principal of the high school in Columbus, Ohio, for four years, and was a member of the board of education in that city for a like period. He studied law and was admitted to practise in 1866. He has been a director in the Ohio Meteorological Board for ten years, a perfect weather bureau in himself, and is now secretary of the Civil Service Commission.

John McLane of Milford, Gilman Clough, the wealthy lumber operator, of Manchester, and Joseph G. Edgerly, superintendent of schools at Fitchburg, Mass., were spent on these hills.

We now speak biographically of individuals and families who would seem to well deserve more than the passing word, and first is that of Col.



Col. Carroll D. Wright.

Carroll D. Wright, the distinguished student of economics.

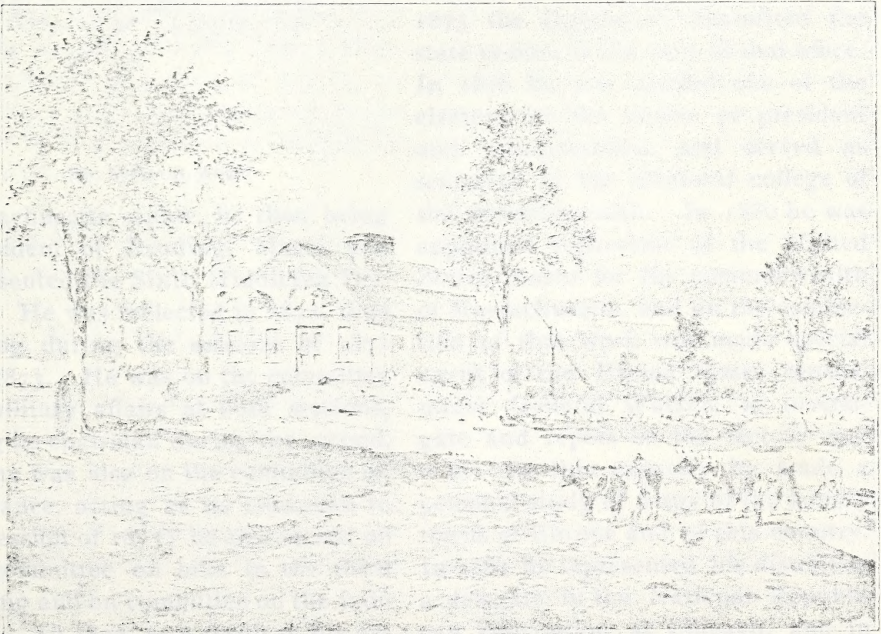
Col. Carroll Davidson Wright was born in Dunbarton, July 25, 1840. His father, Rev. Nathan B. Wright, was born in Washington, as also was his mother, Eliza (Clark) Wright. Rev. Nathan R. Wright was a Universalist preacher. He removed from Dunbarton, where he lived four years, to Hooksett, and thence to Washington, about 1843. In 1856 he went to Reading, Mass. The boyhood days of Colonel Wright were therefore

largely spent in the latter town. Rev. Nathan R. Wright was the son of Dr. Nathan Wright of Washington, and in the latter part of his life of Cambridge, Mass. He was the son of Col. Jacob Wright, of Washington, born in Westford, Mass., who was a colonel in the New Hampshire militia, but had served with Massachusetts troops in the Revolution. His American ancestry is traced to Charlestown, Mass., in 1644. Eliza Clark was the daughter of Jonathan Clark, of Washington,

the son of Jonathan Clark, a Revolutionary soldier, who went to New Hampshire from Braintree, Mass. His American ancestry dates from 1640. The great grandfathers of the subject of this sketch died in Washington, at the advanced age of ninety-one, and they are both well-remembered by him. On the side of the Clarks the blood is mostly Scotch, while on the side of the Wrights it is English. On the mother's side Colonel Wright is connected with the Davidsons, of Scotch blood, and on his father's side with the Lowells.

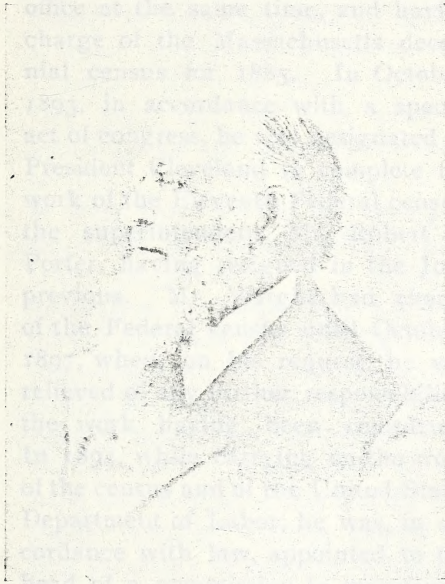
His education was in the common schools of Washington, and in the academy at that place; in the high school at Reading, Mass., and in the academies at Alstead, Chester, Vt., and Swanzy. He taught at Langdon, when eighteen years of age, and, later on, at North Chester, Vt.; was assistant principal of Mount Cæ-

sar seminary, Swanzy; taught in West Swanzy and in Troy. He fitted two years in advance for college, but on account of ill health did not enter. He commenced the study of law in 1860, while living at Swanzy, under the direction of Messrs. Wheeler and Faulkner of Keene. He studied with the late Erastus Worthington of Dedham, Mass., and with Tolman Willey of Boston, and was admitted to the bar at Keene, in 1865, but did not engage in practice until 1867, when he was admitted to the bar of Suffolk county, Mass., and to that of the United States courts. His intention was to enter practice at Keene, but the state of his health, resulting from army experience, did not admit of this, and during the time intervening between his admission and his entering upon active practice he engaged in the furniture business in Lynn, Mass., but in this



The Birthplace of Col. Carroll D. Wright.

was not particularly successful. In August, 1867, having settled up his affairs in Lynn, he determined to pursue his chosen profession, without regard to health. He selected patent law as his specialty, and in this was entirely successful, being actively engaged until 1875, when his practice amounted to nearly \$10,000 per annum. In 1871 he was elected to the



Rev. Nathan R. Wright.

Massachusetts senate, he then being a resident of Reading, Mass., and represented the Sixth Middlesex District. He was reelected in 1872, thus serving during the sessions of 1872 and 1873. He was on the committee on military affairs at both sessions, being its chairman during the second, and he was also on the committee on insurance, acting as its chairman in the session of 1873; he also served on the committee on bills in the third reading and on committee on the judiciary. In 1873, as a result of his experience on the committee in 1872,

when the great fire in Boston occurred, he carried through the bill providing for a uniform policy of insurance, known as the Massachusetts Standard Policy. He also carried through the senate a bill which the late Josiah Quincy had fought through the house, providing for cheap morning and evening trains for workingmen. As chairman of the committee on military affairs in 1873, he carried through a bill completely reorganizing the militia of the commonwealth. This bill, for the first time in the history of the country, established the principle and the practice of subjecting officers to an examination as to their character, qualifications, etc., before receiving permanent commission.

At the close of his senatorial experience, that is, in June, 1873, he was appointed by Governor Washburn as chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor. In 1875 the legislature committed the state census to the care of that office. In 1876 he was elected one of the electors for the choice of president and vice-president, and served as secretary of the electoral college of the commonwealth. In 1880 he was appointed supervisor of the United States census for the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and on the completion of that work was made special agent of the United States census, under General Walker, to investigate and report on the factory system. In this capacity he made a personal study of many of the factory towns of Europe and of this country. In 1884 he represented his district as a delegate in the National Republican convention at Chicago, and in the same year was commissioned by

the governor of Massachusetts to investigate the public records of the towns, parishes, counties, and courts of that commonwealth.

In January, 1885, he was appointed by President Arthur as United States commissioner of labor, but he held the office of chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor until September, 1888, conducting the work of that and the federal office at the same time, and having charge of the Massachusetts decennial census for 1885. In October, 1893, in accordance with a special act of congress, he was designated by President Cleveland to complete the work of the Eleventh Federal census, the superintendent, Mr. Robert P. Porter, having resigned in the June previous. Mr. Wright had charge of the Federal census until October, 1897, when, on his request, he was relieved of any further responsibility, the work having been completed. In 1894, while carrying on the work of the census and of the United States Department of Labor, he was, in accordance with law, appointed to the head of a commission to investigate the strike at Chicago.

Mr. Wright's military career began in September, 1862, when he enlisted as a private soldier in Company C, Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers. In October, before the regiment left the state, he was elected and commissioned as second lieutenant of the company, while in December, 1863, he was commissioned and mastered as adjutant, and in December, 1864, as colonel, being the last mustered colonel of the regiment. In the early part of 1863 he served on the brigade staff at Poolesville, Md., as acting assistant commissary of

subsistence, and in the same year he served at the Central Guard house, a military prison in Washington, and also as aide-de-camp on the staff of General Martindale, commander of the military district of Washington, and in November he returned to the regiment to act as adjutant. In the spring of 1864, while the regiment was serving in Louisiana, he acted as acting assistant adjutant-general of the district of Carrollton, and later on in the same capacity in the First Brigade, Second Division, Nineteenth Corps, on the staff of Brigadier-General H. W. Birge, and he served in this capacity through the campaign in the Shenandoah under General Sheridan, being in the battles of the Opequon and Fisher's Hill. He left the service in March, 1865, resigning on account of effects of typho-malarial fever.

Colonel Wright is a member of many societies, both in this country and in Europe. He served for three years as president of the American Social Science Association, and is now president of the American Statistical Association, a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and of the Academy of Political Science, a member of the American Historical and Economic associations, one of the governors of the Washington Academy of Sciences, corresponding member of the Institute of France, honorary member of the Imperial Academy of Science of Russia, a member of the International Statistical Institute, honorary member of the Royal Statistical Society of London, member of the International Institute of Sociology, and a member of many other bodies devoted to

the study of economics and social science. He was president of the American Unitarian Association for three years, and is now president of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Churches.

In politics Mr. Wright is and always has been a Republican, beginning his political life in 1860, before he was old enough to vote, by making a very complete study of the history of American politics, and as a result taking the stump for Mr. Lincoln. He is an ardent civil service man, and has done much to secure purity and integrity in official service. With the exception of six or seven years his life has been public, either as teacher, soldier, legislator, or publicist. For nearly a generation he has devoted his energies to the study and investigation of industrial life and conditions, abandoning his practice in 1875, when he became thoroughly interested in statistical work. Since 1868 he has been well and favorably known as a public speaker, having gained his first successes in lectures on the war, later on in political arguments, and during the last twenty-five years or more as a lecturer on social and economic subjects. In 1879 he was a lecturer on phases of the labor question at the Lowell Institute in Boston, and in 1881 was elected university lecturer on the factory system at Harvard university, and again in 1900 on wages statistics. He was also university lecturer at Johns Hopkins university in 1888 and 1890 on studies in social science; at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, in 1891, on statistics; at the Northwestern university in 1892, on statistics, and at Dartmouth college, in

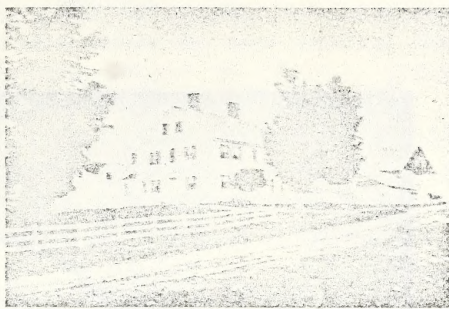
1897, on statistics. He has been honorary professor of social economics on the faculty of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, since 1895, while he has given other courses at various summer schools, especially the School of Ethics at Plymouth. He has also lectured on Christian sociology at Oberlin, on social economics at Chautauqua, at the School of Sociology at Hartford, at Brown university, and at the Meadville Theological school; is now professor of statistics and social economics in the School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy of Columbian university, Washington, D. C.

In 1883 Tufts college conferred on Colonel Wright the honorary degree of A. M.; in 1894 Wesleyan university conferred the degree of LL. D., while from Dartmouth, in 1897, he received the degree of Ph. D. In his official capacity he has published nearly fifty volumes of statistics, besides completing the Federal census of 1890, consisting of twenty-five quarto volumes. He is the author of many articles and pamphlets on social and economic subjects, and has written two works, "The Industrial Evolution of the United States" and "Outline of Practical Sociology." He has also been named as one of the incorporators of the institute at Washington created by Mr. Carnegie.

Mr. Wright was married January 1, 1867, at Reading, Mass., to Caroline E. Harnden, daughter of the late Sylvester Harnden of that place. They have two children, Mrs. Cornelia W. McPherson of Gettysburg, Pa., and Grace D. Wright.

Colonel Wright has resided in Washington since the autumn of

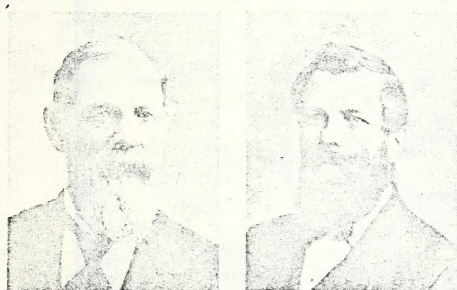
1887. In Washington, as in Massachusetts, he has taken an interest in measures looking to the welfare of people and classes, being interested in the establishment of kindergartens and in the education of colored youth; he is president of the Manassas Industrial School for Colored Youth at Manassas, Va.; and is also president of Hackley school at Tarrytown, N. Y. He has never been identified with any social or industrial reform, believing that the chief elements of all reform are to be found in the practical application of the principles of religion. He believes



The David Sargent Farm.

real struggle of humanity to secure a higher standard of living, and that all measures, facts, movements, which aid this struggle are worthy of indorsement and of assistance.

Naturally, a man becoming interested in his line of work has had no time to secure wealth. Abandoning a lucrative and growing practice, he has devoted his life and his energies to the work to which he dedicated himself more than a quarter of a century ago. At times he has made attempts to provide for the future, but like most men engaged as he is, has found the experiments more expensive than profitable; so he finds himself a poor man as the world goes, and yet content with hard work and constant service. With no political ambitions, he finds that side of government devoted to educational work the most attractive.



Wesley P. Stone.

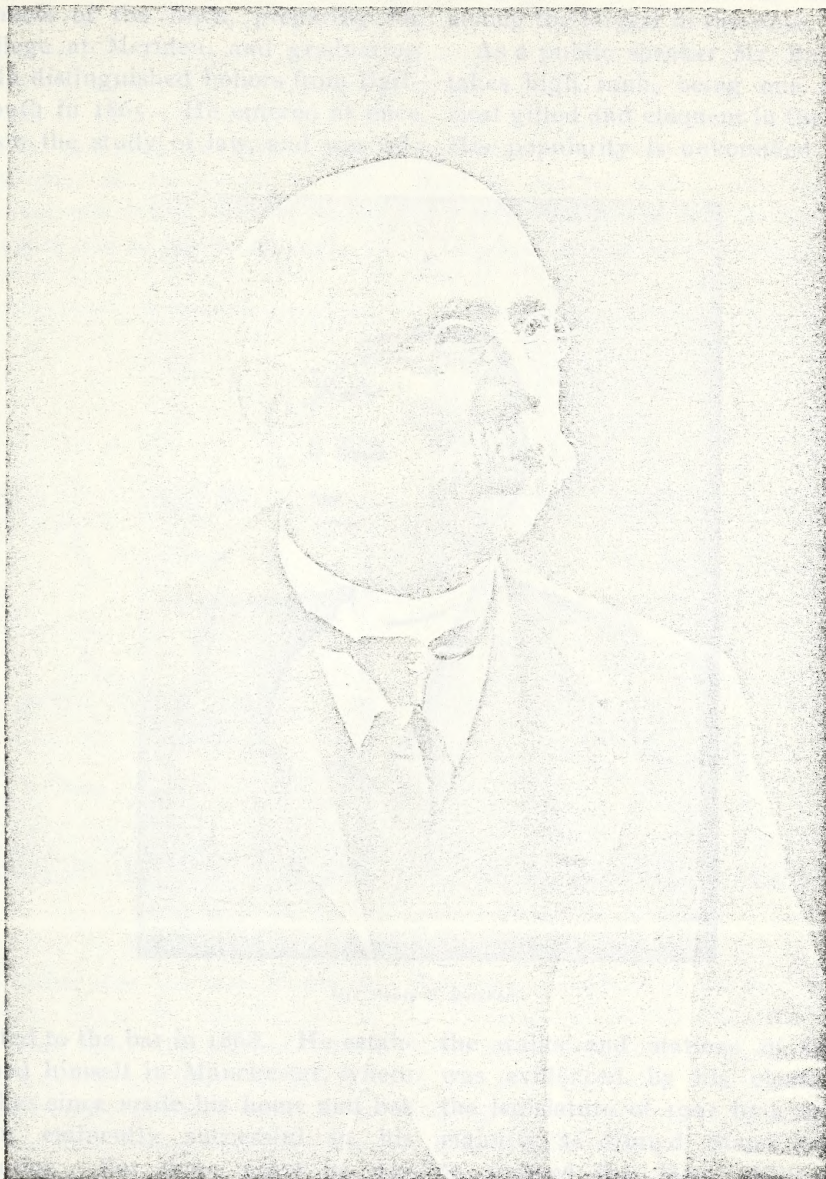
Thomas S. Wilson.

that each separate reform, so far as it follows this line, becomes a powerful contributor to all reform, but that there is no single panacea for any one of the evils of society; thus he believes that the collection and publication of facts showing actual conditions constitute the most potent factor in reform movements. Friendly to all measures when properly urged, he does not find in any one an absolute solution of the problems which they are set to solve, but only aids to general evolution, which must come through increased intelligence and a knowledge of conditions that will enable men to better their lives. He considers the great labor problem the



The John B. Ireland Farm.

Hon. Henry E. Burnham was born November 2, 1834, and acquired his education in the common schools, then at the University of Michigan, and at the law office of Messrs. Smith & Warren, ranking second in his class. He was admitted to the bar in 1857, and practiced law in the city of Detroit, and in 1860 was elected to the Michigan State Legislature, where he served two years. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1873, and served until 1879.



HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM.

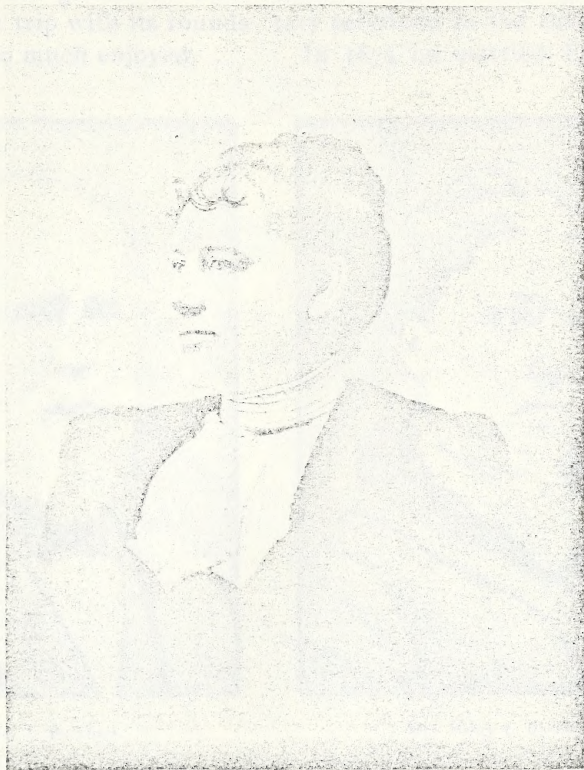
United States Senator.

He was elected to the Michigan State Legislature in 1860, and served two years. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1873, and served until 1879. He was a member of the house of representatives of the United States in 1865, 1866, and 1867, and in 1868 was chairman of the Republican State convention. He was a member of the Michigan State bar, and was grand master of the Michigan State bar association.

Hon. Henry E. Burnham was born November 8, 1844, and acquired his education in the common and high schools of the town, preparing for college at Meriden, and graduating with distinguished honors from Dartmouth in 1865. He entered at once upon the study of law, and was ad-

His law practice has been extensive under the firm name of Burnham, Brown & Warren, ranking among the largest in the state.

As a public speaker Mr. Burnham takes high rank, being one of the most gifted and eloquent in the state. His popularity is unbounded in all



Mrs. Henry E. Burnham.

mitted to the bar in 1868. He established himself in Manchester, where he has since made his home and has been eminently successful in his practice. For three years he was judge of probate for his county, and treasurer two years. He was a member of the house of representatives at Concord in 1873, 1874, and 1901, and in 1888 was chairman of the Republican State convention.

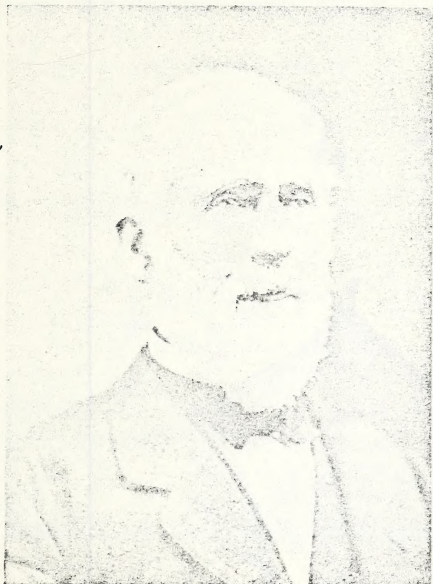
the walks and stations of life, as was evidenced by his election by the legislature of 1901 by a decisive majority as United States senator, to succeed the Hon. William E. Chandler.

As a citizen of Manchester, he has ever taken the deepest interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the city. He is a Mason of high degree, and was grand master of the

State Lodge in 1885. He is president of the Mechanics Savings bank of Manchester, a director of the Second National bank and of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company. He was commander of the Amoskeag Veterans in 1893 and 1894, and the battalion accepted an invitation to Washington as his guests in February last, which trip with its rounds of pleasure was so much enjoyed.

was Nathan Dane who was an eminent jurist and statesman of his time, a delegate to the Continental Congress of 1787, and author of the famous ordinance for the government of the vast territory north and west of the Ohio river, which contained the historical provision,—“that there shall be neither slavery nor voluntary servitude in the said territory.”

In 1874 he married Elizabeth H.



Hon. Henry L. Burnham.



Mrs. Henry L. Burnham.

His father was the late Henry L. Buruham, born in Dunbarton in 1814, who held the various town offices, was representative to the legislature, county commissioner, member of the state senate, sheriff of Merrimack county, was a teacher of long experience and a capable civil engineer, who married in March, 1842, Maria A. Bailey, daughter of Josiah Bailey, a woman of sterling character.

Senator Burnham comes from sturdy stock. Among his ancestors

Patterson, daughter of the late John D. Patterson of Manchester, and they have three daughters, one of whom is the wife of Aretas Blood Carpenter, a prominent citizen of the city.

Senator Burnham is a delightful man sociably, kindly in his manners, and fills his high office with dignity and most distinguished ability.

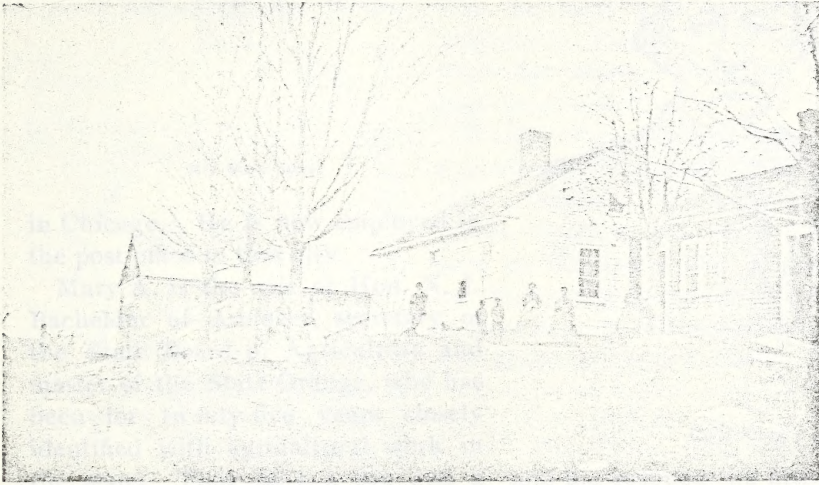
Joseph Putney, the first settler of this town, was the father of Henry Putney who had twelve children, among them David who was the

father of Henry, who was born upon and occupied the Putney homestead until he died in November, 1866, when it was sold and passed out of the family. Mr. Putney was an able and important citizen, served the town as selectman, and filled other positions with marked fidelity. His wife was Abigail Alexander. They had seven children: Henry M., Frank A., William A., Mark H., Mary A., Harvey W., and Fred E.

commissioners of the state. He was appointed by President McKinley one of the United States commissioners to the Paris Exposition in 1900. He is an important political factor in the state and in all party conventions, and wields a trenchant pen in his editorial field. In 1865 he married Ellen S. Peavere of Salisbury, and has two daughters. A more faithful, loyal son the town never had.

Henry M. Putney, born in 1840,

Frank A. left college to enlist in



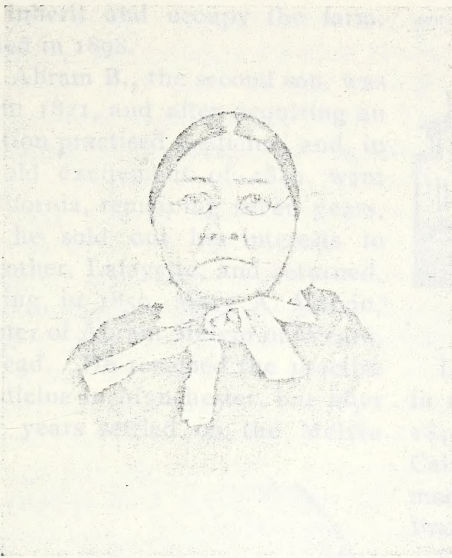
The Putney Homestead.

fitted for college at New London, graduated at Dartmouth in 1861. He taught the high school and was the most efficient moderator the town ever had, and represented it in the legislature of 1868. He read law and soon after his admission to the bar became the political editor of the *Manchester Mirror*, which position he still occupies. He was appointed collector of internal revenue by President Arthur and removed by President Cleveland for "offensive partisanship," and for sixteen years has been chairman of the railroad

1861; served through the war, went West and entered the postal service, and for twenty years he has had charge of the mail routes in the district of which Denver, Colorado, is the headquarters.

William A. graduated at Dartmouth in 1865, in the class with Senator Burnham, and went West, where he was a successful newspaper publisher and editor until he died in 1886, leaving a wife and two children.

Mark H. has spent most of his active life in the real estate business



Mrs. Mary Story.

in Chicago. He is now employed in the post-office in that city.

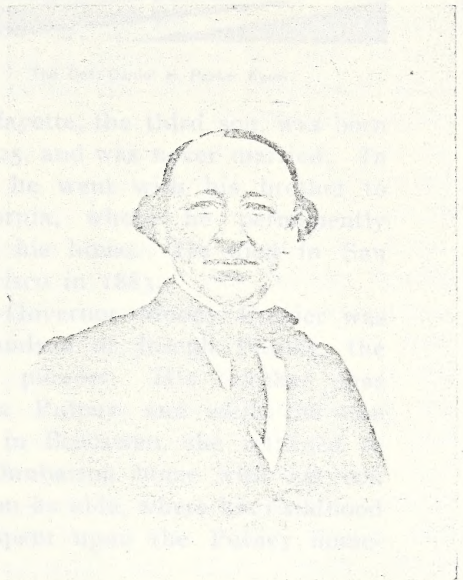
Mary A. is the wife of Hon. N. J. Bachelder of Andover, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture and master of the State Grange, who has been for twenty-five years closely identified with agricultural work in the state. They have a son and a daughter.

Harvey W. was for nearly twenty years chief deputy and cashier at the internal revenue office at Portsmouth,

but recently resigned because of ill health.

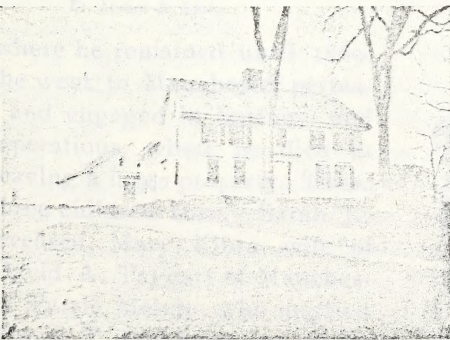
Fred E. is postmaster at East Andover, and a successful farmer. He is married and has one son. Frank, Mark, and Harvey are unmarried.

The Story farm is yet in the name,



David Story.

and has reached the fifth generation, the home proper having been built in 1782. Warren Story, a man of much prominence, was born in 1783, and married Polly Stinson in 1809. He died suddenly from the effects of an accident in 1833. Mrs. Story lived to the remarkable age of 98 years, retaining her faculties to the last. She was renowned for her hospitality and social disposition. They had four children, the eldest of whom, a daughter, died in 1833. Of the three sons, David, who was born in 1819, was thrice married, and had four sons, Warren, now in Redlands, Cal., Lafayette, who died in Nashua a few years since, while David and



The Story Homestead.

Fred inherit and occupy the farm. He died in 1898.

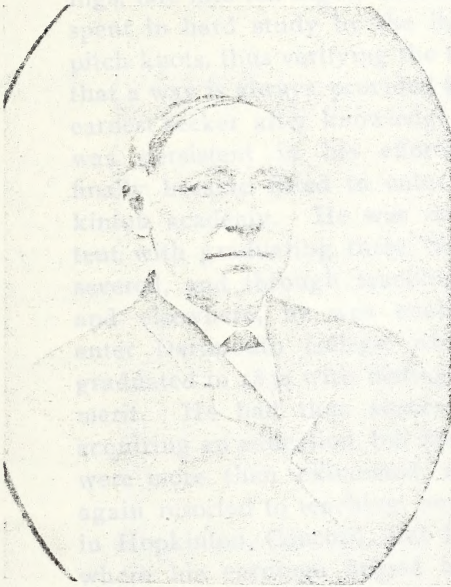
Dr. Abram B., the second son, was born in 1821, and after acquiring an education practised medicine, and, in the gold excitement of 1849, went to California, remaining seven years, when he sold out his interests to his brother, Lafayette, and returned, marrying, in 1859, Mary A. Melvin, daughter of Abram Melvin of Weare, now dead. He resumed the practise of medicine in Manchester, but after a few years settled on the Melvin



The Dea, Daniel H. Parker Farm.

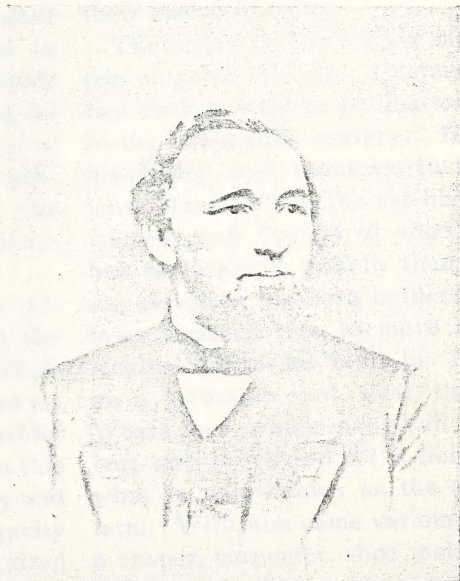
Lafayette, the third son, was born in 1825, and was never married. In 1849 he went with his brother to California, where he permanently made his home. He died in San Francisco in 1883.

Ex-Governor Moody Currier was a grandson of Joseph Putney, the early pioneer. His mother was Rhoda Putney, and while he was born in Boscawen, she returned to her Dunbarton home with her son as soon as able, where his childhood was spent upon the Putney home-



Dr. Abram B. Story.

farm, where he remained until 1869, when he went to Manchester permanently and engaged in business and other operations, where he died in 1893, leaving a large property. There were three children born,—Sarah J., now deceased, Mary Elbra, wife of Hon. David A. Taggart of Manchester, and Carrie Melvin, who married Hon. David T. Dickinson, ex-mayor of Cambridge, Mass.



Lafayette Story.

stead, being a playmate, life-long associate, and intimate friend of Henry Putney, and later became a most successful teacher in the town. The mother, at her death, was buried in the Montalona cemetery. The career of Mr. Currier was one of the most remarkable in the history of the state. His early years were devoted to the usual duties required of a boy on a farm, laboring faithfully during the day that he might earn his support, while to meet his craving desire and thirst for knowledge, his evenings, late into the night, were largely spent in hard study by the light of pitch knots, thus verifying the truism that a way is always provided for the earnest seeker after knowledge. He was persistent in his efforts, and finally became fitted to enter Hopkinton academy. He was not content with graduating there, but persevered, and through teaching here and elsewhere, he was enabled to enter Dartmouth college, where he graduated in 1834 with distinguished merit. He had thus succeeded in acquiring an education, but his funds were more than exhausted, and he again resorted to teaching, engaging in Hopkinton, Concord, and Lowell, where his earnings helped lay the foundation for the fortune he afterwards accumulated.

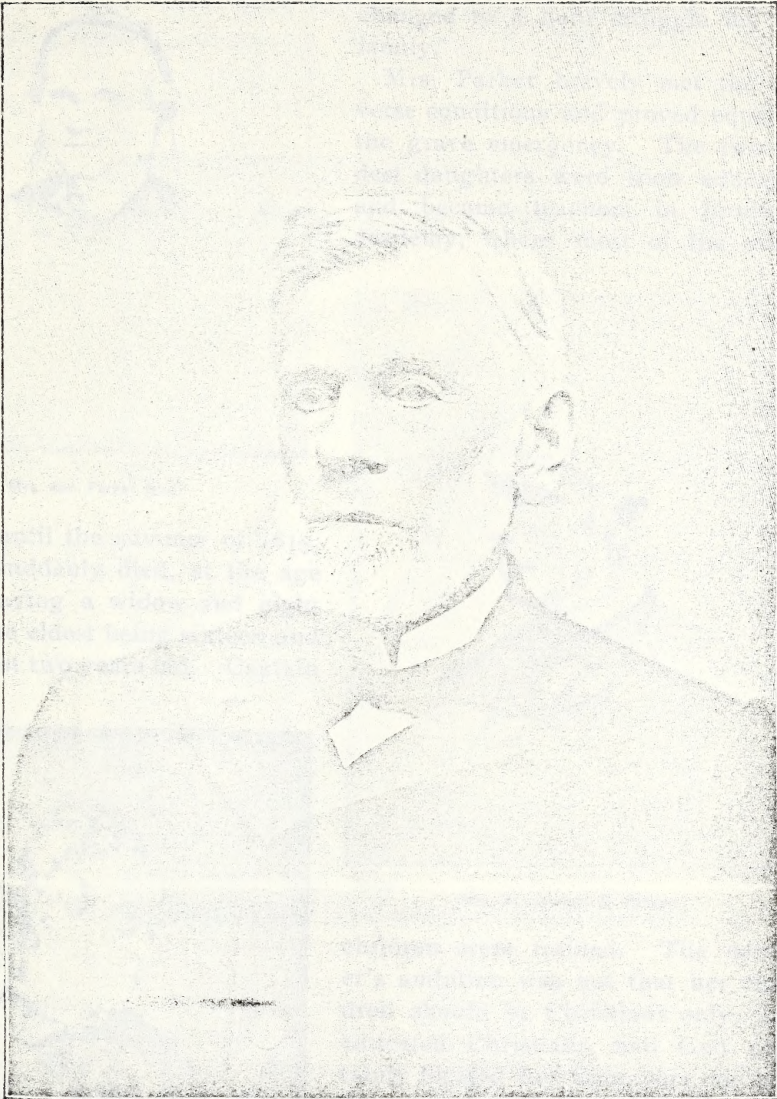
He meantime read law, was admitted to the bar, and followed the practice in Manchester until 1848. His business ability had attracted attention, and he was appointed cashier of the Amoskeag bank, and from this time forward his rise was steady and sure. His foresight and sagacity in financial matters were recognized again and again by his election as treasurer and director of various im-

portant corporations, which positions he filled with rare business skill.

In 1880 Bates college conferred on him the degree of LL. D. He was a fine classical scholar, literary in his tastes, which often found expression in poetry. As president of the Amoskeag National bank, state senator, member of the governor's council, and as governor of the state, he performed the duties incumbent upon him with great wisdom and signal ability. His capacity for business was indeed marvelous, as evidenced by his fortune, every dollar of which came through his unaided efforts. In manner he was modest, courteous, unassuming, and his sumptuous home bespoke the cheer that here prevailed. His life and example will ever be a shining incentive to the youth of our state. He died in 1898 leaving a widow, formerly Miss Hannah A. Slade, a successful teacher in the Manchester public schools, who occupies the home, which reflects their cultured tastes.

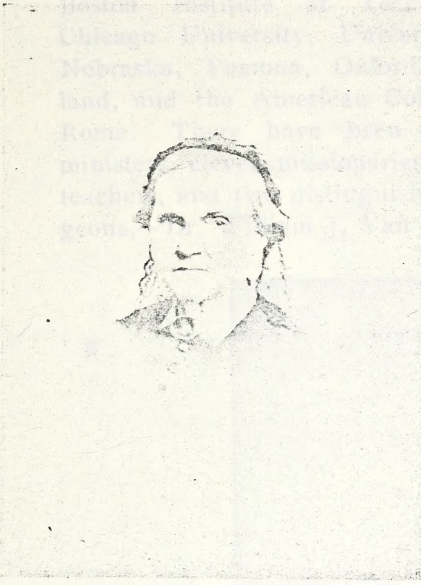
The record of the Parker family is one of great interest. Captain William Parker came to Dunbarton early in the nineteenth century. He, like his father, had tanneries in Groveland, Mass., where the old home was located, and burned in 1890. The belt of hemlock growth then standing along the northern borders of the town induced him to move to that locality where he built his tannery on a favorable spot, near the East Weare road, which many will remember, and purchased for a homestead what is now known as the Sargent farm. With him came various trades, a cooper, carpenter, shoe maker, and laborers, so that quite a settlement soon appeared. Here he lived and

Parker was a Christian man and his last words were in prayer to God to care for his wife and children. What would have been the result if



MOODY CURRIER.

professors, professors of the following colleges and universities: Harvard, Stanford, Yale, Dartmouth, Radcliffe, Wellesley, Amherst, Middlebury, Williams, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Oberlin, Oberlin.

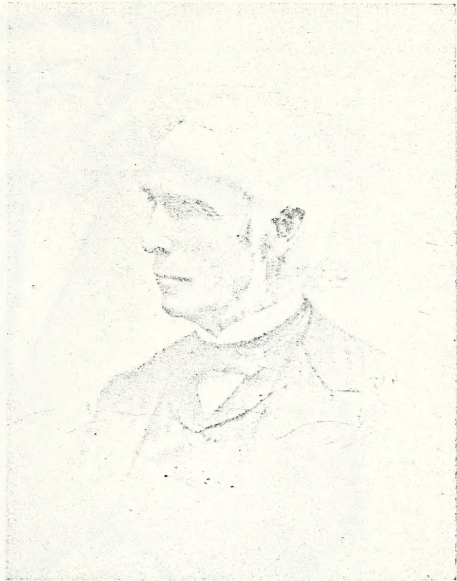


Mrs. Ann Parker Bird.

prospered until the summer of 1815, when he suddenly died, at the age of forty, leaving a widow and eight children, the eldest being sixteen and the youngest two years old. Captain

Parker was a Christian man and his last words were in prayer to God to care for his wife and children. What seemed the dawn of prosperity changed to a hard struggle for the family.

Mrs. Parker bravely met the adverse conditions and proved equal to the grave emergency. The two eldest daughters were soon educated and became teachers in Bradford academy, where most of the other



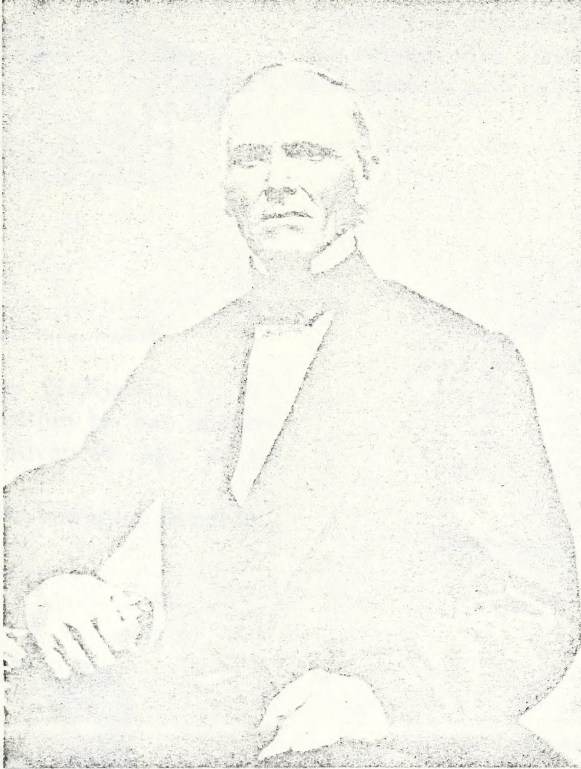
Rev. Dr. Leonard S. Parker.

children were trained. The mother's ambition was not that her children should be Christians only, but educated Christians, and God certainly blessed her endeavors, for her descendants and their husbands have been students, professors, presidents or masters of the following colleges and universities: Harvard, Bowdoin, Colby, Dartmouth, Radcliffe, Wellesley, Amherst, Middlebury, Williams, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Oberlin, Grinnell,



Mrs. Marianne Parker Dascomb.

Boston Institute of Technology, Allyn, a teacher in Oakham, Mass. Of the three sons, William, the eldest, was graduated at Dartmouth and became a teacher. Rev. Dr. Leonard S. Parker, the youngest son, graduated at Oberlin Theological Seminary, and having had an especially brilliant record for a short

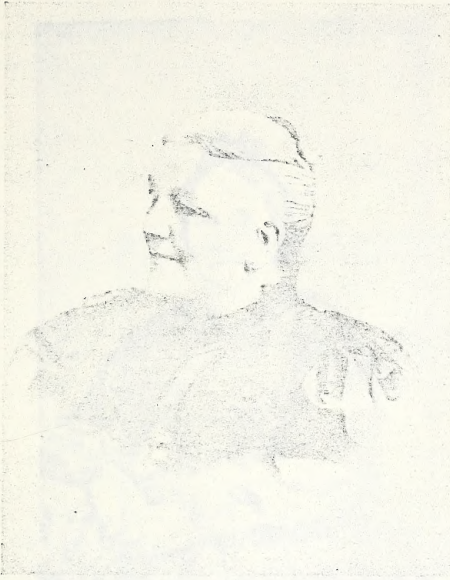


Dea. Daniel H. Parker.

of Philadelphia, and Dr. John Finney of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

Ann, the eldest daughter, in 1822, married the Rev. Isaac Bird, and with him went to Beirut as a missionary. She was the first American woman to land in Turkey. Emily married the Rev. James Kimball. Martha married the Rev. Thomas Tenney. Hannah married Mr. James

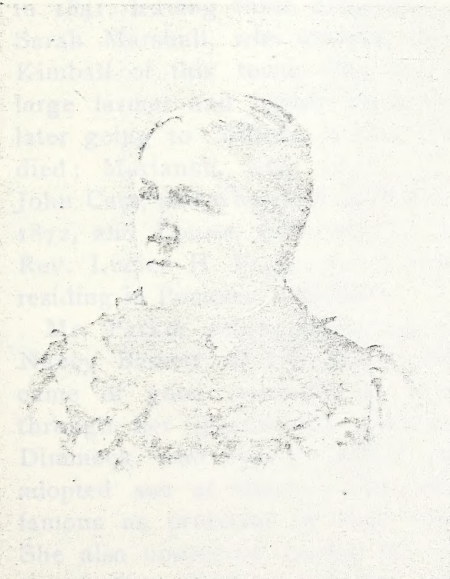
time at Dartmouth, his name was enrolled with that of the graduating class of which the late President Bartlett was a member. His pastorate at Mansfield, Ohio, Providence, Haverhill, Mass., Derry, N. H., Ashburnham, Turner's Falls, and Berkley, Mass., were most successful and in 1887 he became assistant pastor of the Shepard Memorial church, Cambridge, Mass., with the



Mrs. Sarah Parker Kimball.

Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., from which position he has just retired at the advanced age of 90 years.

Marianne, the youngest daughter,



Mrs. Louise Parker Frary.

was well educated and became a teacher, shortly afterwards marrying Dr. James Dascomb, and both going to Oberlin, Ohio, where she became the first lady principal of the college there, and remained in the same position or on the board of control up to the time of her death, a period of twenty years. While President Finney was considered the father of the college, Mrs. Dascomb was called the mother, and probably did more



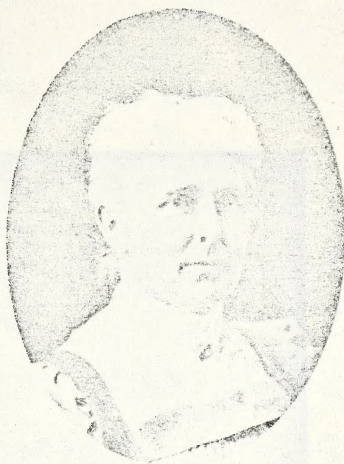
Mrs. Marianne Parker Cass.

than any other woman for education in the state of Ohio, and occupies a place among the "Pioneer Educators" in the book of "Eminent Women of America." She was a strong friend of the negro, and was connected with the "Underground Railroad" service.

Daniel H. Parker, the fifth child, born January 9, 1802, was the only one whose whole life was spent in his native town. He acquired his education in the town schools and at



Mrs. Daniel H. Parker.



Mrs. Abby Jane Parker Trask.

Bradford and Pembroke. He married Louise Mills, in 1833, and on the death of her father purchased the homestead farm one mile distant from the Centre. Mrs. Parker died in 1841, leaving three daughters,—Sarah Marshall, who married John Kimball of this town, who was a large farmer and highly respected, later going to Milford, where both died; Marianne, who married Dr. John Cass, and who died in Ohio in 1872, and Louise, who married the Rev. Lucien H. Frary, D. D., now residing in Pomona, California.

Mr. Parker subsequently married Nancy Bassett, of Lee, Mass., who came of good revolutionary stock through her grandfather, Sylvanus Dimmock, who was a nephew and adopted son of General Dimmock, famous as protector of Cape Cod. She also numbered among her ancestors Gov. Edward Winslow, who came over in the *Mayflower*, and

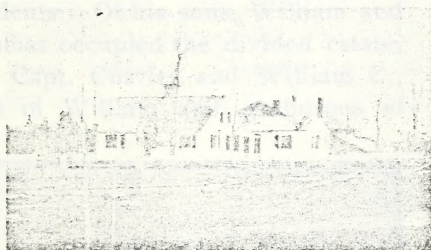
Gov. Josiah Winslow of Colonial renown, of whom Peregrine White, the first Pilgrim baby, was a half brother.

From this marriage one daughter, Abby Jane, was born, now the wife of the Rev. John L. R. Trask, D. D., pastor of the Memorial church, Springfield, Mass. Mr. Parker was a Christian man from his youth, and was a deacon of the Congregational church from early manhood to the age of 84 when he resigned. He was recognized by every one as a safe man to follow,—sound, wise, generous, and kind; prominent as a citizen, devoted to the church, and faithful to every trust. He prospered in all affairs of life, and accumulated the largest property of any citizen of his day. He was the one man all went to for counsel and advice. He filled the offices of treasurer, selectman, and representative with marked fidelity, and left a record behind for

REV. GEORGE A. PUTNAM.

sobriety, honorable living, and faithfulness to every trust confided to him. His death in 1892 caused profound sorrow throughout the town. Mrs. Parker died in 1890.

Rev. George A. Putnam was the son of Rev. John M. Putnam, the second settled pastor of the Congregational church, and was born May 8, 1835. His education was obtained at Meriden, Pembroke, Schenectady, N. Y., and Dartmouth college, graduating in 1858. In 1870 he received the degree of A. M. from his alma mater. He entered the Bangor Theological seminary in 1858, graduating in 1860. He was licensed to preach before entering the seminary, and preached nearly every Sabbath in this town for six months, in connection with the great revival here in



Old Congregational Parsonage.
Birthplace of Rev. George A. Putnam.

1858. His first pastorate was at Yarmouth, Me., where he was ordained and installed in 1860. He remained ten years, when he resigned, and, in 1871, accepted a call to the First Congregational church at Millbury, Mass., where he remains, after a pastorate of thirty years, honored and beloved by a devoted people. In 1875-'76, he traveled extensively abroad, visiting Great Britain, France, Italy, Greece, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Constantinople, Egypt, Palestine, and Switzerland,



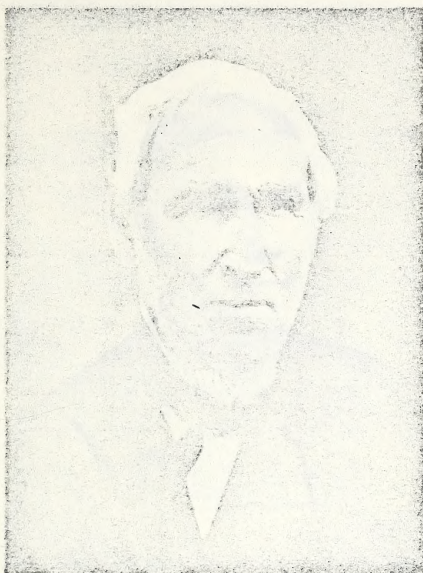
John Buntin.

crossing the Alps five times on foot. He is a preacher of great power and persuasive eloquence. He has been twice married; has six children; his present wife being Louise Sabin of Millbury, whom he married in 1881.

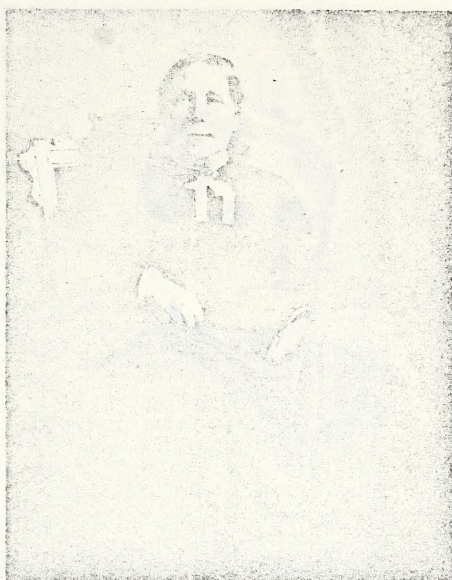
Capt. William Stinson, born in 1725, the first settler here of that name, was of Scotch-Irish parentage, coming to Londonderry with his parents when seven years old. He came to this town in 1751, established a home, and became one of



The Capt. Charles Stinson Homestead



Capt. Charles Stinson.



Mrs. Charles Stinson.

the most influential and prospered residents. Of his sons, William and Thomas occupied the divided estate, and Capt. Charles and William C., sons of William and grandsons of

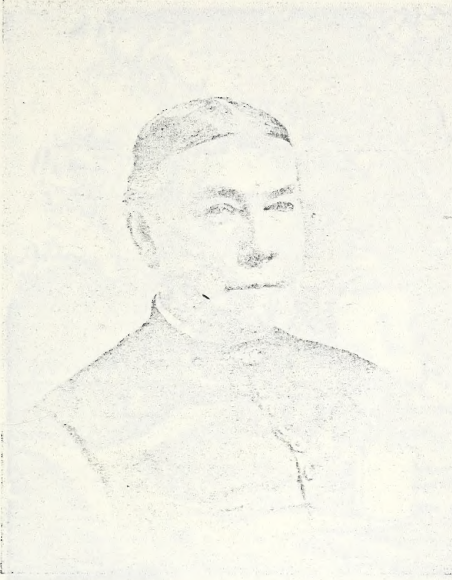
Capt. William, continued in possession of these two large farms. There were three daughters,—Nancy, who became the wife of Dea. John Safford of Beverly, Mass.; Letitia,



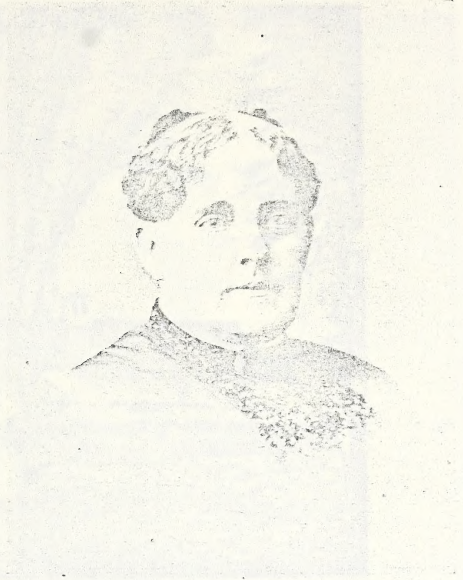
Mrs. Nancy Stinson Safford.



Mrs. Letitia Stinson Kent.



Mrs. Jane Stinson Caldwell.



Mrs. Letitia C. Stinson Parker.

who married Col. William Kent of Concord; and Mary who died in New Orleans, where she had gone for her health. Charles married Susan Cochran, who died, and his

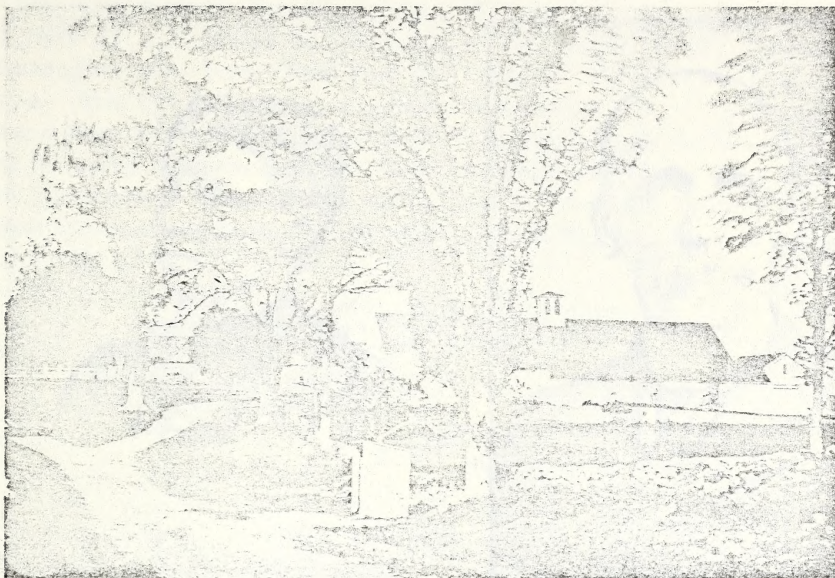
second wife was Mary A., daughter of Moses Poor. He was treasurer, selectman, representative, and county commissioner, and was noted for his enterprise and public spirit. In 1867



Mrs. Susan C. Stinson Jones.



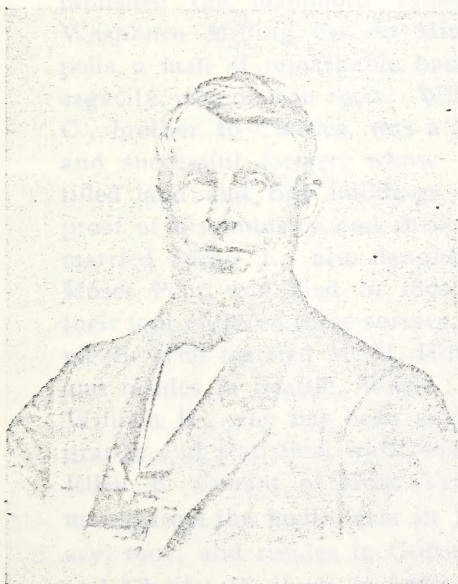
Mrs. Mary A. Stinson Pillsbury.



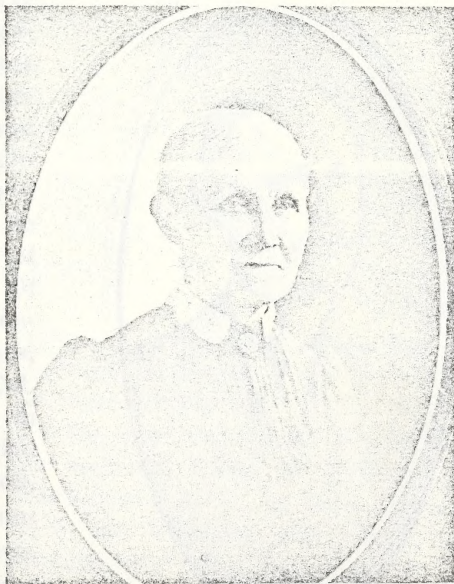
The Stinson Homestead.

he sold his farm and purchased a home in Goffstown, where he and his wife both died. From the first marriage there were three daughters, Jane, who married Wallace Cald-

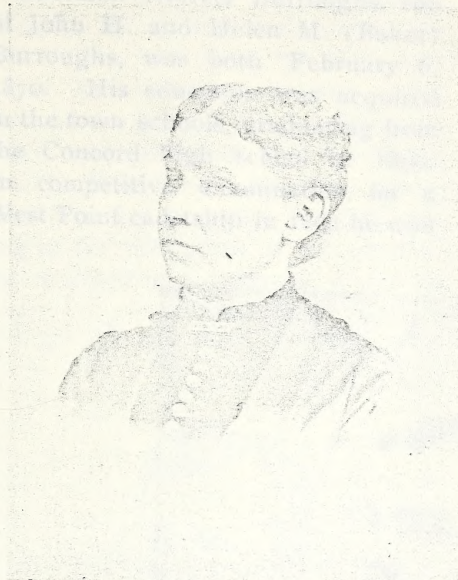
well, who went to California in 1849, but returning settled in Goffstown, both now deceased; Letitia, wife of Hon. John M. Parker, also of Goffstown, and Susan, whose second hus-



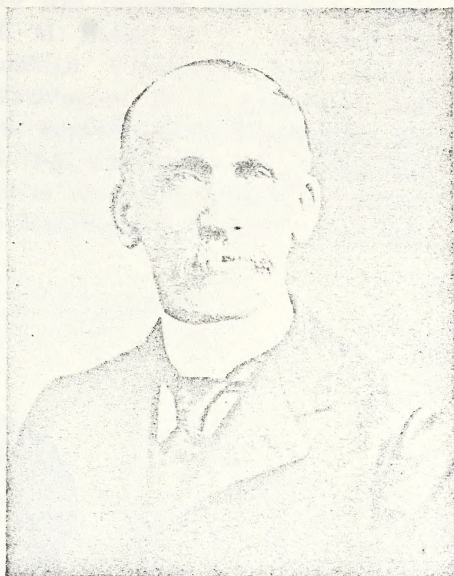
William C. Stinson.



Mrs. W. C. Stinson.



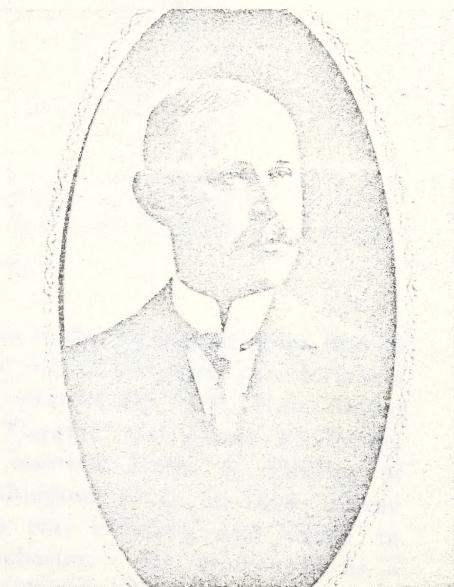
Mrs. Jennie Stinson Holmes.



Col. W. H. Stinson.

band was Judge Edwin S. Jones, a pioneer and wealthy banker of Minneapolis, now dead; Mary A., daughter from the second marriage, married Hon. Charles A. Pillsbury, who established the mammoth Pillsbury, Washburn Milling Co., in Minneapolis, a man of remarkable business sagacity, who died in 1900. William C., brother to Charles, was a large and successful farmer, whose well-tilled land and tidy buildings gave proof of his industry and thrift; he married Sarah E., also daughter of Moses Poor, and died in 1890. Of their four children three survive, Jennie S., who married M. M. Holmes, and resides in Seattle, Wash.; Col. William H., who has been much in grange and statistical work, married Ellen F. Conant of Mont Vernon, moved from the home farm in January, 1901, and resides in Goffstown, and Charles C., born in 1860, who graduated from Mont Vernon acad-

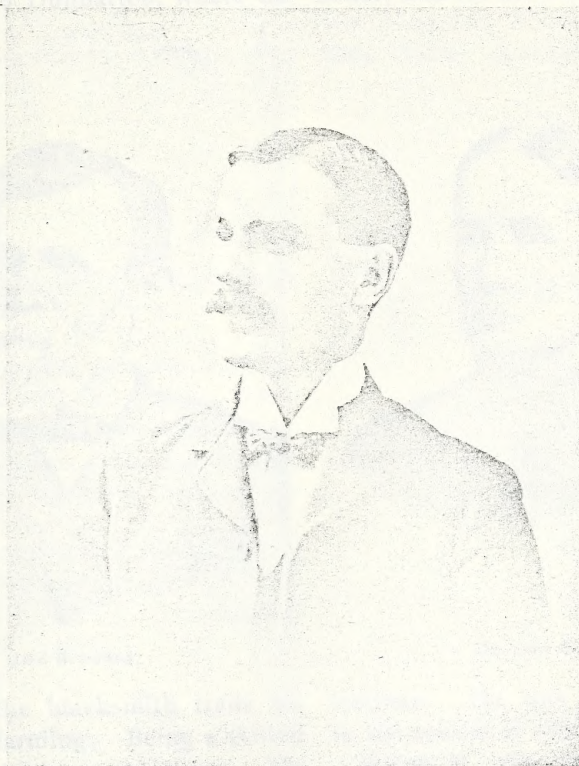
emy, remains unmarried, and for several years has been associated with the Dana Hardware Co. of Boston. He has traveled extensively in the West, where he has business interests.



Charles C. Stinson.

Sherman Everett Burroughs, son of John H. and Helen M. (Baker) Burroughs, was born February 6, 1870. His education was acquired in the town schools, graduating from the Concord high school in 1890. In competitive examination for a West Point cadetship in 1888 he won

He was private secretary to Hon. H. M. Baker, M. C.; attended Columbian University Law school, Washington, D. C., graduated, and was admitted to the Washington bar in 1895, and to the New Hampshire bar in 1897, and located in practice in Manchester. He was a represen-



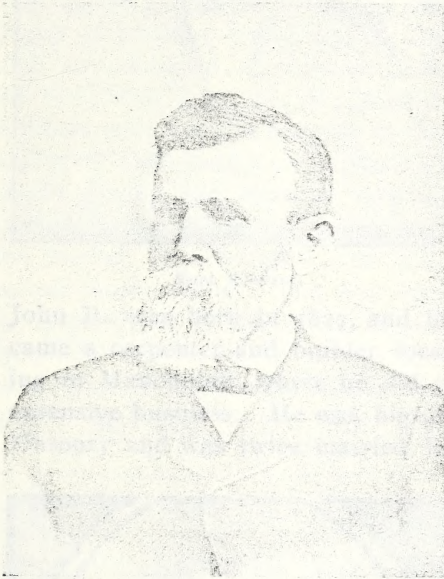
Sherman Everett Burroughs.

highest rank, and was appointed, but, owing to the wishes of his parents, he declined. He graduated at Dartmouth college in 1894, standing fifth in a class of eighty-six. He was awarded the philosophical oration, and made a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society. He was appointed instructor in logic and oratory, which he declined that he might study law.

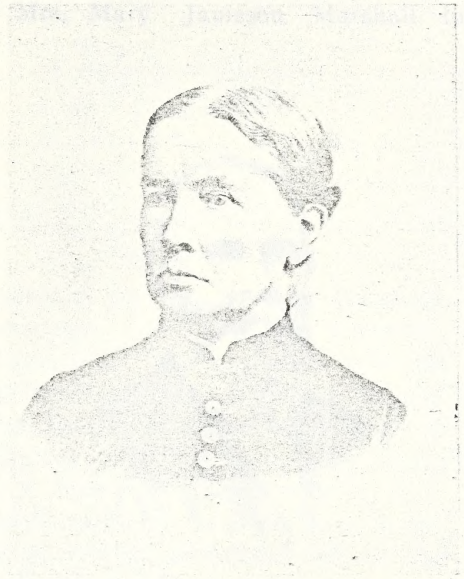
tative in the legislature from Bow in 1901, and in the same year formed a law partnership with Hon. David A. Taggart and James P. Tuttle. He married Helen S. Phillips of Washington, D. C., in 1898. They have two children, and reside in Manchester. Mr. Burroughs is a natural orator, and gives promise of a prominent career.

John B. Ireland is one of the large farmers and a most influential citizen. He was born in 1832, and is of Revolutionary ancestry. He learned the trade of blacksmithing in 1851, and was with the Amoskeag Co. in Manchester, for three years, and later by himself. In 1858, owing to the infirmities of his parents, he returned to Dunbarton, where he

two sons living, the eldest being Dea. Frederick L., who graduated from Pembroke academy, taught school, and now owns the Twiss farm where he settled with his wife, Henrietta McLauren of Manchester, who died in 1901. They had born to them four children. Deacon Ireland has filled various town offices with honor, and for several years was se-



John B. Ireland.



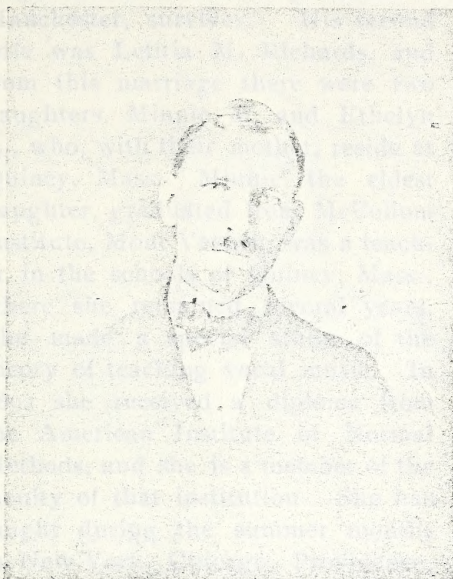
Mrs. John B. Ireland.

carried on the blacksmith trade together with farming. Being a skilled smith he had a large patronage. He has given much attention to fruit culture, and the raising of milk is a leading specialty. He was a member of the board of selectmen four years, and chairman in 1865 and 1885; was a member of the school board thirteen years, also a member of the legislature in 1869. He is a substantial supporter of the Congregational church in its various lines of work. In 1856 he married Mary Hodgkins of Troy, and they have

lectman. He was also enumerator in the census of 1890 and 1900.

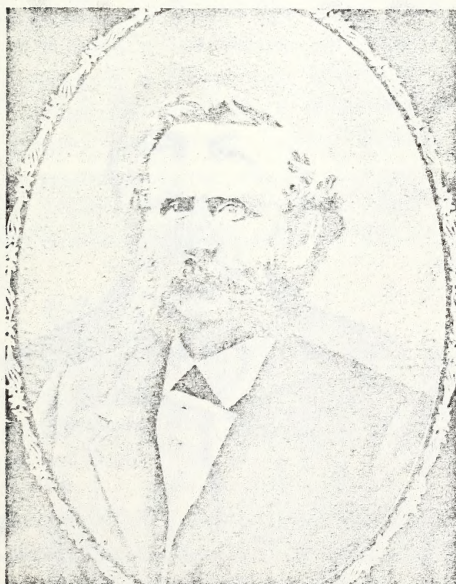
Ralph P., the youngest son, was born in 1869, graduated at Pembroke, and at the Bridgewater, Mass., normal school, also at the Lowell Institute of Technology. He taught school in Weare, Epsom, Tilton, Dunbarton, and Revere, Mass., and is now one of the leading teachers in Gloucester, Mass. In 1895 he married May Louise Hoyt of Dorchester, Mass., and they have one child.

Wilberforce Ireland, brother to



Ralph P. Ireland.

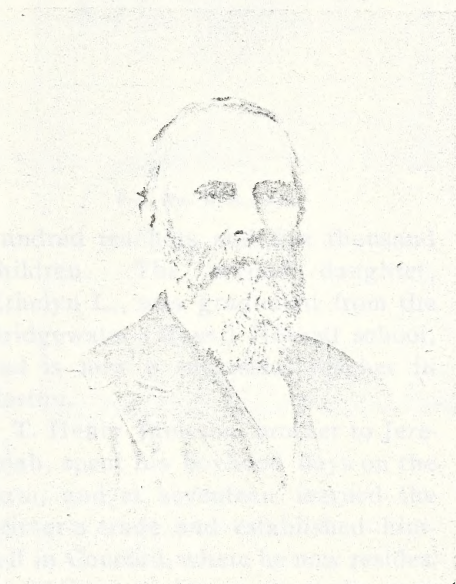
John B., was born in 1827, and became a carpenter and builder, locating in Manchester, where he did an extensive business. He was high in Masonry and was twice married, his



Wilberforce Ireland.

second wife being Lucinda L. Hadley of Goffstown, whom he married in 1874. He had one son and three daughters, and died in 1893. His widow and youngest daughter reside in Goffstown.

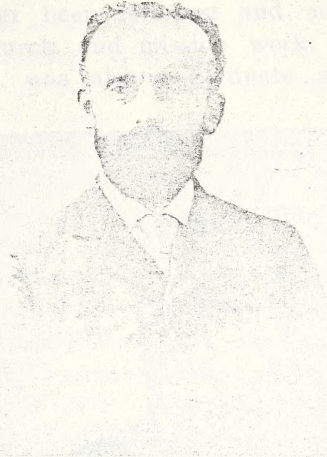
Daniel Jameson, Sr., was a substantial farmer, and of his children, Rev. E. O. Jameson resides in Boston, and is officially connected with the Emerson School of Oratory; Mrs. Mary Jameson Marshall in



Jeremiah P. Jameson.

Goffstown; B. T. Jameson in Weare, and Sarah Jameson married Charles Kimball and died in Concord. Jeremiah P. settled on the home farm, where he died in 1892. He was a teacher for fourteen years, town clerk, selectman, and superintendent of schools for many years; a charter member of Stark grange, of which he was chaplain, and also chaplain in the Pomona grange. He was a member of the Congregational church. From his first mar-

riage one son, Daniel Jameson, of Manchester, survives. His second wife was Letitia M. Richards, and from this marriage there were two daughters, Minnie M. and Ethelyn L., who, with their mother, reside at Quincy, Mass. Minnie, the eldest daughter, graduated from McCollom Institute, Mont Vernon, was a teacher in the schools of Quincy, Mass., where she remained several years. She made a special study of the theory of teaching vocal music. In 1892 she received a diploma from the American Institute of Normal Methods, and she is a member of the faculty of that institution. She has taught during the summer months in New York, Chicago, Providence, and Boston, in connection with this normal music school. She now has the supervision of the music in all the public schools of the city of Woburn, and of Plymouth, Mass., together including more than one

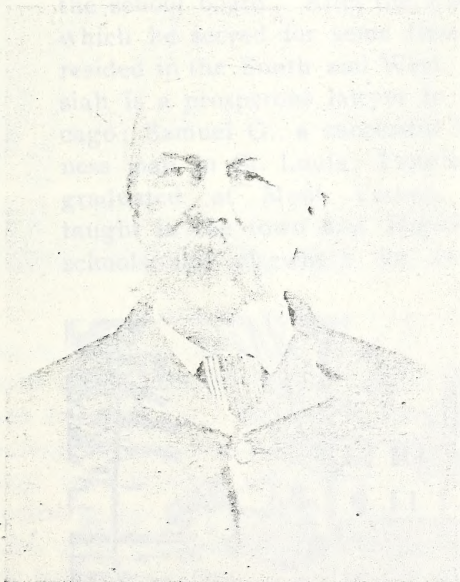


Prof. Wm. H. Burnham.

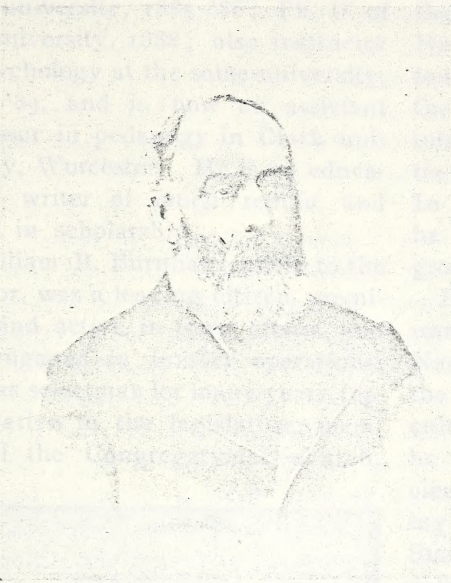
hundred teachers and five thousand children. The second daughter, Ethelyn L., was graduated from the Bridgewater (Mass.) Normal school, and is now a successful teacher in Boston.

T. Henry Jameson, brother to Jeremiah, spent his boyhood days on the farm, and at seventeen learned the printer's trade and established himself in Concord, where he now resides. In addition to his work at the case he has, during the past twenty years, conducted a general advertising agency with much success. He is married and has one daughter.

Dea. Samuel Burnham, born in Essex, Mass., in 1814, married Hannah Dane Burnham, of this town, September 13, 1838; removed here in 1845, and for twenty years kept the village store, and was postmaster for several years. In 1865 he purchased his present farm. He is a member, and for many years was deacon, of the Congregational church,



T. Henry Jameson.



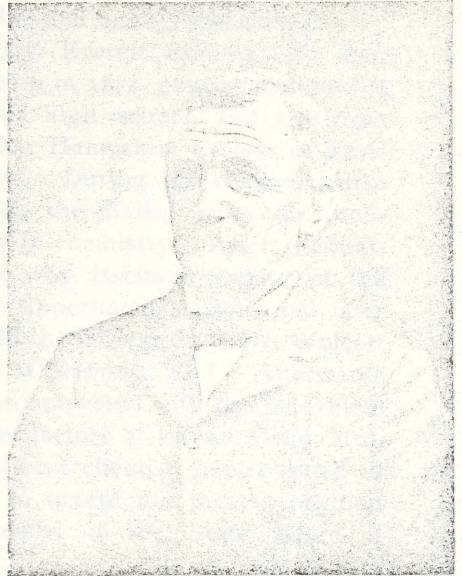
Wm. B. Burnham.

and is the second oldest citizen. Mrs. Burnham died November 22, 1901. Of the seven children six survive. Bradford is a farmer. He was for several years a member of the school board. After the war, in which he served for some time, he resided in the South and West. Josiah is a prosperous lawyer in Chicago; Samuel G., a successful business man in St. Louis; Fannie L., graduated at Mont Vernon, and taught in the town and Hopkinton schools and elsewhere for twenty



The William B. Burnham Farm

years. For several years she has been president of the Merrimack Conference of Auxiliaries of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, and has ever been foremost and active in church and mission work. Annie M. was also a graduate at Mont



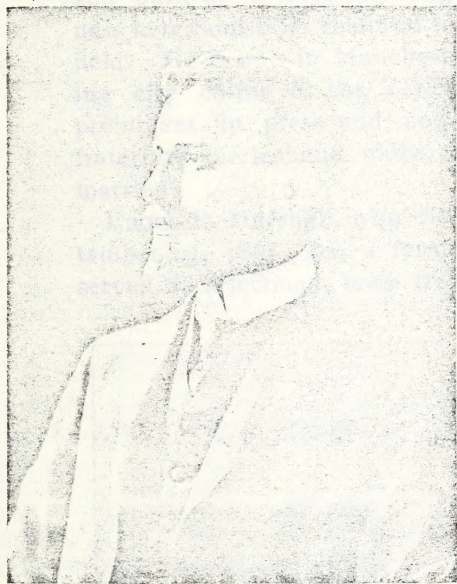
Nelson H. Barnard.

Vernon; taught ten years in the graded schools of Bloomington and Decatur, Ill., thence going to Portland, Ore., where she resumed teaching, and, after three years, became principal of a large school, holding the position nine years. She is now a member of the school board, residing at home with her father and sister.

The youngest son, William H., was born December 3, 1855; graduated with high honors from the Manchester high school, and from Harvard university in 1882. He began teaching in Dunbarton; taught in Wittenburg college 1882-'83, and at Potsdam (N. Y.) Normal school, 1883-'85; was fellow in Johns Hop-

kins university, 1885-'86; Ph. D. of the university, 1888; also instructor in psychology at the same university, 1888-'89, and is now an assistant professor in pedagogy in Clark university, Worcester. He is an educational writer of much repute, and gifted in scholarship.

William B. Burnham, uncle to the senator, was a leading citizen, prominent and active in town affairs, and was engaged in lumber operations. He was selectman for many years, representative to the legislature, member of the Congregational church,



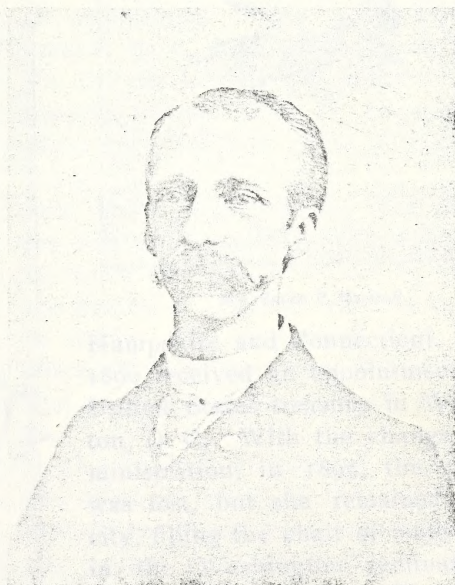
Prof. Harry E. Barnard.

charter member of Stark grange, a good farmer, and a kindly hearted man and neighbor. He died in 1900, leaving a wife and four children. His large farm is now owned and conducted by his son, A. Lincoln Burnham, with whom his mother makes her home.

Nelson H. Barnard is a worthy representative of that family who set-

tled in the westerly part of the town. He was a good farmer and active townsman, zealous in the cause of the grange, and of a broad, well-informed mind. He married Celestia A. Rider of New York in 1872. In 1889 he moved to Nashua where he is successfully engaged in fruit growing and market-gardening.

Harry Everett Barnard, his son, was born in 1874, graduated from the Nashua high school, and also from the New Hampshire College of Agriculture. During his college course he won the Bailey prize for proficiency in chemistry. After graduating he was assistant chemist at the State Experiment station, and later entered the laboratory of Dr. Wolcott Gibbs at Newport, R. I. Afterwards he was connected with the Smokeless Powder factory at Indian Head, Md., as assistant chemist, but resigned in 1901, to accept his present position as chemist of the State Board of



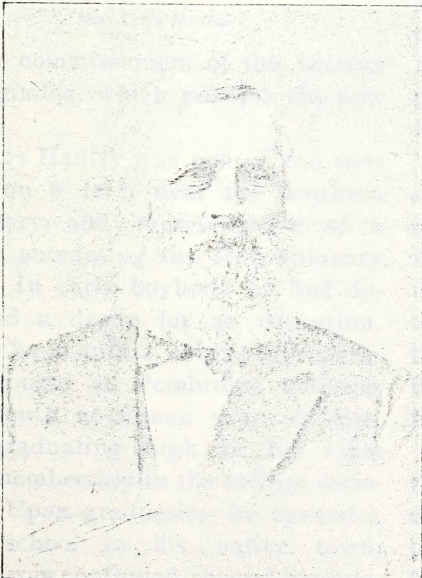
O. H. A. Chamberlen.

Health at Concord. He is a member of the American Chemical society, the Society of Official Agricultural Chemists, and the University club of Concord. His scientific publications are valuable. He married Marion Harris, Ph. B., in 1901.

Joseph A. Chamberlen was a resident for many years, a farmer, proprietor of the Prospect Hill hotel, and later of "Maple Inn," where summer boarders were accommodated. He married Lizzie M. Wilson, and they now reside in Manchester. His son, Oscar H. A. Chamberlen, started and built up a large printing business here, and later removed to Pittsfield. He is now in Manchester, being city editor of the *Union*, and prominent in press and newspaper fraternity circles and clubs, and is married.

Enoch P. Marshall, who died September 24, 1891, was a farmer and served as selectman, town treasurer,

and representative to the legislature in 1872. He also was a charter member of Stark grange. He married Annis E. Gage, whose poems and addresses marked her literary attainments. From this marriage three daughters were born, Jessie, who lives with her mother in Milford, where she is engaged in teaching; Buelah, now the wife of Lewis C. Goodhue of Bow, and Lydia, who was educated in the town schools and the Concord high, and the State Normal school at Plymouth. For seven years she taught in New



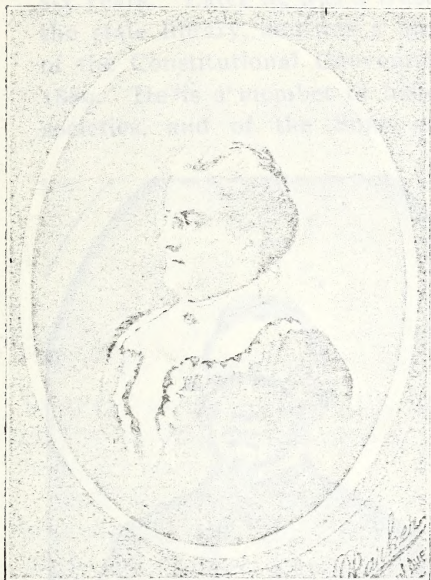
Enoch P. Marshall.



Mrs. Enoch P. Marshall.

Hampshire and Connecticut, and in 1890 received an appointment in the United States treasury in Washington, D. C. With the change of administration, in 1893, the position was lost, but she remained in the city, filling the chair of mathematics in the Washington Heights French and English school, and in the Wimo-

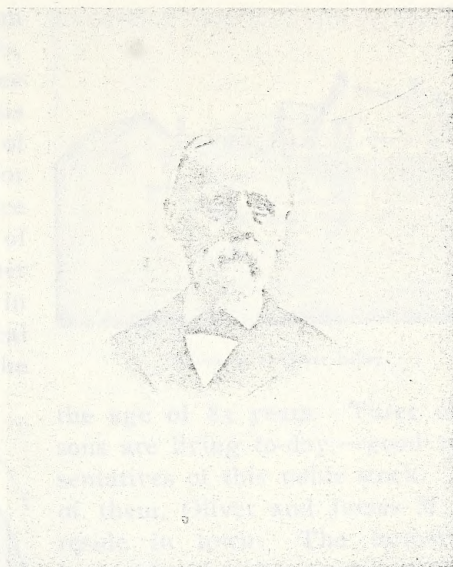
daughters, at the same time doing the church missionary work for the Calvary Baptist church, where she has been superintendent of the primary department of the Sunday-school for eleven years. In 1897 she was appointed clerk in the executive office



Miss Lydia Marshall.

of the commissioners of the District of Columbia, which position she now holds.

Amos Hadley was one of two sons born on a farm near the southern boundary and representative of a family antedating the Revolutionary war. In early boyhood he had developed a desire for an education, which he acquired, taking a preparatory course at Pembroke, entering Dartmouth at fifteen years of age, and graduating high in his class with membership in the college societies. Upon graduating he opened a high school in his native town, which was continued several seasons, and during this period he studied



Hon. Amos Hadley.

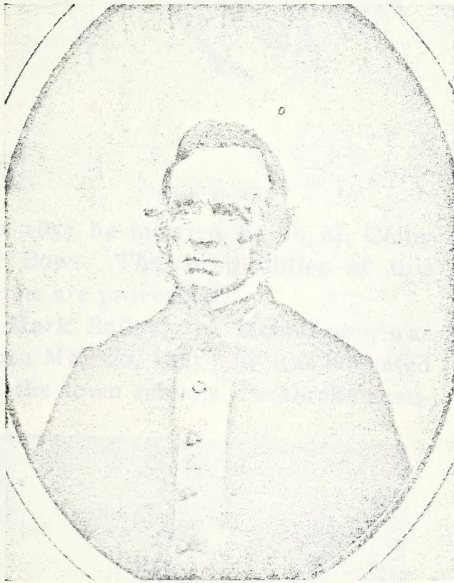
law and was admitted to the bar. His experience as principal or instructor in high schools, academies, the State Normal school, and in his Concord school of individual instruction has been eminently successful. In recognition of his merit Dartmouth gave him the degree of Ph. D., and invited him to the temporarily vacant chair of Rhetoric. Much time has been given to school supervision as member of the Concord board of education. He was the first state superintendent of public instruction appointed, and he had the faculty of teaching teachers how to teach. He represented Bow in the legislature two terms, and at his first election was the youngest member.

As a resident of Concord, he held the office of clerk of the common council for fifteen years, never having missed a meeting during the time; and was a trustee of the city library for a like period. His lit-

erary taste led him into journalism which he followed for fourteen years, and during this time was for three years elected state printer. He was appointed reporter of the decisions of the supreme court by Governor Frederick Smyth, holding the office six years. Later he was a trustee of the state library, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1889. He is a member of historical societies, and of the Sons of the



Residence of Oliver Bailey.



Oliver Bailey, Sr.

American Revolution, while his writings and publications have attracted wide attention.

The years sit lightly on Mr. Hadley and his wealth of information and knowledge finds full scope in his school of individual instruction, while his social qualities render him delightful to meet.

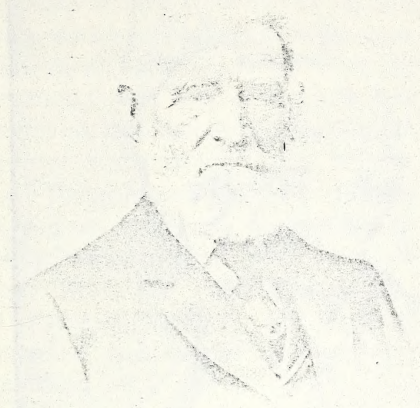
Captain Oliver Bailey was a man of remarkable vigor and Scotch thrift. His son Oliver inherited these commendable traits. He died in 1880 at

the age of 83 years. Three of his sons are living to-day,—good representatives of this noble stock. Two of them, Oliver and James M., still reside in town. The former has been selectman ten years, supervisor several times, and member of the legislature in 1867. His present wife by a second marriage was Mrs. Apphia H. Bean of Warner. From his first marriage he had three children of whom George Oliver, who has filled the leading town offices, resides at North Dunbarton, where he is engaged in farming and dealing in cattle. The oldest son and daughter reside in the West.

James M., brother to Oliver, has a pleasant farm residence, was representative in the legislature in 1865, and town treasurer for eight years.



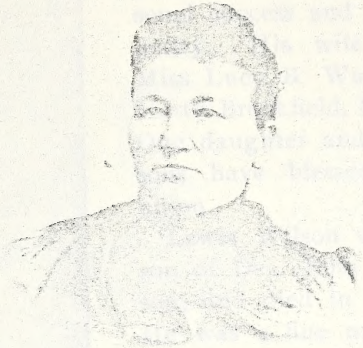
Residence of James M. Bailey.



Oliver Bailey.

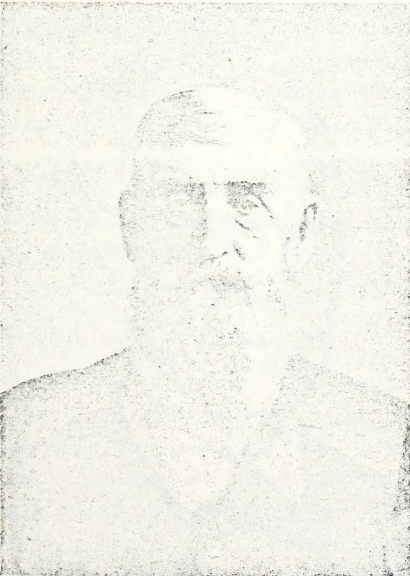
In 1857 he married Sarah M. Colby of Bow. The hospitalities of this home are proverbial.

Mark Bailey, the second son, was born May 20, 1827; he was educated in the town schools, Pembroke acad-



Mrs. Oliver Bailey.

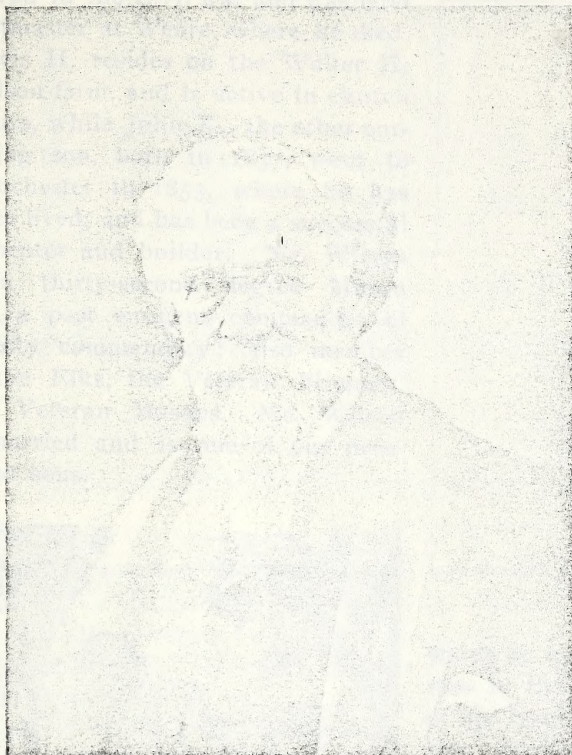
emy, Danville (Vt.) academy, and graduated from Dartmouth in 1849. In 1855 he was appointed instructor of oratorical speaking and Shakespearian reading in Yale university, a position he has filled with marked



James M. Bailey.



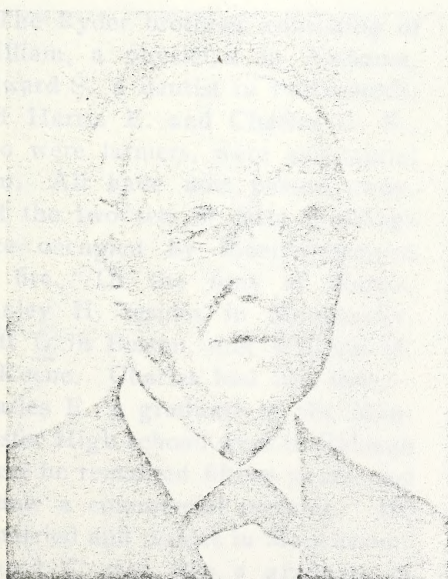
Mrs. James M. Bailey.



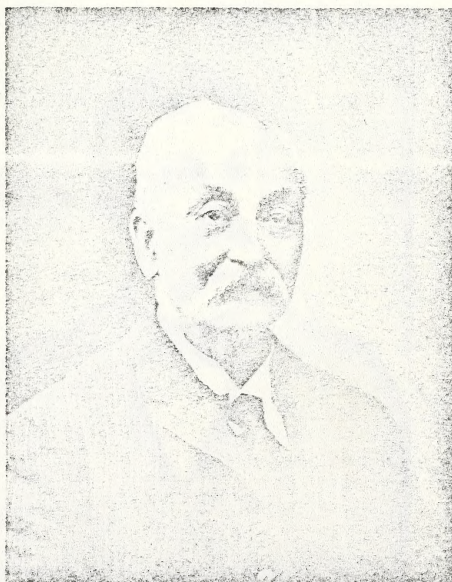
Prof. Mark Bailey.

success and still holds, —the best proof of his professional and personal success and prosperity. His wife was Miss Lucy B. Ward of North Brookfield, Mass. One daughter and two sons have blessed the union.

Lewis Wilson was a son of Dea. John Wilson, and died in 1890. He was a fine man, a good citizen and faithful to his church. He filled various offices with credit, and was a selectman. In 1833 he married Eunice Mills of Hampstead, who died in 1895. Their fiftieth marriage anniversary was a delightful occasion. Of the children, Leonard

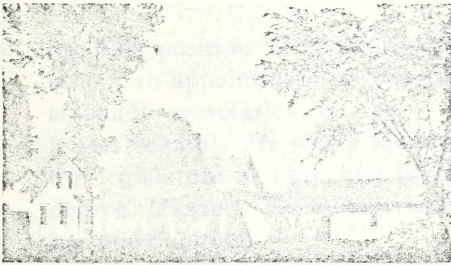


Lewis Wilson



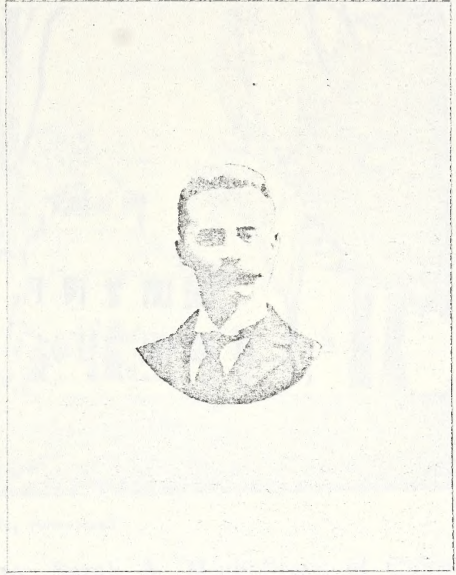
John K. Wilson.

served in the Civil war and was later postmaster at Weare, where he died. Lewis H. resides on the Walter H. Wilson farm, and is active in church affairs, while John K., the other surviving son, born in 1837, went to Manchester in 1855, where he has since lived, and has been a successful carpenter and builder. Mr. Wilson is a thirty-second degree Mason and a past eminent commander of Trinity commandery; also member of the Elks, the Veteran Firemen, and Veteran Masons. Mr. Wilson is married and is one of our prospered sons.



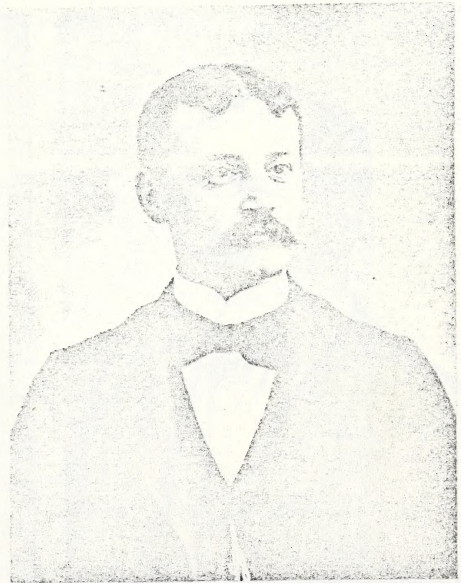
The Charles G. B. Ryder Farm.

The Ryder brothers, consisting of William, a physician in Alabama, Edward S., a dentist in Portsmouth, and Harris E. and Charles G. B., who were farmers, were substantial men. All have now passed away, and the two sets of farm buildings once occupied by them destroyed by fire. Of the sons of Harris, Stanley H. resides in Manchester, Natt L. in Boston, and William H. in Keene. Charles had two sons,—Charles E., a graduate of the Manchester High school, went to Chicago where he remained fifteen years, and is now a commercial traveler. He is married and resides in Manchester. Bayard C. was also a graduate of the Manchester High school. After-



Charles E. Ryder.

wards he was in the real estate business in that city, and in the service of the Boston & Maine railroad. He was secretary of the Manchester Board of Trade four years, resign-



Bayard C. Ryder.

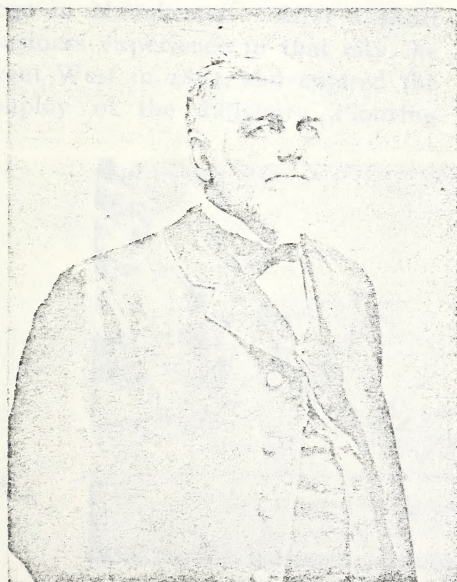


The Ray Homestead.

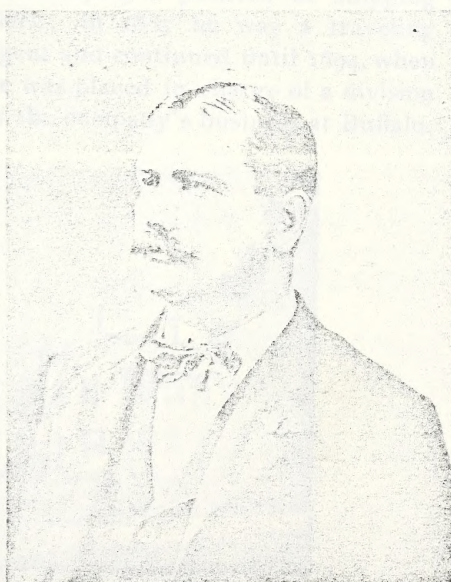
ing this position in February last to accept an appointment as one of the assistant secretaries in the United States senate. He was a member of the legislature in 1901, and is a high degree Mason. He is married and has one daughter.

John C. Ray, born in 1825, married

Sarah A. Humphreys of Chicopee, Mass. He was one of the most influential citizens, and prominent in town and state affairs. He was selectman and represented the town in the legislature. On being appointed superintendent of the Industrial school at Manchester, a position



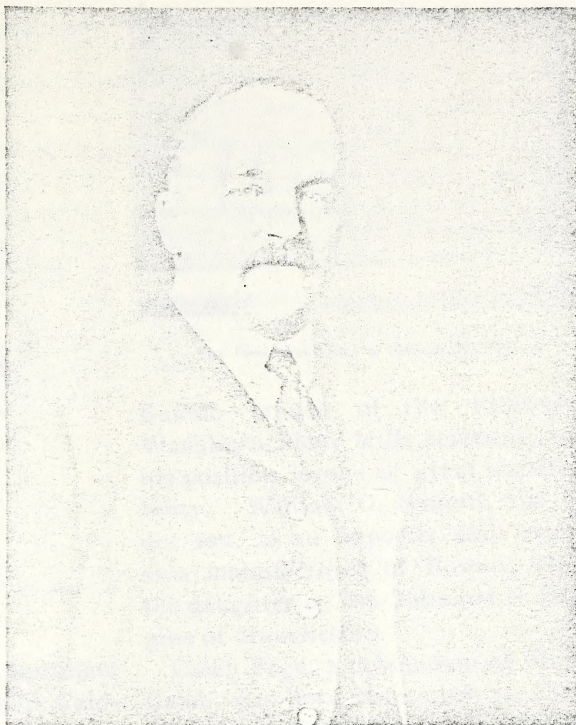
Hon. John C. Ray.



Hon. Harry P. Ray.

filled with great success for many years, he removed there, but the farm remained in the family until after his death in 1898. He also was a member of the legislature from Manchester, and was a member of Governor Smith's council. His son, Harry P., is a hosiery manufacturer; was a state senator in 1901, and is a prominent club man and citizen of Manchester.

One of the most successful men of the later generation is Arthur T. Safford, second son of Nathaniel T. and Eunice Safford, who for many years resided here, but now of Manchester. He was born August 29, 1859; he completed his education by a course of study in the business college in Manchester. After a short business experience in that city, he went West in 1882, and entered the employ of the Pillsbury Flouring

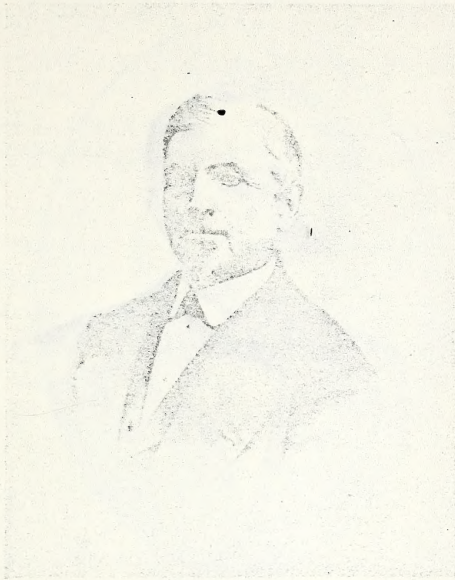


Arthur T. Safford.

company at Minneapolis. In 1883 he accepted a position as shipping clerk; in 1887 he was a traveling agent and continued until 1894, when he was placed in charge of a division of the company's business at Buffalo.



The Safford Farm.



Caleb Page.

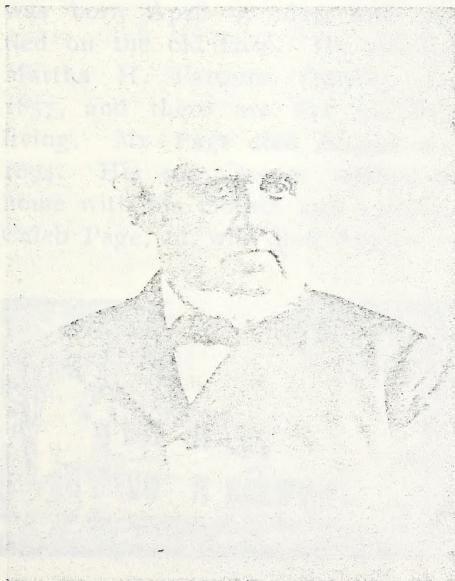
In 1900 he married Mary Burnham Caldwell, daughter of Edward Caldwell, a native of this town. Mr. Safford has developed remarkable business ability as manager of the



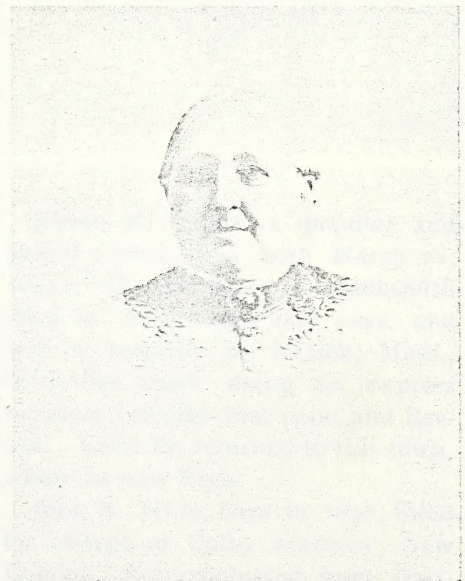
The Farm Residence of George W. Page.

Buffalo branch of the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills company, and his position is one of great responsibility. William C. Safford, the elder son, is an importer and extensive manufacturer of Boston, while the daughter is Mrs. Edmund F. Higgins of Manchester.

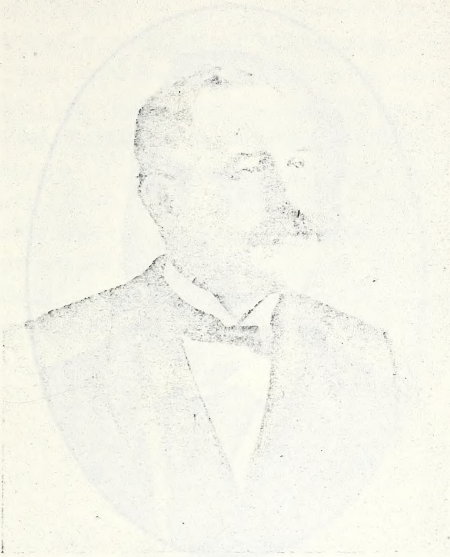
Caleb Page, a descendant of Major Caleb, was born November 14, 1817. He was a prosperous farmer and resided at North Dunbarton. He was selectman and representative, and



George W. Page.



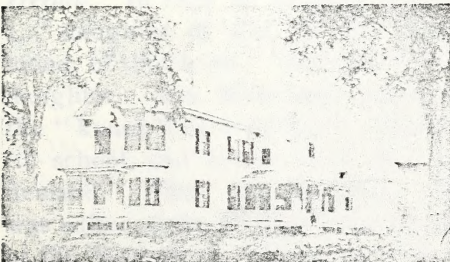
Mrs. George W. Page.



Caleb Page, 2d.

died December 21, 1889, leaving a large estate. His second wife was Mary J., daughter of Dea. Wheeler, to whom he was married in 1865, and who resides at the home.

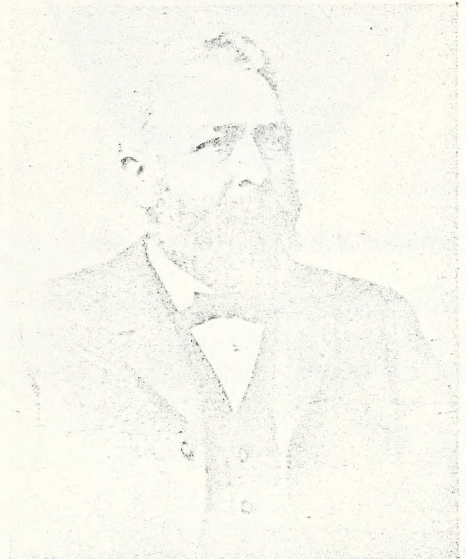
George W. Page, brother of Caleb, was born April 9, 1825, and settled on the old farm. He married Martha H. Farnum, October 23, 1857, and there are five children living. Mr. Page died August 29, 1894. His son George resides at home with his mother and a sister. Caleb Page, 2d, who died August 5,



Residence of Harrison C. Page.

1900, was a son. He married Ella M. Smith of Hopkinton, October 25, 1898, and they resided on what was formerly known as the Tenney farm. He was of the sixth generation to bear the name of Caleb.

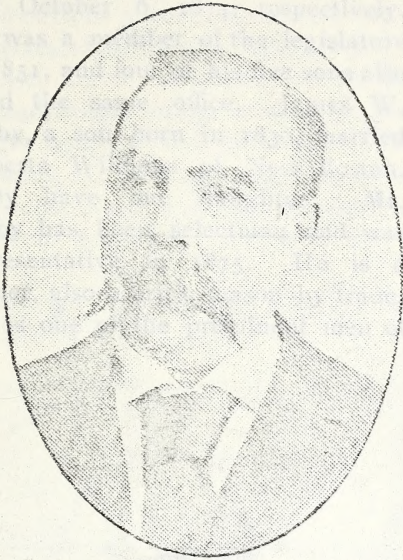
Harrison, another son, who holds an interest with his brother George in the home farm, has built a modern house near by. He married Edith M., daughter of Horace Caldwell.



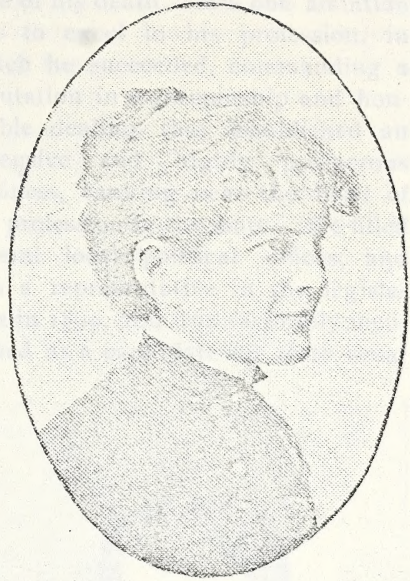
James H. Waite.

James H. Waite, a popular and genial citizen, was born March 21, 1831. He managed a blacksmith shop in Manchester one year, and was a resident of Natick, Mass., thirty-five years, doing an express business between that point and Boston. Later he returned to this town, where he now lives.

John B. Mills, born in 1848, fitted for college at Colby academy, New London, and graduated from Dartmouth in 1872. He studied law and



John B. Mills.

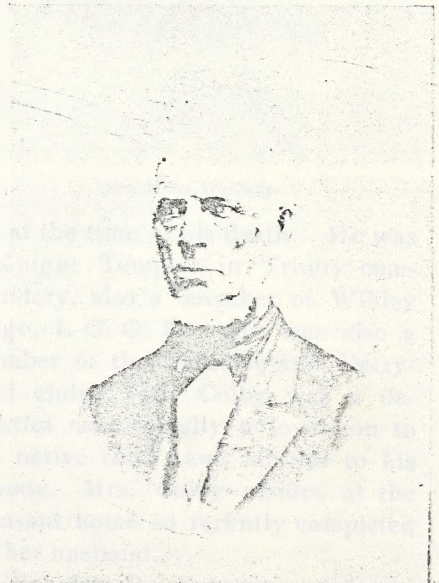


Mrs. John B. Mills.

was admitted to the bar in 1875. He was clerk of the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1873, and clerk of the Manchester police court in 1874 and 1875. He was a successful teacher for several years. He also followed the practice of law until 1880, when he entered journalism, and was engaged on the *Union* until 1887, when he went to New York and edited a law journal for two years, then going West, and in 1890 became connected with the *Grand Rapids Democrat*. At present he is night editor of the *Grand Rapids Herald*. In 1878 he married Emma L., daughter of Col. S. B. Hammond, of this town. They have one daughter. Mrs. Mills early acquired the "knack" of teaching a successful school, and her services were in demand. After her marriage she was editor of the Fireside department of the *Manchester Union*, and since her removal to Grand Rapids she has followed literary work, and is now

the literary editor and book reviewer of the *Herald*.

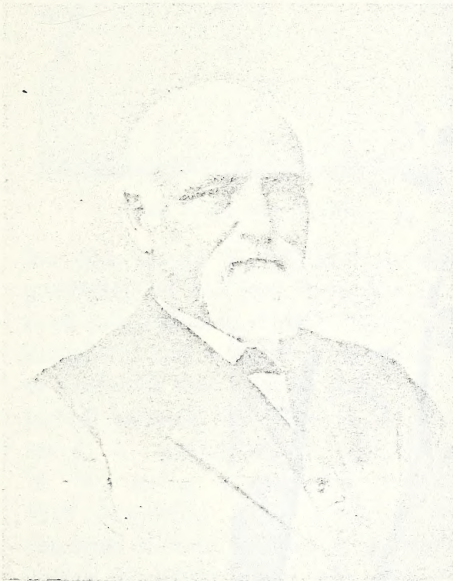
Nathaniel Colby resided at Montalona. He was born July 28, 1798; married Hepzibeth Woodbury in



Nathaniel Colby.

1827. They died March 22, 1872, and October 6, 1874, respectively. He was a member of the legislature in 1851, and four of his five sons also filled the same office. James W. Colby, a son, born in 1830, married Roberta Williams of New Boston. They have one daughter. Mr. Colby has been selectman and was representative in 1875. He is a farmer, also a brick mason by trade, and is one of the prominent men of

date of his death. His one ambition was to excel in his profession, in which he succeeded, commanding a reputation in workmanship and honorable dealing that established an extensive and highly prosperous business, ranking near the head of the profession in the state. He filled several local political offices, and was a representative in the legislature in 1899, and was favorably mentioned as a candidate for state sena-



James W. Colby.



Mrs. James W. Colby.

the town. Moses, another son, resides in Manchester.

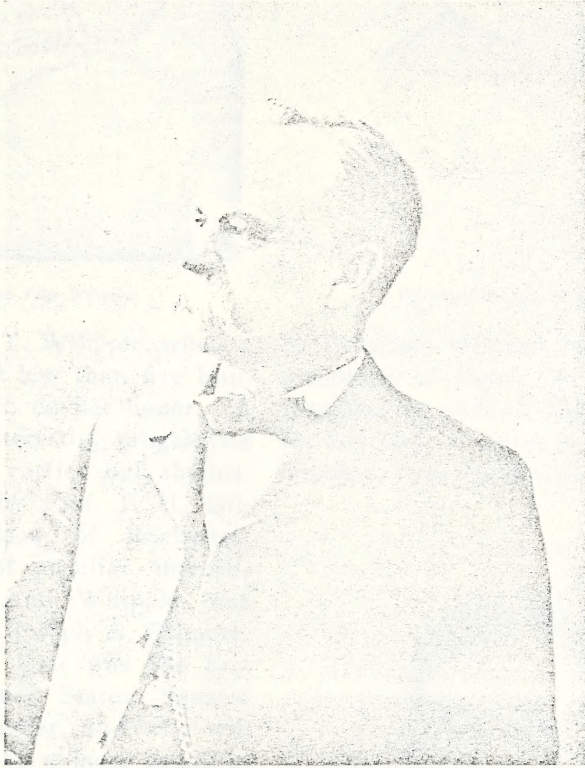
Lyman W. Colby was the youngest of the five sons of Nathaniel Colby. He was born in 1842, and died suddenly at Concord, June 21, 1900. Mr. Colby came to Manchester at the age of twenty-one, and was employed in the Amoskeag machine shop for two years, when he learned the business of photography, and later located in the Opera House block, where he continued to the

tor at the time of his death. He was a Knight Templar in Trinity commandery, also a member of Wildey lodge, I. O. O. F. He was also a member of the Calumet and Derryfield clubs. Mr. Colby was a delightful man socially, a loyal son to his native town, and faithful to his friends. Mrs. Colby resides at the pleasant home so recently completed by her husband.

Eliphalet R. Sargent purchased the William Parker farm at North

Dunbarton in 1835. He was an industrious farmer, selectman, and representative in the legislature. His son, David, succeeded to his father and resides on the home farm, and of his family of five children was Frederick D., born in 1858, who, in 1884, went West, and was engaged as a civil engineer. In 1888 he pur-

Whipple, a descendant of William Whipple, signer of the Declaration of Independence, resided at the Centre. He was a practical farmer, and president of the County Agricultural society. He received his military title from being in command of a troop of cavalry, and died late in the sixties. His brother, Samuel, mar-

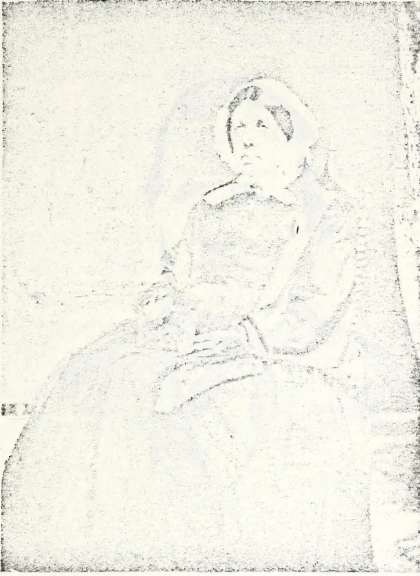


Lyman W. Colby.

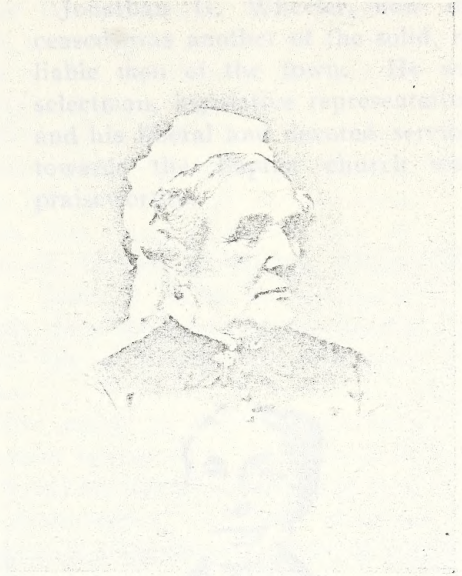
chased a restaurant in St. Paul, Minn., which developed into a business of great magnitude. He also became interested in another like concern in Milwaukee, where his brother, Frank H., located. He was a young man of good business methods, and died October 23, 1901.

The Whipple family has a most worthy record. Capt. Benjamin

ried Achsah Page, a great granddaughter of Capt. Caleb Page, one of the original grantees of this town. She was born June 28, 1786, and died April 15, 1888, at the advanced age of almost one hundred and two years. Her husband died at the age of eighty-three, in 1865. On June 28, 1886, her one hundredth anniversary was observed at the home of



Mrs. Achsah Page Whipple.



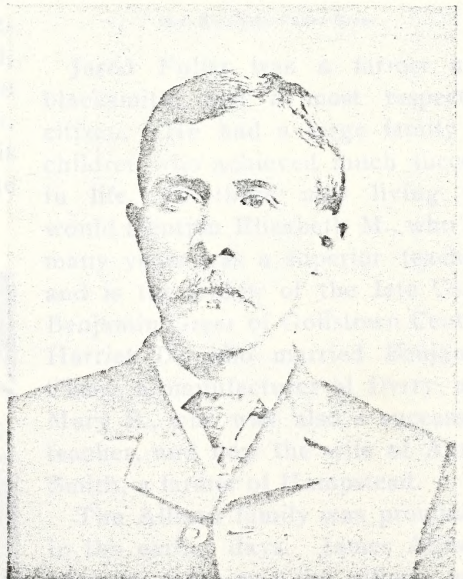
Mrs. Ann Whipple Gilmore.

her son, David T. Whipple, when a gathering of not less than five hundred assembled to do her honor. A delightful and interesting programme of exercises was carried out, the historical address by Prof. J. H. Gilmore, a grandson, of Rochester, N. Y., being of peculiar interest. Her daughter, Ann Whipple, was the wife of Gov. Joseph A. Gilmore, whose daughter Kate was the first wife of ex-United States Senator William E. Chandler, and who will be remembered as a most beautiful woman. The fine farm once owned

by Governor Gilmore is now in the possession of Henry S. Whipple, a grandson of Achsah Page Whipple. He has been a selectman, and was a member of the legislature in 1899. In

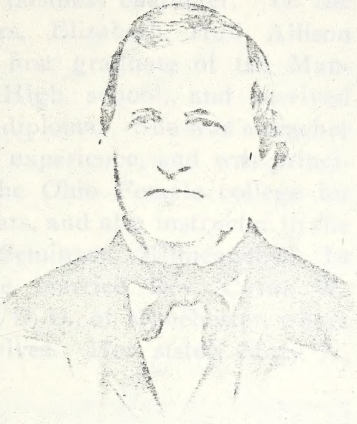


The Henry S. Whipple Homestead.
xxxii-17



Henry S. Whipple.

Jonathan G. Wheeler, now deceased, was another of the solid, reliable men of the town. He was selectman, legislative representative, and his liberal and devoted services towards the Baptist church were praiseworthy.



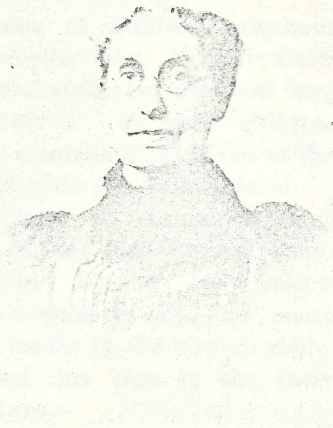
Dea. Nathaniel H. Wheeler.

1886 he married Ava L. Hammond, and they have a promising daughter.

Deacon Nathaniel H. Wheeler was born January 26, 1813, and married Mary J. Durgin of Pittsfield, February 12, 1835. They had ten children. Deacon Wheeler was selectman, member of the school board, and representative in 1857, and an active member of the Baptist church. He died July 13, 1871. The farm is now owned by his son who bears the same title and name.



Wheeler Farm Home—Dea. Nathaniel H. Wheeler.

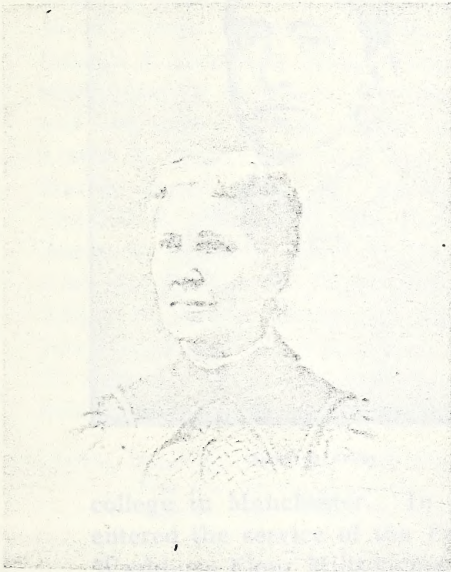


Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller Greer.

Jared Fuller was a farmer and blacksmith, and a most respected citizen. He had a large family of children who achieved much success in life. Of those now living we would mention Elizabeth M., who for many years was a superior teacher, and is the widow of the late Capt. Benjamin Greer of Goffstown Centre. Harriet D., who married Benjamin Chase, a manufacturer of Derry, and Mary S., who was also a successful teacher, and now the wife of Aaron Smith, a farmer of Hampstead.

The Allison family was prominent in the earlier days. James Allison, born in 1784, was the village merchant, influential in town and church,

and had a large family of fifteen children, who became teachers, and men of high business character. Of the daughters, Elizabeth Hall Allison was the first graduate of the Manchester High school, and received the first diploma. She was a teacher of large experience, and was principal of the Ohio Female college for three years, and also instructor in the Bennet Seminary, Minneapolis. In 1874 she married Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace, D. D., of Manchester, whom she survives. Her sister, Mary A.



Mrs. Harriet Fuller Chase.

Allison, was also a teacher of high standing.

We should mention John McCauley who went to Virginia when a young man and occupied positions of honor and trust. He was a member of the house of delegates, and a state senator for many years. His son, William McCauley, who resides at Lynchburg, Va., is now clerk of the United States courts for that district.

Of the McCurdys, Dea. Matthew was a sterling example. His grandson is Prof. Matthew S. McCurdy of Phillips Andover academy.

We also mention J. B. Prescott, a dentist, and F. P. Colby of Manchester, Henry L. Rowell, in mercantile lines, San Diego, Cal., Newton H. Wilson, lawyer, in Duluth, Minn., Rev. John P. Mills of Michigan; while there are many others equally deserving of recognition did space allow.

The name of Caldwell awakens pleasant recollections. William Caldwell and his intelligent wife will long be remembered. Of their children Horace is a substantial citizen at the Centre and owns the Safford farm.

Col. Samuel B. Hammond, now 86 years old, has long been a prominent citizen. He has been selectman, representative, and for many years was leader in the church choir, and gained his title in the early military days.

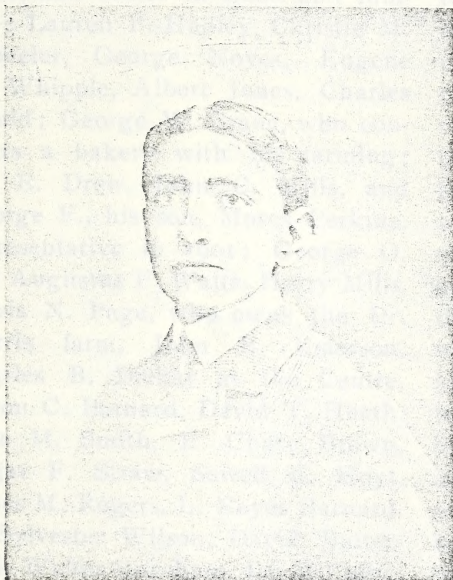


Mrs. Mary Fuller Smith.

Arthur Bouton Kelley, only son of Henry and Ella Farrington Kelley, was born November 27, 1879. He was educated in the town schools, entering Kimball Union academy, Meriden, in 1891, where he graduated in 1895. Deciding not to enter college, he chose a business career and took a course in the business

town treasurer and postmaster for several years, is the leader of the band, and has just completed the finest residence in the village. Mrs. James P. Tuttle of Manchester, wife of the Hillsborough county solicitor, is a sister.

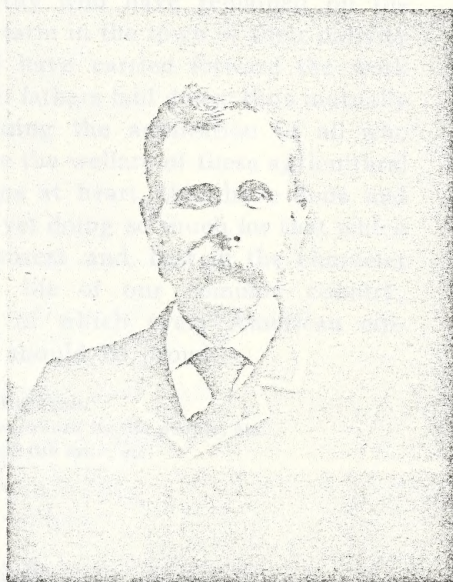
George H. Ryder has served as selectman five years, and is still a member of the board. He was representative in the legislature in 1895, and has been superintendent of the Congregational Sunday-school for several years. In 1884 he married Grace V. Colby, and recently purchased the Jameson farm.



Arthur B. Kelley.

college in Manchester. In 1899 he entered the service of the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills company, and is located at Pittsburg, Penn.

John Bunten, the successful village merchant, is a son of John D. Bunten, who had the reputation of being one of the best carpenters and builders in the town, and who resides in the village. The son John married Mary L., eldest daughter of Oliver P. Wilson. They have three children, the eldest being Alice M., now the wife of David M. Hadley, the town clerk who is also associated in the store. Mr. Bunten has also been



Iru C. Merrill.

Iru C. Merrill is chairman of the board of selectmen, and for twenty years was farm manager at the State Industrial school, Manchester. He represented the town in the legislature in 1884, and has also been tax collector and supervisor. He married Lestenia H. Stone, and now resides on the homestead farm.

Among other representative farmers are Philander M. Lord who owns the Captain Stinson farm; Charles H. Lord, now selectman, whose farm was the Lord homestead for several generations; Wesley P. Stone, who comes from Revolutionary stock; Fred Heselton, Natt P. Hammond, George A. Morrison, William F. Page, who is a farmer and manufacturer, and dealer in wood and lumber; Lauren P. Hadley, Christie M. Wheeler, George Noyes, Eugene A. Whipple, Albert Jones, Charles Gould; George W. Crane, who conducts a bakery with his farming; W. E. Drew, John C. Mills, and George F., his son, Moses Perkins, representative in 1901; George O. and Augustus F. Waite, Harry Mills, Lewis N. Page, who owns the Dr. Harris farm, John R. Emerson, Charles B. Dickey at the Centre, Aaron C. Barnard, David T. Heath, Albe M. Smith, E. Chase Brown, Edgar F. Straw, Sewell E. Hoyt, James M. Rogers, L. Noyes Barnard, T. Sylvester Wilson, David Butterfield, Walter Burnham, Iru M Colby,

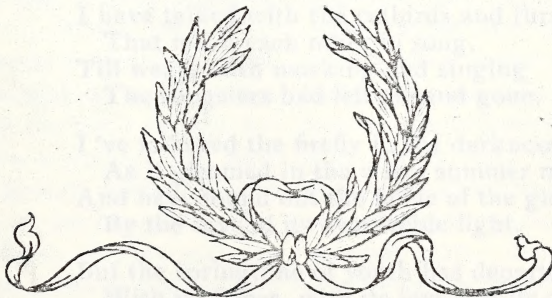
David S. Ferson, William Heselton, James E. Stone, a graduate of Dartmouth, A. P. Little, Edward Page, David T. Walker, many years postmaster, and many others that space compels us to omit, but who contribute to the generally prosperous condition of the town.

In a condensed historical sketch like this, it is impossible to do credit to a town like Dunbarton, so fruitful in facts of history and honorable renown, or justice to the host of eminent men and women who have gone out from her borders to fight the battle of life and win a name and station, to say nothing of those equally worthy who have remained on the old farm in the town of their nativity and have carried forward the work their fathers laid down, thus mutually winning the admiration of all who have the welfare of these agricultural towns at heart, that have done and are yet doing so much for that which is purest and best in the character and life of our common country, and of which every American citizen should be proud.

NOTE.—Page 193. For "Mrs." read *Miss Fannie L. Burnham*.

Page 200. For "well informed," read well *improved* by the people, etc.

Page 202. For "during the time," read during the *tour*, etc.



MEMORIES OF MY DUNBARTON CHILDHOOD.

By Moody Currier.

In the twilight of life as we linger,
 The memories of childhood remain;
 And the innocent joys that have left us,
 Rise up before us again.

We see, in the midst of the shadows,
 The streams and the fields where we played;
 We follow the paths through the woodland
 Where often our footsteps have strayed.

We love to look back to our boyhood,
 Our frolics and sports to live o'er,
 To the trees we climbed up in summer,
 To the brook that ran by the door.

Of the things I like to remember,
 The dearest of all that I find,
 Is a spot in dear old Dunbarton
 That often recurs to my mind.

In the bend of a nearby forest,
 In a cool and shady nook
 There crept, in silence, the waters
 Of a tiny, slender brook.

In the balmiest days of summer,
 Alone in that nook have I strayed,
 Or sat on the moss of the meadow,
 Where the coolest of shadows were laid.

There have I watched in the neighb'ring thicket
 Where the zephyrs at noon were at rest,
 To find in the birches and willows,
 Where the wild birds built their nests.

Through the buttercups and grasses,
 I've followed the devious flight
 Of the humming birds and beetles,
 That seldom or never alight.

I have talked with the catbirds and thrushes,
 That mock each other in song,
 Till weary with mocking and singing
 The songsters had left me and gone.

I've followed the firefly in the darkness,
 As it gleamed in the warm summer night,
 And have found out the home of the glowworm,
 By the rays of its own feeble light.

But the springtime of youth has departed,
 With its hopes, with its joys and its strife;
 And winter, with its chills and its shadows,
 Now hangs o'er the sunset of life.

RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

By C. C. Lord.

RAMBLE XIV.,

SALLOW BUDS OPEN.



THIS is the first week of April, and the presence of spring is an established fact. Whatever traces of winter are left, they are insufficient to incur any doubts of the vernal prevalence that excludes every idea of a reassumption of the predominant force of cold. There is still snow upon the ground, but the area of bare earth, rescued from the bonds of winter, is, by perceptible degrees, daily increasing.

There is always something in the susceptible human heart that responds to the changes of the seasons. In central New Hampshire there is in a year such a variety of climatic changes, many of them extreme, that people are often moved to outwardly evince their interest in the varied aspects of the seasons. This fact is peculiarly true in spring, when everybody seems to hail with joy the renewed warmth and revived prospect of verdure.

We are moved to reflect thus upon the popular delight in spring, because, as we go out for a ramble to-day, we observe a young lady who has decorated herself with a simple natural pledge of the happier vernal and blooming time. In her belt she has fixed a few twigs of the willow, its buds opening with their characteristic downy pubescence. In

themselves, how plain and unpretentious are these silky, gray buds of the willow! In a few weeks, the æsthetic maiden will contemplate with supreme indifference such a commonplace aid to personal ornamentation as the vernally aspiring downy twigs of the willow afford. But to-day these simple twigs, with their expanding silky buds, are the only special natural pledges of the return of spring that she has, and in the gladness of her heart she makes the most of them.

The willow buds open. They open every spring. They are the first buds that awake after winter. Every one welcomes their expanded forms. Yet there is something in the willows that we fear every one does not observe. The willows are not merely the first vegetable forms that respond to spring. They are in truth the heralds of spring. They announce the coming warmer season long before it appears. There is something like prophecy in the willows. We have seen their buds expand in February, when the snow was deep around their stems and above their roots. Yet the willows foresaw what man had not foreseen. They knew that March was to be unusually warm, and that the season of spring was to be, as it were, a month in advance of itself. Truly, there is delicate susceptibility in vegetation that sometimes, in its anticipation of results, exceeds the prescience with

which higher created forms are endowed.

The willows belong to the extensive family of willows, interesting, useful, and noble in the great congregation of trees. The willows, popularly known as the pussy-willows, are mainly distinguished by the smallness of their size and the brittleness of their twigs. All the willows seem to prefer a moist soil in which they exhibit a vital tenacity that is phenomenal, and a rapidity of growth that is exceptional. The willows grow and thrive, often to become in turn the pest and profit of the owner of the soil. Yet the willows are of little use beyond the pleasure they afford by the vernal promise they hold in the prophecy of their opening buds.

In spring all the buds open—some first, some later, some last. Yet this remark suggests a reflection that revolves ideas of the whole economy of the rolling year. The buds have been waiting in anticipation the opening vernal season ever since the advent of last winter's reign. Lest we should appear to be wholly poetical in making this assertion, we adduce a passing proof of an actual fact. That even in winter the buds aspire to open can be proved by a simple experiment. In our boyhood we attested this truth many a time. Let one cut a twig from a leafless tree in winter, put the severed end in the fire, gradually push the wood farther and farther into the blaze, and, in a little while, as the sap within the cells begins to stir by the potency of increasing warmth, the terminal buds will respond to the apparent fervor of spring till they expand in beautiful tufts of vivid green.

Carefully and successfully performed, this experiment is one of the most charming within the privilege of the rural lover of nature in all its beautiful and wondrous works.

The willow buds open and show their downy surfaces in anticipation of a more perfect expression of developing attraction. The early opening buds of the willow are not phenomena of vernalization or leafing, but of aestivation or blossoming. The soft, silky buds of the willow anticipate the long, pendent, graceful, delicate, beautiful catkins, the full-filled, exultant blossoms of the tree. Everyone will admire and praise the willow blossoms, but the maiden will hardly gather them for means of personal ornamentation. The fine, golden, glossy pollen, so beautiful to the eye, is soiling to the touch, and the searcher after bloom for personal decorative purposes will pass them by. Yet every form of natural delight fulfils its use, and the world is happier for the varied sources of pleasure embodied in ever-advancing time.

RAMBLE XV.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

Nature abounds in transitions. Everywhere we are confronted by changes that illustrate inverted tendencies. It often seems that life is aiming to effect mere opposite expressions of energy. The change from winter to summer is a fact that emphasizes our meaning.

The phenomenon of spring is measurably but one grand process of climatic transition. With the first breath of spring the aspect of outward nature begins to become re-

versed. Warmth takes the place of cold, snow and ice turn to water, brightness is substituted for dullness, and fertility succeeds barrenness. Yet a brief summary statement like this is only a small part of the truth.

The sky frowns at all seasons of the year, but it frowns differently at different times. At one time it frowns heavily and at another lightly. At one time the frowning march of the clouds is in one direction across the sky, and at another in another. At one time the passage is in relative or complete celestial silence, and at another in flashing anger of fire and a dreadful roar of the upper air.

As we go out for a ramble to-day, we are subject to a peculiar reminder of spring. There has just been a passing shower of rain. Because it is now April, we follow a popular custom and call it an April shower, though it would puzzle a scientific observer to tell wherein it is entitled to such a peculiar denominative distinction. We seldom, if ever, hear of a May shower, a June shower, or a July shower, though sudden rain storms are quite as common, and upon the whole more violent, in the three next succeeding months of the year than in April itself. However, in rehearsing the reflections caused by these rambles, it is not our purpose to enter far into the discussion of illusions or delusions. We aim rather to point out some of the entertaining and profitable aspects of out-door life in this locality, not stopping to dwell too long upon assumed facts which are not realities.

The storm that passed to-day was a sudden manifestation of meteoric energy. A black cloud rose above

the northwestern horizon, passed over the zenith, and sank again in the southeast. We need not inform an intelligent person that in this matter we speak partly according to appearances. In some respects the storm was just what might have happened at any season of the year. However, a few months ago it would most likely have yielded snow. Then we should have called it a squall. To-day it has shed rain. Hence we call it a shower. Though brief and somewhat violent in expression, it was a storm. Yet it was very different from those atmospheric disturbances that are commonly known only as storms.

In previous rambles of this rolling year, we have spoken of the predominant course of the great storms that pass over this region. We have told how they come up from the southwest and move away to the northeast. It is certainly worth noticing that the small storms and the brief tempests exhibit a tendency to move in a direction at right angles to the track of the long, heavy, cloudy perturbations of the elements. In this connection we may observe that showers often tend to follow the courses of streams.

In winter the storms, large or small, long or short, are usually celestially silent. The wind may blow, and the friction of the air and snow upon different terrestrial objects may make a noise, but the sky itself is absolutely or essentially still. In the spring there is an evident tendency to change in the celestial aspects of storms. The sky begins to rumble in solemn, not to say awful, tones. It is impossible to deny the majestic, sublime, and even terrible accents of

the sky when it utters its voice in a passing storm. The shower that passed to-day was attended by peals of moderate thunder. It was impossible to avoid a notice of its effects. How people paused, listened, and reflected at the sound of the first thunder of the season!

In this age we are apt to boast of our knowledge. The most diligent seekers after knowledge have reason still to reflect upon the small amount of knowledge we have yet gained. This remark applies to our knowledge of storms. In looking up the scientific aspects of storms, we have been surprised to find so little that is apparently known of them. Yet we seem to have learned enough to confirm our ideas of the prevalent unity of nature's law. The essential difference in storms is in the degree of manifested meteorological force. The sudden, violent thunder shower exhibits more potently the energy that is active in the continued, quiet storm. One is like hasty, impetuous youth; the other, like conservative, reflective age.

All storms seem to be attended by the phenomena of electricity. In the accumulated reservoirs of the sky, the electric flash and roar more forcibly illustrate the spark and crack of the discharge of the Leyden jar. In the spring both earth and sky become more active and energetic in their demonstrations of vital existence, and hence they exult and cry aloud.

In a sense, every storm is a circular patch of cloud, vitalized with electricity. In the center the electric force is positive; in the circumference it is negative. In the centre of a storm, positive electricity

seeks the earth; in the circumference, the same form of electricity seeks the clouds. In either, when intense electric energy prevails the lightning may flash and the thunder peal. To-day the lightning flashed, but we did not see it; but the thunder rolled, and we heard it. In a short time both lightning and thunder, as exhibited in spring and summer showers, will become so emphatic that neither will escape the notice of the most casual observer.

RAMBLE XVI.

THE ARBUTUS BLOOMS.

In this region, spring never seems to exist in truly delightful potency till the arbutus blooms. There are a thousand and one pleasant early reminders of spring, but the blooming arbutus gives us our first preëminent delight in vernal things. To be sure of this fact, we have only to observe the practices of people when the buds of the arbutus unfold. Old and young seek the arbutus. They scour the fields and pastures for it. The blossoms of the arbutus become the decoration of the person and the pride of the apartment. They invade the home, the school, and the sanctuary. Their sweet fragrance is wafted, as it were, on every wave of the atmosphere. Without the blooming arbutus, spring in this region would not be truly spring.

The arbutus is qualitatively the first flower of spring. Yet chronologically it is no earlier than the catkins of the willow and the poplar. But the arbutus is so beautiful and so sweet, it is the flower of spring in a preëminent sense. It occupies a place in the æsthetic conceptions of

the public that no other flower is likely to take away from it.

The arbutus of which we speak is the trailing arbutus. It is popularly known as the May-flower. It doubtless derives the name May-flower from its pleasant association with May, poetically the fairest of the months of spring, though in ordinary years it blooms abundantly in April and usually only lingers till May. The trailing arbutus is also sometimes called the ground laurel, doubtless because it is an evergreen plant whose leaves bear a slight resemblance to those of the laurel. Strictly speaking, in the language of botany, the trailing arbutus is the *epigæa repens* and belongs to the family of heaths.

As we go out for a ramble to-day, we enjoy the flowering buds of the trailing arbutus, here and there one that has opened to full perfection. One cannot fail to be attracted to this beautiful flower. Besides being the first really favorite flower of spring, its modest look, as it peeps up from its low couch upon the bosom of mother earth, awakens conceptions of combined loveliness and loneliness. Its pure, rich fragrance adds to its dominant attractions. We are inclined to seize upon the May-flower as eagerly as we do upon the prize that conveys the idea of a lasting treasure.

The trailing arbutus is a wild plant. It is wild in an emphatic sense of the term. A plant, it is like some animals. It energetically resists domestication. It prefers to live and die in sympathy with the wild aspects of its native haunts. No doubt this aspect of wildness adds much to its popular appreciation. We all prize cultivation, but we ad-

mire the beauty and excellence that exists without it.

In New England, the trailing arbutus, or May-flower, is everywhere regarded as a common flower, but still it is not of universal location. Like most plants of indigenous growth, it has its favorite soil and place. The trailing arbutus craves neither a very dry nor a very wet soil. It delights neither in the sand nor in the mud. Its favorite home is on the swales—those half-dry, half-moist lands that border the ponds, streams, and meadows of our hard, granitic soils, often underlaid by a hard, clayey stratum that is practically impervious to water. It is a singular fact that the most desired wild flower of spring grows upon a soil that is phenomenally cold and comparatively worthless. Herein is illustrated one of the many striking contradictions of nature. How often in nature are the richest and the poorest associated in the closest relationship and proximity!

Though we have all our life been intimately acquainted with the trailing arbutus, we fully admit our inability to comprehend it fully. It is true we have never given it thoroughly scientific investigation. But we have noticed that the luxurious growth of the vine bears no apparent direct relation to the extent of the bloom. In those localities where the vines are the most flourishing, and where the abundant green leaves are the largest and the freshest, we are not sure of finding the most blossoms. When we find the bloom of the trailing arbutus the most abundant, it is quite as likely where the vines are stunted and the leaves small and dark with climatic exposure. We

are not altogether surprised at this fact. In the vegetable world leaf and bloom often exist in a kind of competition with each other. More than this, it appears that the trailing arbutus is not invariably a plant of annual bloom. On a certain bed of vines, in one spring, we have gathered May-flowers in abundance, though in after years there was scarcely a blossom to be seen in the locality, notwithstanding the vines lived and flourished with a luxuriance that was quite marked, if not also unusual.

To the average rural resident it is hardly necessary to describe the flower of the trailing arbutus. May-flowers grow in axillary clusters, each one a delicate tube, about half an inch in length, expanding into five petals or points. The flowers are white, though often with a delicately pink blush. It is hardly necessary to remark that the blossoms bearing the pink blush are the most eagerly sought. But the statement evolves a doubtful reflection. We are at a loss to fully comprehend the natural cause of this beautiful and attractive blush in the faces of some of the May-flowers. We notice, however, that it appears more frequently in places less exposed to the sunlight. In gathering the blossoms of the trailing arbutus, look on the northern slopes and inclinations for the blushing pink ones. Those that gaze more directly into the face of the sun are more apt to be pale and colorless.

As we went out to-day, we were induced to take the paths that lead to the haunts of the May-flowers. We should be insensible to the impressions of the beautiful if we did not bear homeward a few specimens of

the lovely blooming vine that has suggested the reflections of this ramble.

RAMBLE XVII.

A HOT WAVE.

This is a hot day. It is the hottest day of the warm season thus far. There is no opportunity for adverse discussion of the assertion. The altitude of the mercury settles the point. A glance at the thermometer shows the atmospheric temperature to range close up to and among the nineties in the shade. We shall hardly have much hotter weather during the coming summer. If we do, such intense weather will be properly considered phenomenal.

The experience of a hot wave at this season of the year is in no special sense exceptional. Nearly or quite every year, in the earlier spring, we have one, two, or three days of extremely warm temperature. The advent of the hot wave is sudden. Its departure is equally prompt. In a word, the quick, brief, hot wave of the inceptive warm season is expected as a matter of fact by the oldest inhabitant of this region of central New Hampshire.

As we go out for a ramble to-day, we do so with somewhat contradictory feelings and impressions. Our emotions are both pleasant and unpleasant. It is pleasant to walk out and think of the immanence of summer heat after the prolonged cold of winter. It is pleasant to see the leaves expanding, the grass growing, and the flowers blooming. It is pleasant to see the birds flitting from bough to bough and to listen to their cheerful notes of song. It is pleas-

ant to hear the frogs and toads piping in the meadows and pools. It is pleasant to see and hear the rippling, babbling brooks. These forms and things are all involved in the charms of returning spring. Yet there are reverse conceptions and reflections. This extreme heat is peculiarly oppressive. There is so little shade under the trees that the sun seems to shine with a peculiarly scorching effect. Then the transition of the climatic condition is so sudden that its physiological results are unmistakable. As we try to walk we are, in a measure, overcome by an irresistible feeling of lassitude and weariness. In strolling, we reach an evergreen tree, sit down under its spreading branches, and wipe the perspiration from our brow. We feel like lapsing forever into the arms of listless ennui. We would fain abandon all ambition for senseless rest. What is the matter with us? A very slight thing. For months our physical system has been subjected to the tonic effects of prevalent cold. Now it is suddenly exposed to the atonic influence of abounding heat. Our nerves suddenly relax, and an oppressive lassitude and weakness are the result. In the experience of continuous, moderate warmth, the system will eventually become restored to a consistent adaptation to the season.

Why this hot wave at this time? The season of spring has only advanced to the beginning of the last half of April. No intelligent resident of this locality anticipates that continuous summer warmth can possibly be an experience during this month. We shall yet, most likely, have morning frosts, days of cold, and, perhaps, light snows before

summer comes to be our constant climatic enjoyment. The reliability of our foreboding conception of lingering cold is attested by the facts of astronomy. The sun has, as yet, accomplished only about one third of the twenty-three and one half degrees of its northerly excursion that popularly mark the termination of its septentrion course. Why then this present intense heat? We will try and see if we can explain the phenomenon.

Perhaps this sudden heat is not so chronologically phenomenal as it seems. When the sun begins its northern course, having crossed the equator, it daily asserts its influence in a more direct manner. Its rays infringe upon the earth with a less and less inclination from the perpendicular. The sun grows daily warmer, as we say, and it may at any time happen that its heat will become more experimentally potent in consequence of the absence of causes that incidentally tend to abate its force. Even in the depths of our northern winter, the heat of the sun may any day be an exceptionally noticeable fact through the absence of adverse climatic conditions. To-day the direct fact is evident. The breezes are local and soft. The air is almost motionless. Observe the most supple twigs on the top of the tallest tree. They hardly sway for any breath of air that blows. The year round, the wind is a great tamer of the sun's heat. Why is the air so still to-day?

We know but a little about the laws that govern the phenomena of the weather. We comprehend but a little of the causes that on one day give motion to the winds and on

another subdue them to stillness. However, we are led to believe that winds are peculiarly co-related to storms. A presumed meteorological authority tells us that the wind never blows unless there is a storm within a thousand miles of us. If this is so, we, to-day, locally represent a circle of the earth's surface that is two thousand miles in diameter, experiencing characteristically fair weather. Herein is the direct solution of the problem of the present heat.

The hot wave is not a "wave" at all. It is the result of the calming of atmospheric billows. But the present extreme heat cannot last. It ought not to last. Soon a storm within a thousand miles of us will create a commotion in the air. The winds will rush to and around the storm, which will not only refresh the earth with moisture but will save nature from the hot stagnation that would soon destroy all living things and make the land a desolation.

NOTE.—In our "Rambles" for March, under "Early Spring Birds," an inadvertent statement said that the American robin is smaller than the English. The exact reverse is the fact.

APRIL VIOLETS.

By C. Jennie Swaine.

Do they keep the beautiful Easter-tide—

The loved ones that passed from these homes of ours,
To the land where the violets abide
That visit us with the April showers?

Do they search for the heavenly violets,
As we search for the April violets here,—
Forgotten the sorrows and vain regrets,
And holding all memories sweet and dear?

Are they glad with us for the Easter-time
And the creamy lilies with hearts of gold?
Do they hear the glad bells as they chime
For the risen Christ, whom they behold?

But what can the tender Easter say
In that land where life is no more a breath?
And the glad immortals, how can they
Remember the sorrowful meaning of death?

Think not, dear, I dream that when we meet
Our hearts will hold for earth a care;
But the violets, O they are so sweet,
As we've had them here I would want them there!

I come with white lilies this Easter night,
And these purple blossoms bearing your name,
In the city of bloom where our Lord is the light
Our Easter offerings may be the same.

THE MISSION OF LITTLE RUTH.

By Eva J. Beede.

IT was a large church in the city, with a popular young preacher, so the evening service was well attended. Dora Andrews, the new assistant in the Adams High school, was there. She was alone this evening and had been shown into a pew with an elderly lady whose sweet face and beautiful gray hair reminded her of the dear mother at home. They had looked on the same book, and together they had sung those dear old hymns, "Love Divine, all Love Excelling," "Blest be the Tie That Binds," and "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

As they came out, the older lady spoke to the younger one, and, learning her name, exclaimed, "Why you must be the new teacher of whom my granddaughter, Marion Tilton, is so fond! She couldn't come to-night, so I ventured out alone. I enjoy Mr. Johnson's sermons so much. I believe this one on 'Ministering Angels' is the best one that he has given us yet."

"May I walk home with you?" asked the little teacher, and together the two went slowly along the brightly lighted streets.

"Since my husband went home, two years ago, I have lived in the family of my son, Marion's father," explained the old lady.

"Have you no other children?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, yes, I have little Ruth," was the reply. "She went to heaven when she was only nine years old. She has her father there now, and perhaps she will not have to wait much longer for me. Do you remember what the minister said to-night about our friends over there being even nearer to us than they ever could be here on earth?"

"I remember, and I believe it, too," softly answered Dora. "I wish you would tell me about little Ruth."

"She had rheumatic fever," said the mother, "and the doctor told us that she could not live. We thought she ought to know it, but I couldn't tell her, so her father said, 'Do you know, little Ruth, that God is almost ready to take you home?' She felt so bad about it, though, and said she *could n't* die, that it nearly broke our hearts. It seemed as if she had made up her mind that she *would n't* die, and for three long months how the poor little thing did suffer. Then, gradually, she became reconciled to death, and finally she longed to go, and talked so beautifully about it all the time. The lovely place where she was going seemed so *real* to her. She felt sorry to leave *us*, but, she said, 'I'll come and be with you just as often as God can spare me.'"

"It was a beautiful morning in June when she went, and she was so happy. She seemed to see into the glories of the world beyond before

she had left this, and when she could no longer speak, she smiled and pointed at the things she saw. I shall never forget the expression on her little thin face as she went 'sweeping through the gates.' She seems nearer and nearer as the years go by, and sometimes I can almost clasp her little hand. She comes and smiles at me, and goes about with me, and I feel the touch of her angel wings as she broods over me with a love that fills my heart. She has seemed so near all day."

They had reached the door now. "Won't you come in, dear?" said the sweet voice.

"It is late," answered Dora, "but sometime I'll come," then yielding to a sudden impulse she kissed little Ruth's mother, and turning away

walked rapidly back to her boarding place.

At school the next day Marion Tilton's place was vacant. "Her grandmother is dead," sorrowfully responded one of the girls when the class roll was called.

Dora stopped at the Tilton home on her way from school that night, remembering her recent promise, "sometime I'll come." She learned that the dear old lady had gone to sleep in her bed, and waked up in heaven. On the still face was the same sweet smile that had rested like a benediction on the new friend who had given her the good-night kiss. "Little Ruth," she thought, "must have come again in the night and borne the mother's soul away to the eternal home."

THE SINGER AND THE SONG.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

She sang a song that thrilled men through,—
 Some said: "Her way is fair";
 But others, wise in world-ways, knew
 She sang to hide despair.

POSSESSION.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

I hold it true the things that mar or bless
 Whate'er we strive for we shall each possess.

The spirit seeking for the inner sight
 Shall yet behold new vistas crowned with light.

And the mad reveler in fashion's train
 From Folly's cup the dregs of passion drain.

NECROLOGY

HON. NOAH DAVIS.

Hon. Noah Davis, a distinguished jurist of New York, died at his home in that city, March 20, at the age of eighty-three years.

Judge Davis was born in Haverhill, in this state, September 10, 1818, but removed with his parents, Noah and Freelove (Arnold) Davis, in 1825, to Albion, N. Y., where he was reared and educated, with the exception of a single term, in attendance upon the M. E. Conference seminary at Lima. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1841, commencing practice in Buffalo, whence he soon removed to Albion, where he formed a partnership with the late Hon. Sanford E. Church, afterward chief justice of the court of appeals.

In March, 1857, he was appointed, by Governor King, justice of the supreme court of the state, to which office he was subsequently twice reelected. After service on the bench he resigned in 1868, having been elected as a Republican to the house of representatives. He resigned his seat in congress on July 20, 1870, upon an appointment by President Grant as United States attorney for the southern district of New York. This office he resigned on December 31, 1872, having been elected justice of the supreme court for the term ending December, 1886.

Judge Davis granted the stay in the trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of "Jim" Fisk, and passed the sentence upon Tweed, of one year's imprisonment for each of the twelve counts of the indictment, which the court of appeals, two years later, held to be cumulative and contrary to law. It was in this second trial of Tweed—at which Elihu Root made his first appearance—that he punished several of the attorneys for contempt of court. He was appointed associate justice of the general term, first department, on January 2, 1873, and presiding justice on December 24 of the same year by Governor Dix. He was retired from the bench in January, 1887, when he resumed practice.

Judge Davis was the opponent of Roscoe Conkling in the senatorial contest in 1867. Conkling received 51 votes; Davis, 52, and Greeley, 3. Conkling received the Greeley votes, and finally defeated Davis.

After retirement from the bench Judge Davis was successively a member of firms, including Davis & Marsh; Davis, Work, Pincoffs & Jessup, and Davis, Jessup & Pincoffs. At the time of his retirement he said: "It is my nature to form strong convictions, and sometimes I express them too strongly, but neither by speech nor silence have I designed to injure any suitor or his counsel. In searching the record of my judicial life I can find no entry that I ever decided any cause or matter contrary to my then convictions of right."

At his estate in Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown, where he lived much of the

time, he took great interest in school affairs, and every year on his birthday the school children, to his gratification, used to march to his house and present him with a congratulatory address. In conversation he was vigorous and fond of anecdotes, and preserved vividness of memory to the last.

His wife was Miss Ellen Mather, of Albion. They had four daughters, none of whom survives him. A grandson, adopted by Judge Davis after the death of his parents, who changed his name from Noah Davis Swan to Noah Swan Davis, was admitted to the bar two years ago.

REV. MOSES T. RUNNELLS.

Rev. Moses T. Runnells, a native of Cambridge, Vt., but a long time resident of New Hampshire, died in Charlestown, March 17.

Mr. Runnells graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1853, pursued the study of theology with private instructors, and was ordained an evangelist in his home church in the town of Jaffrey, August 19, 1856, the ordination sermon being preached by Professor Noyes of Dartmouth college.

For three years he was in the service of the American S. S. Union, as follows: In Wisconsin as collecting agent, in the fall of 1856; in western Texas, as S. S. missionary, from December, 1856, till July, 1857; in Kansas territory in the same capacity, one year; one year in Boston as superintendent of S. S. missionaries and general agent of the society. He went to Illinois in the fall of 1859, and taught school the following winter in Durham, Hancock county, at the same time preaching in that and neighboring towns.

In September, 1860, he commenced his labors as stated supply at the West Congregational church in Orford. His pastorates in Congregational churches in New Hampshire were as follows: West Orford, five years; Sanbornton, twenty-one years; East Jaffrey, three years; Charlestown, two years; Croyden, Goshen, and Unity, one year; Croyden, several years.

Mr. Runnells had traveled quite extensively. He visited the West and Northwest three times, performed several years of missionary labor on the frontier, and, in 1884, made an extended trip through the South.

His first newspaper article was written for a Boston daily in 1852, and was entitled "An Abducted Oration of Daniel Webster." He has since written a great deal for the press, especially for the local press in the different localities where he served pastorates.

Among his publications are the following: a catalogue of the "United Fraternity of Dartmouth College;" a memorial of Mrs. E. C. K. Garvey, of Topeka, Kan.; a memorial of the class of 1853 of Dartmouth college; a discussion with the editor of the *Laconia Democrat*; "Walking with God and its Results;" "Centennial Proceedings of the Congregational Church of Sanbornton;" "A Genealogy of the Reynolds Families in America;" sermon preached in Hill, at the funeral of Mrs. Ednah Shaw; a memorial of Mrs. Martha A. Piper of Claremont; a history of Sanbornton, in two volumes; and a second memorial of the class of 1853 of Dartmouth college. For some time previous to his death he had been employed on a history of the town of Plymouth, which he left uncompleted.

July 9, 1861, Mr. Runnells was united in marriage with Miss Fanny Maria

Baker, only daughter of Hosea S. Baker, of Haverhill. They had born to them five children, three of whom have died. Mrs. Runnells died several years since, and Mr. Runnells is survived by two daughters—Mrs. Caroline S. Jardine of Charlestown, and Mrs. Fannie H. Poole of Boston.

DR. J. BAXTER UPHAM.

Dr. J. Baxter Upham, who died in New York city, March 18, 1902, was a native of the town of Claremont, being the third son of the late Hon. George B. Upham, a successful lawyer of that town, and the wealthiest man in the state at the time of his decease, over fifty years ago.

Dr. Upham graduated from Dartmouth college in 1842, and from Harvard Medical school in 1847, having studied meanwhile in the medical schools of Bowdoin, Dartmouth, and the University of Pennsylvania. Subsequently he continued study in the hospitals of London and Paris.

He took up the practice of his profession in Boston, and in 1862 entered the government service in the War of the Rebellion as surgeon-major. He organized the general army hospital at Newbern, N. C., and had charge of it for many months. After the war he resumed practice in Boston.

During his residence in Boston he was prominent in musical matters, being president of the Handel and Haydn societies from 1860 to 1870; of the Boston Music Hall association from 1854 to 1880; and chairman of the music committee of the Boston public schools from 1857 to 1872. During a trip abroad Dr. Upham contracted for the great organ which was placed in Boston Music Hall in 1863, and has since attracted the attention and admiration of music lovers.

In 1880 Dr. Upham removed to New York city and formed a copartnership with the late Austin Corbin in the Corbin Banking company. Two years later he retired on account of his health.

Waite's "History of Claremont" says of him: "Dr. Upham's life has been largely devoted to science and art. His profound study of the diseases to which humanity is subject, his scientific treatment of them and the results of his experience and observation, as contributed to medical and scientific journals, have made him distinguished in scientific and art circles as well as in his chosen profession."

Four children survive him—two sons, Robert B. and Richard D., and two unmarried daughters, Catherine and Mary.

HON. WYMAN PATTEE.

Wyman Pattee, a leading citizen of Enfield, long prominent in business and public affairs, died in that town, March 9.

He was a native of Canaan, where he was born in August, 1826, being a son of James and grandson of Capt. Asa Pattee, a pioneer settler of that town. He was reared on a farm and educated in the common schools and at Canaan academy. He engaged in the lumber business in Canaan, where he continued until 1859, when he removed to Enfield, where he afterward remained, and was for many years an extensive manufacturer and dealer and shipper of grain, flour, and feed.

In 1855 and 1856 he represented Canaan in the legislature along with the late

Hon. Jonathan Kittredge, and was the youngest member of the house. In 1860 he was appointed sheriff of Grafton county, serving for four years. He was also a representative from Enfield in 1875 and 1876. He was town treasurer of Enfield thirteen years and long served as moderator.

At the time of his decease he was auditor of the Northern railroad, which position he had held many years. He was a director of the Peterboro & Hillsboro railroad, and at the organization of the National bank of White River Junction, February 6, 1886, was elected a director thereof. In politics he was a Republican; in religion, decidedly liberal, being a regular attendant of the Universalist church, and a liberal supporter thereof in all financial matters. In 1857 he married Mary Jane Burley, and their children are James W. Pattee, who was engaged in business with his father for some years, and John H. Pattee.

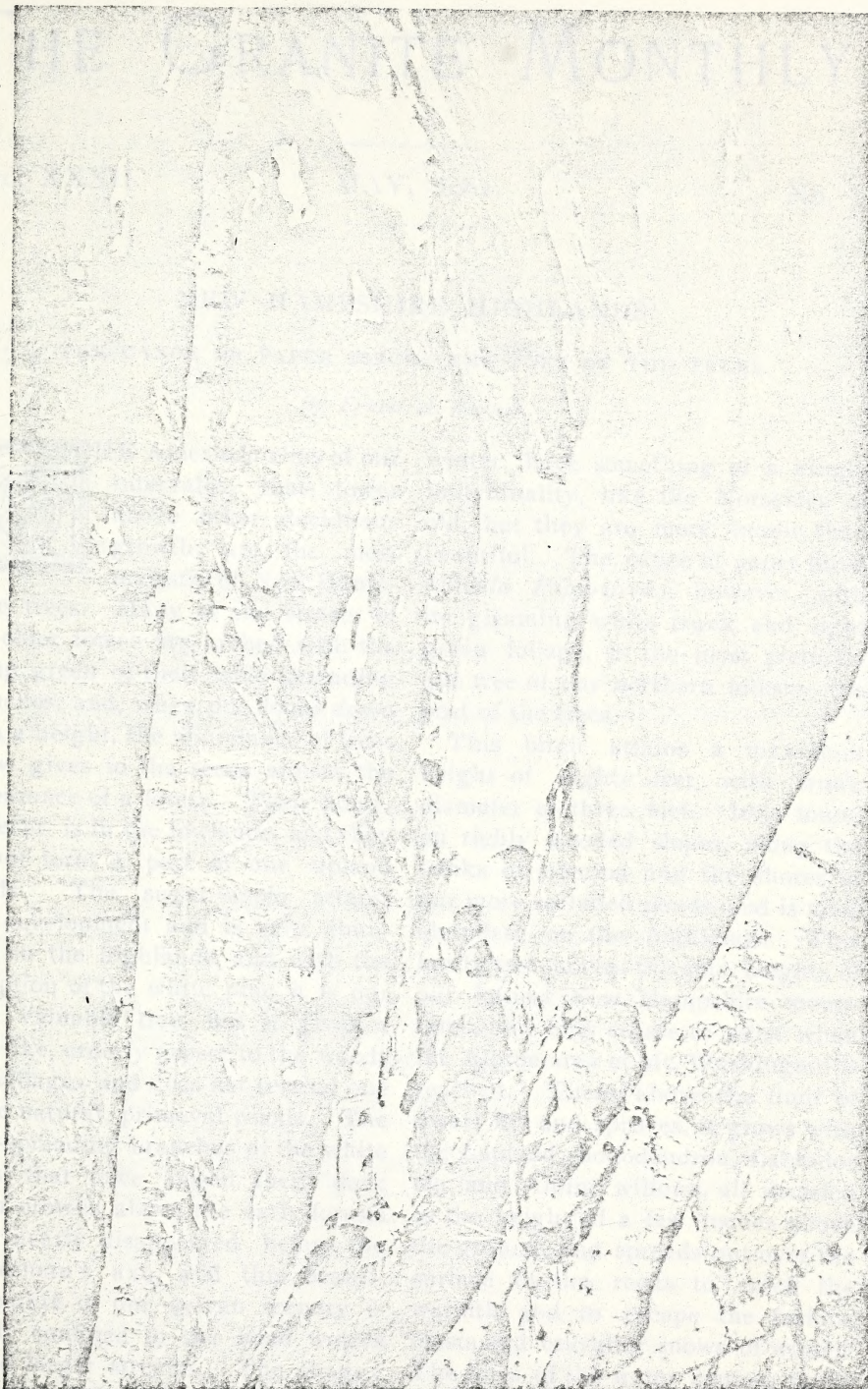
COL. FRANCIS W. PARKER.

Col. Francis W. Parker, one of the most eminent educators of the country, died at Pass Christian, Miss., where he had gone for the benefit of his health, March 2, 1902.

Colonel Parker was a native of the town of Bedford, born October 9, 1837. He was educated in the common school and at the Bedford, Mont Vernon, and Hopkinton academies, and at the age of eighteen commenced teaching, his first school being in the town of Boscawen, where he taught in the winter of 1854-'55. At the age of twenty-one he became principal of the grammar school at Piscataquog, now West Manchester, but soon went West and assumed the position of principal of the grammar school in Carrollton, Ill.

Upon the outbreak of the Rebellion he returned to New Hampshire and enlisted in the Fourth Regiment as a private. He performed gallant service during the war, was promoted repeatedly, and at the close of the war held the rank of colonel by brevet for conspicuous bravery.

After the war he went to Ohio and became a teacher in the city of Dayton, soon after assuming the position of principal of the first Normal school in that city, which he held for some time, but again returned East to accept the position of superintendent of schools in Quincy, Mass., where he established a system of school management, which became noted throughout the country. Later he served as a supervisor of schools in Boston, going thence to become principal of the Cook County Normal school in Chicago, at a salary of \$5,000 per annum. Subsequently he held a more lucrative position in an institution auxiliary to the University of Chicago.



"A HIGHWAY ACROSS THE BROOK FOR THE SQUIRRELS AND OTHER LITTLE DENIZENS OF THE WOODS."

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NEW HAMPSHIRE HIGHLANDS.

THE CANOE OR PAPER BIRCH—THE POET OF THE TREES.

By Ernest A. Barney.



THE American elms of our intervalles, that tower above other deciduous growth, are the most majestic of New Hampshire trees. Many of the streets of the older towns are arched with the living green of their wide spreading branches, and, when one looks down from a height, the abundance of trees below gives to the scene almost the appearance of a forest. Their home, however, is in the lowlands, and they do not form a part of our upland woods. The sugar-maple attains fine development and is very abundant in the highlands, and with the exception of the white pine it is our most valuable tree, but it gives a park-like, orderly aspect to the woods and villages, and does not remind one of the natural, primeval woods. The wide-spreading branches of the white pines that once raised their dark green crowns above the early forests have nearly disappeared before the lumberman's axe, and this beautiful feature of our sylvan scenery is mainly confined to the head waters of the larger streams. The shaggy forms of northern hemlocks upon the highlands, that defy the blasts of

winter, have something of a kingly individuality, like the Norsemen of old, but they are more heroic than beautiful. The canoe or paper birch (*Betula Papyrifera*), however, with its gleaming white trunk and light green foliage, is the most picturesque tree of our northern forests—the poet of the trees.

This birch attains a maximum height of eighty feet, with trunk diameter of three feet. It is found on richly wooded slopes, along the banks of streams and the shores of our more secluded ponds, and is most abundant on the highlands. This hardy tree braves the cold heights of our loftiest New Hampshire mountains, and only ceases to exist when the Alpine area of Mt. Washington is reached. There, above the limit of dwarf firs and spruces, it grows with the Lapland rhododendron, Labrador tea, and Alpine willows, all dwarfed to the height of a few inches above the ground, and spreads out over the surface of the rocks to catch the warmth and to escape the furious blasts and crushing snows of winter. The lines of the water courses down from these mountain heights can be traced from a distance by the lighter



"A ragged birch by the pasture gate."

green foliage of the birches contrasting with the dark green of the firs and spruces.

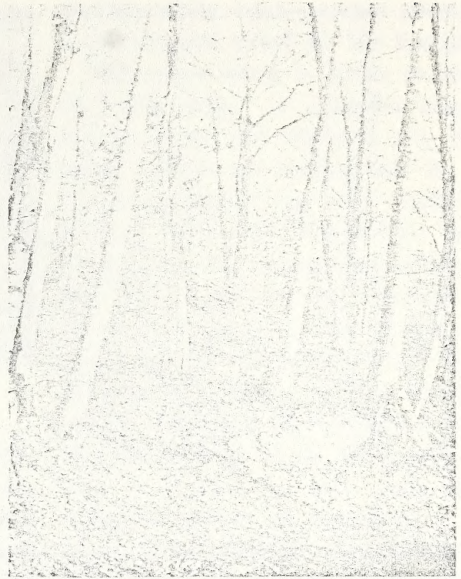
The canoe or paper birch was one of God's best gifts to the Indians. It furnished material for the canoes, which were made with frames of cedar, the seams being sewed by the aid of an awl made from the tail of the shell fish "horse shoe" or one made from a deer's bone, with fibre split from black spruce roots used as a coarse thread. On the lakes and streams they were, like the eagle's flight in the clear air above, an emblem of primitive woodland freedom, and suggested the grace and alertness of the Indian's life. The canvas canoe has, however, taken the place of the canoe made from birch bark, and now only a bark canoe

here and there, drawn up on the bank near an Indian settlement, reminds one by its picturesque ruin that one of their most skillful native industries has passed away. The birch also furnished coverings for the wigwams, which were the Indian's favorite summer homes, and the low arched and also conical roofs of poles, with the exterior white covering and rich tints of the inner side of the bark were exceedingly picturesque. From the birch bark, also, a vessel in which to boil water was made by turning up the edges of a thin strip of bark and fastening them together by a small stick. This vessel could only be used when the fire was burned down to coals so that the blaze could not run up to the top of the kettle and burn off the fasten-

ings. The Indians made gashes with their stone axes in the trunks of the canoe birches, as well as the sugar maples, and the sap furnished a pleasant drink and was also boiled into syrup.

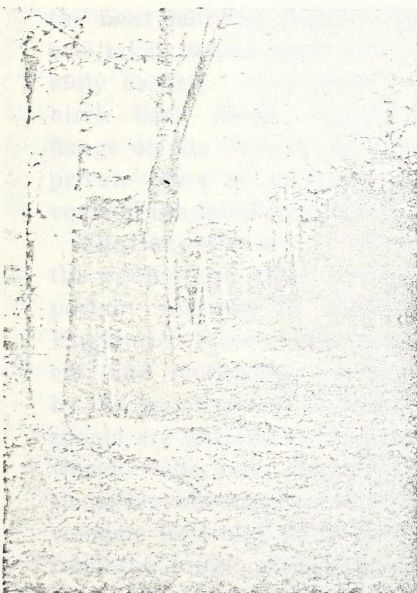
The New England pioneers made use of the bark to shingle their first rude cabins, and sometimes it was also used as a shutter for the small windows. At the present time the Indians of Maine have camps at many of the mountain and seashore resorts and sell a variety of souvenirs, such as fancy baskets, toy canoes, photograph frames, etc., made from the bark of the paper birch.

The bark of the canoe or paper birch can be easily separated into thin leaves, and so varied are the tints that it is almost impossible to find two leaves of exactly the same shade. Very accurate maps drawn on birch bark served to guide the first traders and missionaries, and

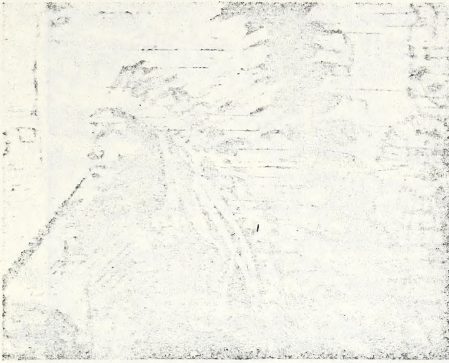


Hillside Birches.

some of these primitive maps are still preserved in the archives of the Hudson Bay Company at Montreal. At the present time many booklets of woodland poetry are printed on the natural sheets, but they do not always take a clear impression of the types on account of the unequal thickness, and so paper made to imitate the natural bark is often used. The thin inner bark is sometimes used as stationery, as the following anecdote will illustrate. A bank in the uplands of New Hampshire has a check drawn by Joseph Jefferson for two dollars that will never be presented for payment. The veteran actor, after a long tramp down a mountain brook, came out on a cross-road just as a farm team was passing in the opposite direction from that in which he wished to go. Here was an opportunity to hire a team to drive to the main road in season to take the stage to his hotel. When Mr. Jeffer-



A Woodland Byway.



Pyrogravure on Birch Bark.

son arrived at the end of the four-mile drive and attempted to pay the farmer, he discovered that he did not have the two dollars; his pocket book had been left at the hotel and not a scrap of paper could be found. With characteristic alertness the veteran actor took out his knife, cut a piece of birch bark from one of the trees near by, and wrote a check for the amount. When the farmer made his customary trip to the creamery the next morning the unique check was taken to the bank and immediately cashed. The bank had the birch bark check framed, and it hangs on the wall of the president's private office as an interesting souvenir of the famous actor.

The manufacture of articles from the wood of the paper birch is an important industry in northern New England. Spools, shoe pegs, skewers, and toothpicks are turned out by the hundreds of millions and the spools are shipped to all parts of the world. Checkers, chessmen, wooden sleds, bicycle stands, and all sorts of wooden toys and trinkets are made from the tough, close-grained wood. The paper birch also makes an excellent fire wood, if cured under cover,

and the white, bark-covered sticks are a picturesque wood for the fire-place.

The paper birch is liable to attack by forest fires. A campfire may be left to burn out without any effort being made to extinguish it. A breeze springing up may scatter the embers into the tinder-like moss. Fanned by the increasing wind, the fire slowly eats its way through the moss and leaves to the trunk of a paper birch near by and runs up the inflammable bark. Then, catching in the branches of coniferous trees, the fire streams high above the tops and is carried by the gale across valuable tracts of woodland. The paper birch seldom escapes the ravages of the fire, although some of the hard-wood trees may not be damaged severely. Burned districts in the highlands are favorable localities for the paper birch, and in time they may become the principal growth.

The severe sleet storms that occur every few years in the highlands are very destructive to groves of young birches. Sometimes the rain falls steadily for hours, freezing on every



Birches 2,000 feet above the Sea.



In a Birch Forest.

branch until they are encased in a crystal armor that bends them down until the tops of the slender birches touch the ice-paved forest floor. If the weather remains cold for several days, so that the ice does not fall from the heavily laden branches, the trees will never regain an erect position. The leaves of summer and the snows of winter will bend the bowed trees closer to the earth. Shoots may start up from the recumbent trunks, but the trees will be valueless for lumber, and the best thing that can be done is to have them cut down, so new growth can take their places.

The paper birch—when they escape the bark gathering mania of small boys—oftentimes add the completing touch of beauty to New Hampshire highland landscapes. They give the necessary touch of color to the tangle of green along the roadsides, and bend to catch the music of the crystal streams on their rapid course over granite ledges and water-worn rocks. The fallen birch trunks across the brooks, with the ghostly bark hanging in tatters

swayed by every breeze, are also a royal bridge for the squirrels and other little denizens of the fields and woods.

Last summer we crossed one of the small New Hampshire lakes—that sparkle among the granite hills like jewels of the clearest water—to a camp on a point of land extending out into the lake on the farther shore. As we drew near we noticed several paper birches, the open and free growing tops forking into several branches that did not droop or curl down like the white birch. These trees, with chalky white trunks and



Camp at the Edge of the Birch Woods.

branches hanging out over the surface of the lake for quite a distance along the shore, added much to the sylvan beauty of the scenery. They caught the first gleam of the morning sun and their graceful foliage was mirrored in the placid surface of the lake. In the bordering woods they reminded one of marble pillars supporting the forest roof, and the morning songs of the birds, softened by the distance, came through the forest aisles like an anthem, echoing from the vaulted roof of an old cathedral.

One afternoon we watched a storm gather on the distant mountains. Every few moments the clouds were rent by jagged lightning flashes. The report of thunder echoed louder

and louder, and a white belt, high up among the clouds, showed that a hail storm was in progress. The storm rolled nearer, and raindrops and wind began to whiten the surface of the water at a distant point on the lake. The dark wall of raindrops driven by the gale advanced upon us, and the lightning brought out the birches ghostly white on the point. The water of the lake was dashed into foam, and small branches were driven against the tent roof. The storm swept onward, and the crash of trees riven by the lightning was heard on the heights beyond. The report of thunder grew fainter in the distance and the sun shone out, touching the wet trunks of the paper birches with an additional luster.

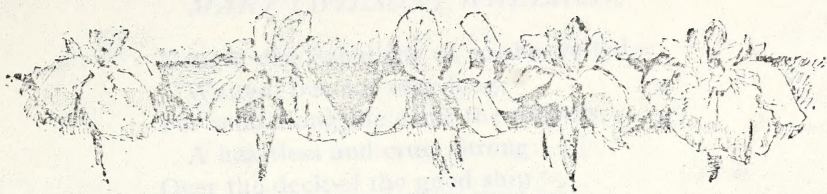
IN LIFE'S EVENING.

By Bela Chapin.

An old man sits by his warm winter fire,
And he watches its bright embers glow,
While the cold north wind sweeps along in its ire,
And the fields are all covered with snow;
But he dwells in the past, for his thoughts never tire
To rove in the loved long ago.

And he wanders in thought to the beautiful land,
To the regions of unending day;
There mingles in joy with the numerous band
Of kindred and friends gone away;
And he hopes at the last in that kingdom to stand,
And abide there in glory for aye.

In the evening of life so he sits in his chair,
And delights in past seasons to roam,
While he firmly relies on the promises fair
That are found in the most holy tome.
Ere long he will pass from this lifetime of care
To the bliss of an unending home.



MARY (WILSON) WALLACE.

Born on passage to this country July 28, 1720. Died at Henniker, February 13, 1814.

(A true incident.)

By Ida F. Graves.

"Elizabeth," spake James Wilson
To his bride of only a year,
"Could you leave our home in Ireland
With scarce a regretful tear?
We are young, with our lives before us,
Each of us brave and true,
Shall we go to seek our fortunes
Far away o'er the ocean blue?"

An emigrant ship is coming,
A ship of the very best class.
Our neighbors and friends are going,
Shall you and I go, my lass?"
"My Jamie," the young wife answered,
"You surely must know what is best,
So, when the good ship sails away,
We will go along with the rest."

It was then in early springtime,
And one sunny July day,
They, on the deck of the vessel,
Watched Ireland's shores fade away.
Now, God of the brave, watch o'er them!
For the distance is surely great
From Londonderry in Ireland
To the same in our own Granite-state.

The journey was partly accomplished,
When, at the close of a sultry day,
A strange craft sailed near and nearer,
With a full set of canvas gray.
Not more than a dozen muskets—
Heavily laden and slow,
The emigrant ship was powerless—
There was only one thing to do.

Naught else could she do so she waited—
 Waited, but not very long,
For soon alongside came the robbers,
 A heartless and cruel throng.
Over the deck of the good ship
 Swarmed the pirates, as men who knew
Their unholy business of plundering,
 Binding officers and crew.

Below, to the officers' quarters
 The pirate chieftain went ;
To seize a few more trophies
 Was doubtless his only intent ;
But, seeing a woman lying
 On a berth just inside the place,
"Why are you there?" he cried, roughly ;
 "See ;" and she showed him her baby's face.

The rough old robber came nearer.
 "A boy, or a girl?" he said.
"A girl," whispered the mother,
 For she was sore afraid.
"Have you named her?" "No."
 He took up the child's tiny hand.
"May I name her? If I may
 I will go, taking all of my band.

We will leave unharmed both ship and men,
 I am only a robber wild,
But my word is good and I give it
 If I may but name the child."
"Name her," said Elizabeth gently.
 And, so softly she scarce could hear
He whispered, "I name her Mary!"
 While on the babe's face fell a tear.

Oh! tiny ocean-born baby,
 Your presence was timely indeed ;
You softened the heart of the pirate—
 A little child truly did lead !
"Now loose all the captives," he ordered,
 "And goods and money restore ;
We'll go aboard our own vessel,
 And trouble these people no more."

The astonished emigrants, grateful
 That their lives had been spared that day,
Thanked God for timely deliverance
 And joyfully went on their way.

But scarce had the good ship started
On her lonely ocean track,
When the emigrants were dismayed to see
That the pirate was coming back.

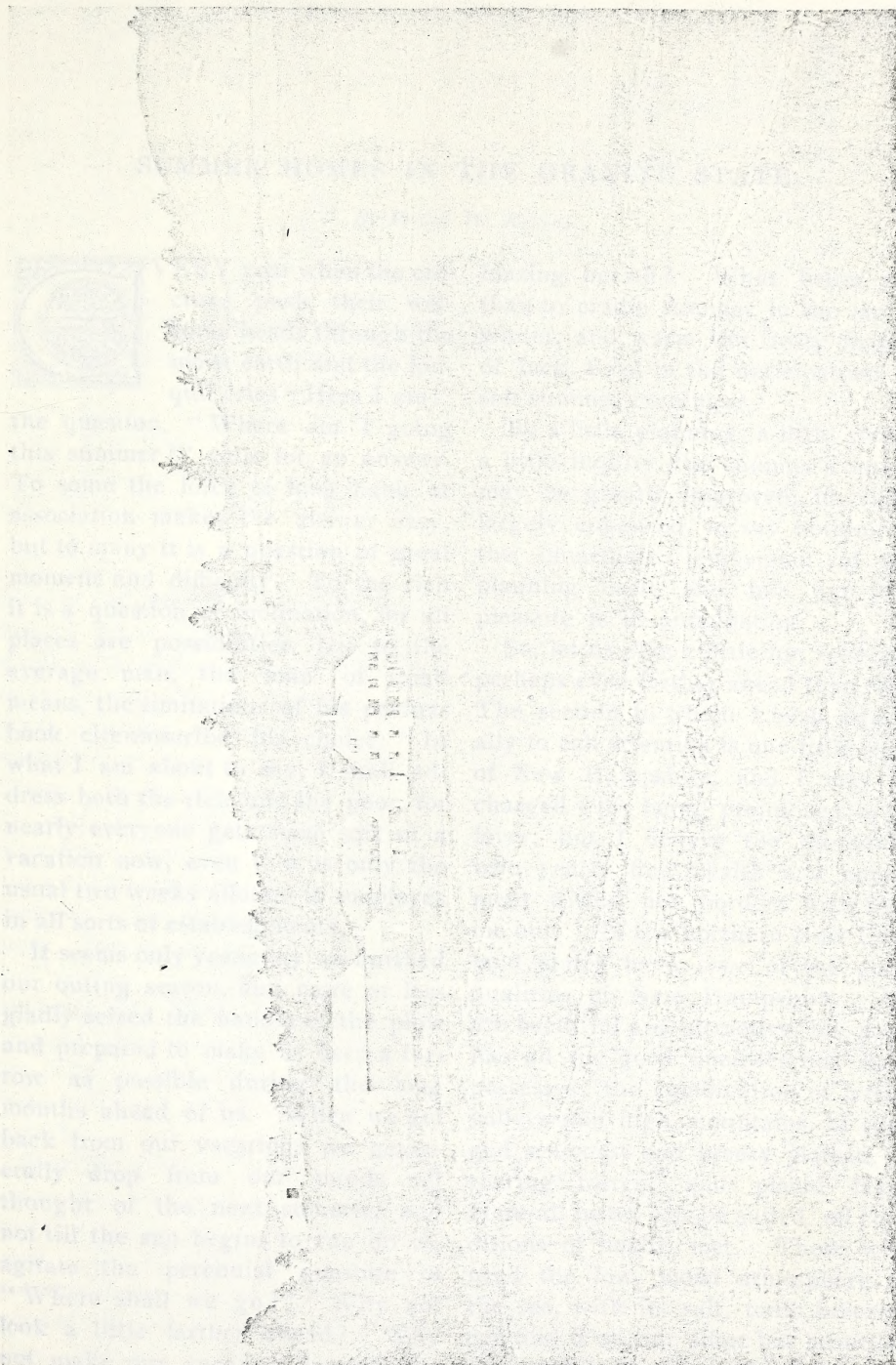
He came on board alone, and went
To the berth where the baby lay,
And placing a parcel near her
Said, "For Mary's wedding-day!"
He kissed the hand of the baby,
Knelt a moment on the floor,
Then, his eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Left the ship and was seen no more.

The gift that the robber chieftain
Laid at the baby's side,
Was a silk of marvelous texture—
Fit gift for a lovely bride.
Never ceasing to wonder
Why the pirate should be so mild,
Elizabeth, the fair young mother,
Treasured the gift for her child.

The ship, "with fair winds and God's favor,"
Came into port ere many days;
And for years there was thanksgiving
To God, "who by wondrous ways
Brought this people safe to our shore."
James Wilson died soon, they relate,
And Elizabeth, with baby Mary,
Came to our own Granite state.

A hundred and seventy years ago,
In good Londonderry town,
"Ocean Mary" was married,
The pirate's gift her gown.
Four sons were born to Mary.
In a town where hills abound,
One built by far the grandest house
In all the country around.

There, in the town of Henniker,
"Ocean Mary" lived many years;
Having her share, with others,
Of sweet happiness and tears.
And there, in a quiet churchyard
Her body is laid away,
Safe from perils of sea or land
Awaiting the judgment day.



HON. J. H. WALKER'S FARM, NEW HAMPTON.

SUMMER HOMES IN THE GRANITE STATE.

By Frank W. Rollins.



VERY year when the crocuses push their welcome heads through the moist earth and the jonquil cries "Here I am!"

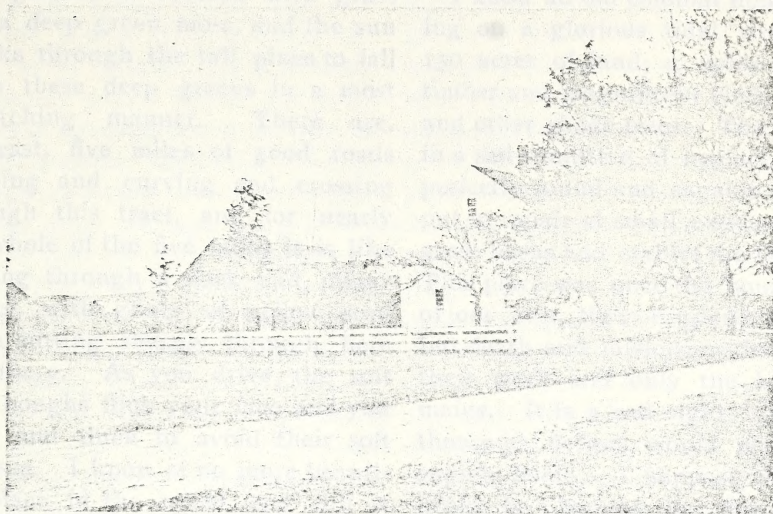
the question, "Where am I going this summer?" calls for an answer. To some the force of long habit or association makes the answer easy, but to many it is a question of great moment and difficulty. To the rich it is a question of inclination, for all places are possibilities, but to the average man, the man of small means, the limitations of his pocket-book circumscribe his choice. In what I am about to say, I shall address both the rich and the poor, for nearly everyone gets some sort of a vacation now, even if it is only the usual two weeks allotted to employes in all sorts of establishments.

It seems only yesterday we finished our outing season, and more or less gladly seized the handle of the plow and prepared to make as deep a furrow as possible during the long months ahead of us. When we get back from our vacations we generally drop from our minds all thought of the next summer, and not till the sap begins to run do we agitate the perennial question of "Where shall we go?" Why not look a little farther ahead? Why not make our vacation last all the year round by planning for it during the cold winter nights as we hug the

blazing hearth? What better fun than to cradle summer in the lap of winter, and warm the frosty fingers of Jack Frost in the anticipations of soft summer evenings?

By a little planning, a little study, a little inquiry, the summer's outing may be greatly improved, its value largely enhanced, to say nothing of the immediate enjoyment of the planning itself, and half our real pleasure is in anticipation.

So, let us plan a little for 1902 and perhaps even farther ahead than that. The section to which I wish especially to call attention is our little state of New Hampshire, and I may be charged with being prejudiced in its favor, but I believe the thousands who yearly find health and enjoyment within her borders will bear me out. *All* the northern New England states have *some* of the good qualities of New Hampshire. All are beautiful and attractive, but none has all the good qualities our state possesses; the combination of fertile valleys and high mountains, of rugged sea-coast and breezy plateau, of roaring torrent and placid lake. Here all tastes can be suited, all conditions of health met. Those who need the low, moist atmosphere of the sea, with its salt, tonic breezes, can find it on our short but beautiful coast, while those to whom the dry, invigorating air of high altitudes is a necessity can find it amidst the lofty



Summer Residence of Rev. Arthur Little, D. D., at Webster.

piles of the great White Hills. I believe I know New Hampshire, and I speak with authority when I say she is to be (is already becoming) the great summer resort, the great natural sanitarium of the United States. It is not mere compliment to call her the Switzerland of America. She is. She combines more of the attributes of Switzerland than any other section of our goodly land. Every year the importance of our summer business is increasing by leaps and bounds. Only those brought into close contact with it are fully aware of its progress, and there is a good, sound reason for this growth.

New Hampshire is a state of small towns and villages, not a state of large cities; its population is largely rural. Its surface is rolling and varied; large sections are heavily wooded; in every part of it there are lakes, ponds, rivers, and brooks. Fish and game abound increasingly. The air is pure, clear, and bracing;

the water supply is the best in the world. The scenery is rich, varied, and beautiful, and best of all the price of land is within the reach of the most modest purse. But how long will it remain so? There is distinct trend now away from the city to the country, and the most farsighted men are making their permanent homes in the country, using the city simply for business or ephemeral amusement.

Now, here is this beautiful country, its hills, its trees, its rivers and lakes, its semi-wilderness, holding out its arms to receive you. You can find any kind of summer home there. I know a tract of timber land with a beautiful river running through it, which could be made into a miniature Biltmore, only it wouldn't cost anything to speak of to do it. Nature has done it all. Many years ago it was partially lumbered over, though many grand old pines were left. Where it was cut off young growth has sprung up.

The ground is covered with grass and a deep green moss, and the sun breaks through the tall pines to fall upon these deep greens in a most bewitching manner. There are, at least, five miles of good roads winding and curving and crossing through this tract, and for nearly the whole of the five miles it is like looking through a dark and mossy funnel, with glints of yellow sunshine cutting sharply through here and there. As you drive, the soft pine boughs flick your face and you bend and duck to avoid their soft caresses. I know of no more beautiful place in the world, and still it lies unknown, unhonored, unsung, quietly waiting discovery and appreciation. I suppose the whole tract could be bought for less than \$10,000. What a place for a home in the middle of it! It lies not two hours' ride (by cars) from the state house in Boston.

I know an old colonial house fronting on a glorious tidal river, with 150 acres of land, a noble piece of timber and magnificent elms, maples, and other shade trees. The house is in a sad condition of neglect, though perfectly sound and capable of being put in repair at small expense. The great barns and stables are the same. This place was once the home of one of our best New England families, but death and misfortune have done their work and only the home remains. It is a sad sight, but a few thousand dollars would make it a superb home. I suppose the place could be bought for five or six thousand dollars. Doubtless the buildings cost about twenty thousand dollars.

I know a tract of seven acres on one of our great lakes, heavily covered with trees, a beautiful sandy beach on which the tiny waves fret and froth all day long, and a pano-



Summer Residence of Senator J. H. Gallinger, at Salisbury.

rama of the island-dotted lake and the great White Hills to greet the eye at every sunrise. A few thousand dollars would buy it, and there is either a splendid home for one, or room for a dozen families of friends.

I know an island covered with timber just large enough for a lovely camp in one of New Hampshire's most beautiful lakes that can be had for a song.

I know a good farm with fair buildings, running water, woods and all, which \$1,000 would buy. Children thrive and grow in such a place, and their parents grow young again in watching them.

I know a little round lake about half a mile in diameter, right in the midst of a great solitude, filled with trout, where a site for a home can be had for a few hundred dollars.

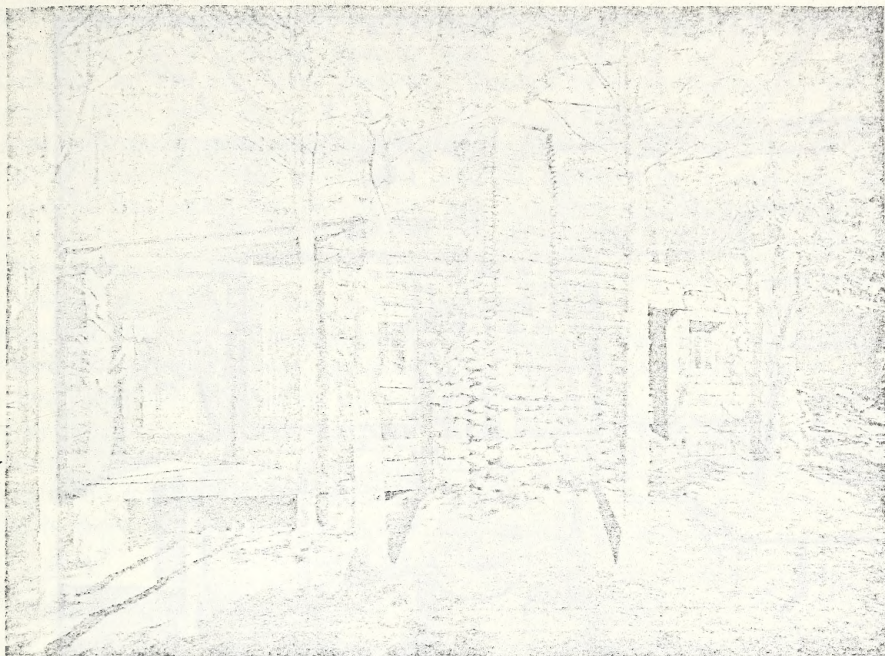
These possibilities that I have mentioned will appeal to many, but there is another and larger class,

some poor, some rich, who want to get away entirely from the cares and restraints of civilization, who want to return to first principles (at least for a few weeks), who want to get near to nature's heart and hear her warm pulse beats. To them, I point out the innumerable opportunities our state affords for the ideal camp; rough but cosy, severe but healthful, plain yet beautiful. I could relate by the column the lovely spots where camps might be built, almost without cost. The land can be bought or leased for a song now. There are many such camps (but there is room for thousands), and how happy and care-free are their occupants! How they enjoy the long summer days! How the tired, over-strained nerves relax, and become once more the servants of the will!

Only last week I visited such a camp. It was in the heart of a little clearing where the lumbermen had



An Old Farm Cottage.

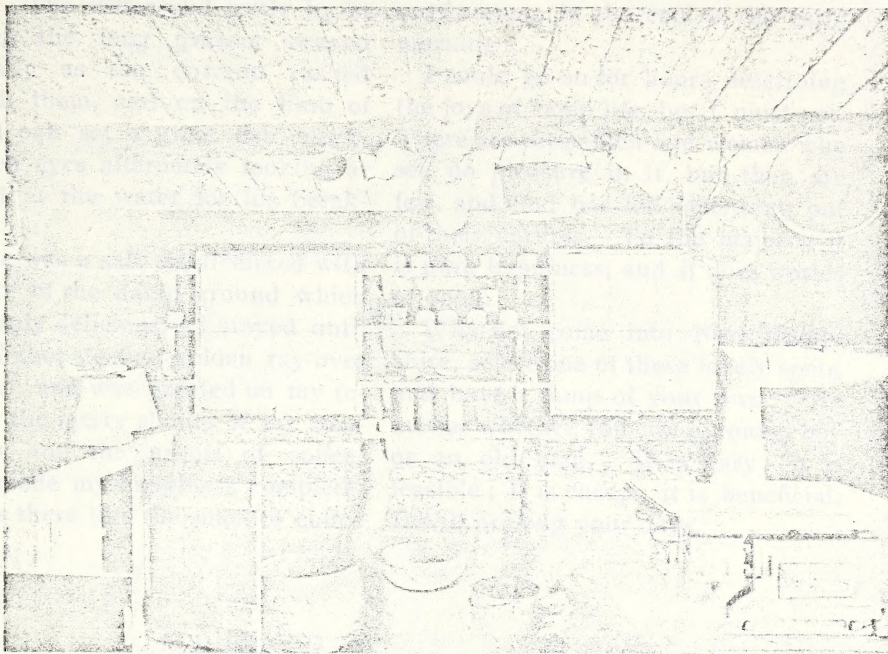


Cabin of Montgomery Rollins, at Dover.

started to cut off the timber, but their hands were stayed in time. All around were the great pines, and under foot the soft, brown carpet of needles. The forest is on a neck of land between two tidal rivers, and the owner had cut out a narrow path straight to the water, through which the sparkling waves could be seen, reminding one of the vista at the Soldiers' Home in Washington. The cabin, for it was only that, was on the edge of the clearing so as to get the sunshine. It was about thirty by twenty-five feet on the ground. The frame was of young pines (selected on account of the moss upon them) and the timbers were on the inside and exposed. The outside was made of a double layer of old, gray, weather-worn fence boards. The sideboard was made of the same, while the mantle

over the enormous fireplace was a great plank picked up among the driftwood of the shore, and worn and seamed as though by the storms of a thousand years. There was a broad piazza in front, made by a prolongation of the roof, and supported by great pine posts in the state of nature, and there was an addition with a first rate little kitchen in it, and a woodshed.

Inside, the effect was all of soft greens and grays, while the long, rough dining table was stained a deep, dark red. Heavy shutters protected the windows at night and when the owner was away, while the door, massive enough for a castle, was made of plank, supported by long, wrought-iron hinges. The lock had been picked up at some old junk shop, and was a foot square, and had a key that weighed nearly



Kitchen in the Rollins Cabin.

half a pound. Wrought-iron side brackets of old design held lamps for its lighting. When evening came, the great fire roaring in the fireplace, cast its ruddy light back into the dark interior, throwing flickering lights and shadows on the gray boards, and on the faces around the hearth. The curling smoke from our cigars eddied among the moss-covered rafters, and as we had dined most bountifully, we had that feeling of perfect contentment and satisfaction known only to dogs, men, and a few other civilized animals.

I got up just about daybreak and without disturbing the others stepped out upon the piazza. There was that soft, gray light which just precedes the dawn, and which I dearly love. The air was cool and penetrating, dew was dripping from the leaves and bushes, a sort of mist

hung in the upper branches of the tall pines, while nearby objects looked distant and phantasmal. Here and there was a little, soft, plaintive bird note, as though its owner were rubbing its eyes and yawning, and over all was the great stillness of the forest. Slipping back into the house I put on my clothes without waking the others and followed the straight path down through the dripping woods to the river. As I went along I woke the birds and squirrels, and there was a shrill cry here, a whirr there, or a crackling scamper in the brush. When I stepped out upon the high knoll overlooking the river, the water looked gray and cold, and just stippled here and there with rising mist. The tide was beginning to ebb, and I could hear the sound of oars in rowlocks somewhere beyond the point

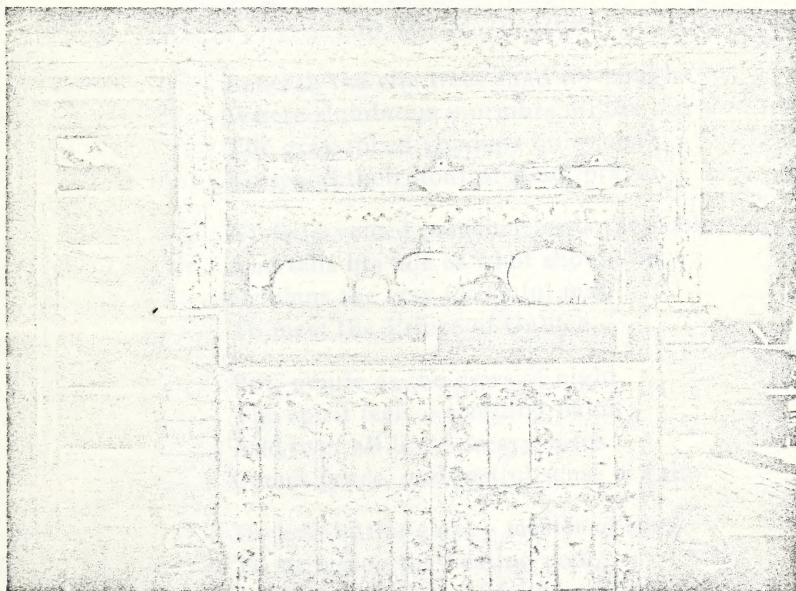
below. The water slid softly by at my feet, the long grasses swayed gracefully as the current rushed through them, and on the limb of a dead oak sat a great fish hawk, his keen eyes alternately looking at me and at the water for his breakfast.

There was a salt smell mixed with the odor of the damp ground which was simply delicious. I stayed until the sun shot its first golden ray over the river, and was greeted on my return by the merry shouts of my companions and the aroma of coffee, which made my happiness complete. What is there like the smell of coffee

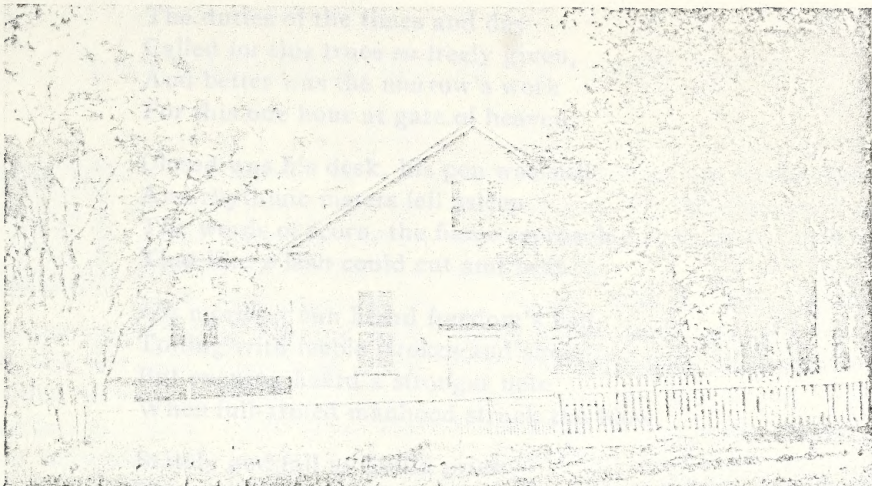
out in camp in the cool of the early morning?

I could go on for hours describing the joys of camp life, but I must not. There are those men and women who see no pleasure in it, but they are few, and God has left something out of their natures. To the majority it is pure happiness, and it does worlds of good.

Why not come into New Hampshire, select one of those lovely spots, and have a camp of your own? No matter whether you are a young boy or an old man. It is easy; it is feasible; it is cheap; it is beneficial. It will prolong your days.



Sideboard made of Moss-covered Boards in the Rollins Cabin.



The Quaker Church of Amesbury.

For forty years Whittier, the poet, occupied a seat in this little church.

THE QUAKER CHURCH OF AMESBURY.

By Dr. H. G. Leslie.

Beneath the elm trees shad'wy boughs,
Where slumbrous murmurs fill the air,
The gray-robed Quakers quiet meet
To spend their hour of silent prayer.

No loud-voiced preacher beats the book
And tells his tale of what should be,
Or plans the way for sinful man
To meet the Prince of Galilee.

But, gentle as the dews of night,
The spirit feels a soothing balm,
And over all life's dreary cares
Comes peace, and restful sense of calm.

Here Whittier came; master of song,
To sit beside the healing pool,
And learn the lore of faith and love,
As children con their page at school.

Without was war, and strife of men;
Within was rest and peace of heart,
The oil of love, the inner light
To they who chose the better part.

The duties of the times and day
Called for this truce so freely given,
And better was the morrow's work
For this one hour at gate of heaven.

Closed was his desk, his pen was still
And rhythmic meters fell asleep
The words of scorn, the fierce reproach
That like a lash could cut and beat.

His morning sun heard freedom's bell,
Tolling with feeble strokes and slow,
But evening heard a stronger note
When full-armed manhood struck the blow.

Stately and tall as Druid priest,
He stood by fiery furnace blast
And ingots of his purest thought
Into the seething mould were cast.

The guidon must be set in line
Ere charging columns wheel and form;
The signal flag at top-mast head
To mark the coming of the storm.

The marker at his post may fall
Ere bugle sounds its cry to charge;
The soldier die in duty's line
Without one blow upon his targe.

Not so with him who firmly stood
And sent his challenge to the wrong;
He saw his arrow strike the mark
Sent with the feathered barb of song.

One day his battered shield could rest
On walls where war's red banners hung,
And all the world with glad acclaim
The pean song of victory sung.

Oh, low-eaved church beneath the trees!
Here sounds no organ's solemn strain;
But thirsty souls with pure intent
Smite not the rock of faith in vain.

Within thy walls is sacred air
And glorious mem'ries hover still;
The perfume of life's nobler self
And him who sleeps by Sandy Hill.

BACKWARD GLIMPSES TO YE OLDEN TIMES.

By Sarah M. Bailey.



ON Saturday, late in the year 1789, the tall gaunt figure of Aaron Kimball stood before a small looking-glass in the spacious kitchen, shaving himself, an act our forefathers never omitted to perform before every momentous occasion. His good wife was hastening the preparations for dinner. The pews in the new meeting-house were to be sold that afternoon at the village of Hopkinton, and this well-to-do farmer was anxious to be in season to have his choice.

The family gathered about the well-filled table. Grace was said, when the father, in his blunt manner, exclaimed,

"What makes you look so sober, wife, you are as pale and grave as though I was going into bondage?"

"No, Aaron, I do not fear for you, but I'm afraid before nightfall many will feel the bondage of strong drink, if the usual custom of treating to rum every time a pew is bid off is followed; you have influence among your fellow-townsmen; can't you prevent this waste of liquor and stop this habit that works such havoc among our young men--aye! and our old men also?" The mother cast an anxious look toward the family seated around the table.

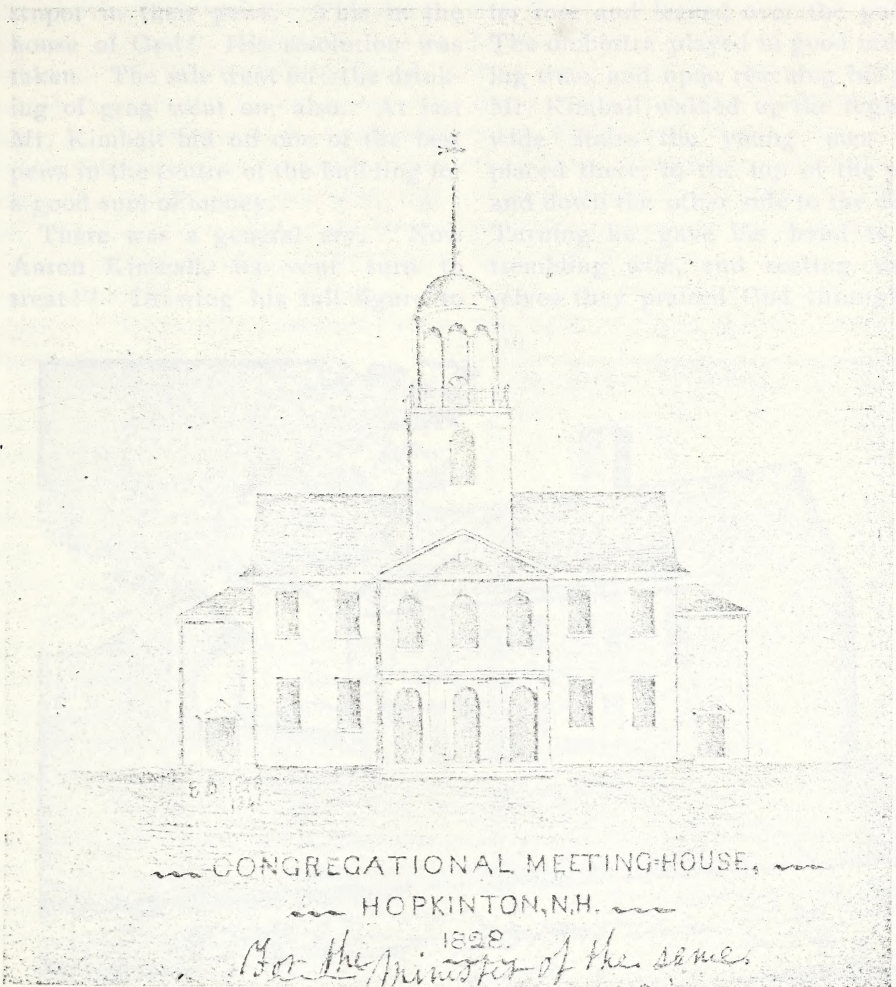
"I have been pondering upon this very subject, wife, and I have decided to take my stand this afternoon. Can you bear the sneers that may greet you to-morrow, if I stand

out about treating the crowd when I buy my pew?" The husband cast an anxious glance at his pale and delicate wife.

"Gladly will I bear anything rather than have our pew in the new meeting-house christened with liquor. Do not fear for me, Aaron, I will stand by you in the right."

With these words ringing in his ears the stalwart man drove away. The house where the early settlers had worshiped had been destroyed by fire early in that year, but the zealous men had set to work in a true Puritan spirit to erect another, a picture of which is here shown. It was by the merest chance that any drawing of this meeting-house is in existence. The pen picture from which the photograph was taken was done in ink by Edward Ballard, in 1828, and presented to the minister, Rev. Roger C. Hatch. He did not take it with him when he left town in 1834. Edward Ballard was the only son of Master John O. Ballard, Hopkinton's famous school teacher.

Between the time of the burning of the first meeting-house and the building of the one here shown, the Rev. Jacob Cram was ordained. The services took place February 25, 1789, under the elm near the village square,--a tablet is upon the tree, for all who pass to read. Later in the season the meeting-house was built and the pews were ready to be sold to the highest bidder. In anticipation of this Major Isaac Babson, who kept West India rum and groceries, just



Erected in 1789 and Remodeled in 1839. Drawn by Edward Ballard in 1828.

across the road, had laid in a bountiful supply of such liquors as were freely used in those days.

Arriving at the village square Aaron Kimball found that the sale had already begun. The pews were square, with a door and seats running on three sides, hung with hinges. Around the top of this box-shaped enclosure was a tiny cap piece for a finish, including the door. When the pew was sold it was the custom for the carpenter to saw the

cap piece at the joints of the door, and the owner was at liberty to walk in and take possession. It had become the custom of the country for each man to "treat" the entire company previous to his claiming his property.

As Aaron Kimball looked about him he saw that the men had been across the street to Major Babson's and drank of his generous supply of liquors until they were silly and talkative, and some lay in a drunken

stupor in their pews. This in the house of God! His resolution was taken. The sale went on; the drinking of grog went on, also. At last Mr. Kimball bid off one of the best pews in the centre of the building for a good sum of money.

There was a general cry, "Now Aaron Kimball, its your turn to treat!" Drawing his tall figure to

ter rose and leaned over the pulpit. The orchestra played in good marching time, and upon reaching his pew Mr. Kimball walked up the flight of wide stairs the young men had placed there, to the top of the pew, and down the other side to the floor. Turning he gave his hand to his trembling wife, and seating themselves they praised God throughout



The First Parsonage, Hopkinton.

its full height and looking over the crowd he said, "No, I shall pay for no toddy to-day, for you are all drunk now. My legs are long and I can get into my pew some way!" Isaac Long and some of the young men were in full sympathy and whispered to him to leave the matter to them, which he did.

On Sunday morning the Kimball family were a little late to meeting, and as they walked up the aisle every eye was upon them; even the minis-

ter rose and leaned over the pulpit. The orchestra played in good marching time, and upon reaching his pew Mr. Kimball walked up the flight of wide stairs the young men had placed there, to the top of the pew, and down the other side to the floor. Turning he gave his hand to his trembling wife, and seating themselves they praised God throughout

History does not recount what happened next, but in mind's eye we see the young men come forward to carry away the two sets of steps and saw the capping, despite the rule that "no labor should be performed on the Sabbath day."

A description of the house where, for fifty years, the forefathers worshiped, may be of interest.

The high pulpit stood in the mid-

dle of the north end of the meeting-house. Over it, suspended by an iron rod, was the "sounding board," which the children looked upon with fear, lest it should fall down and crush the venerable minister. Behind the pulpit was an oval tablet, painted black, upon which was painted in white letters, "This house was erected in 1789, completed in 1790. 'Holiness becometh this house, O Lord forever.'"

Front of the pulpit were the elders' seats, filled with aged men whose hearing was defective. In front of the elders were the deacons' seats, filled with four good faithful deacons, that once appointed, held their office for life, and were looked up to with respect. A gallery ran around three sides of the building. The first music sung by our forefathers was congregational. The leading singer "deaconed" the hymns—that is, he read two lines for the congregation to sing, then read two more, and so on, until the entire hymn was sung. In time, a choir of many voices, together with stringed instruments, filled the southern gallery.

The boys were in the habit of congregating in the vacant seats, to the right and left of the singers, on mischief bent, but the keen eyes of the "tything men" singled them out, and with stern look and slow and heavy tread, rose from their seats in the side galleries, and walking to the miscreant took him by the ear and walked him to his seat, a stern warning to all other boys to behave in a pious manner, lest they suffer a like disgrace.

In 1800 the congregational choir had, beside its fifty human voices, four bass viols, single bass, clarinet,

and bugle. Among the singers were musical men of note, who not only sang and played, but composed music, such as Isaiah Webber, Jeremiah Story, and Isaac Long. In the "New Hampshire Collection of Church Music," published in 1833, may be found several tunes composed by Isaiah Webber.

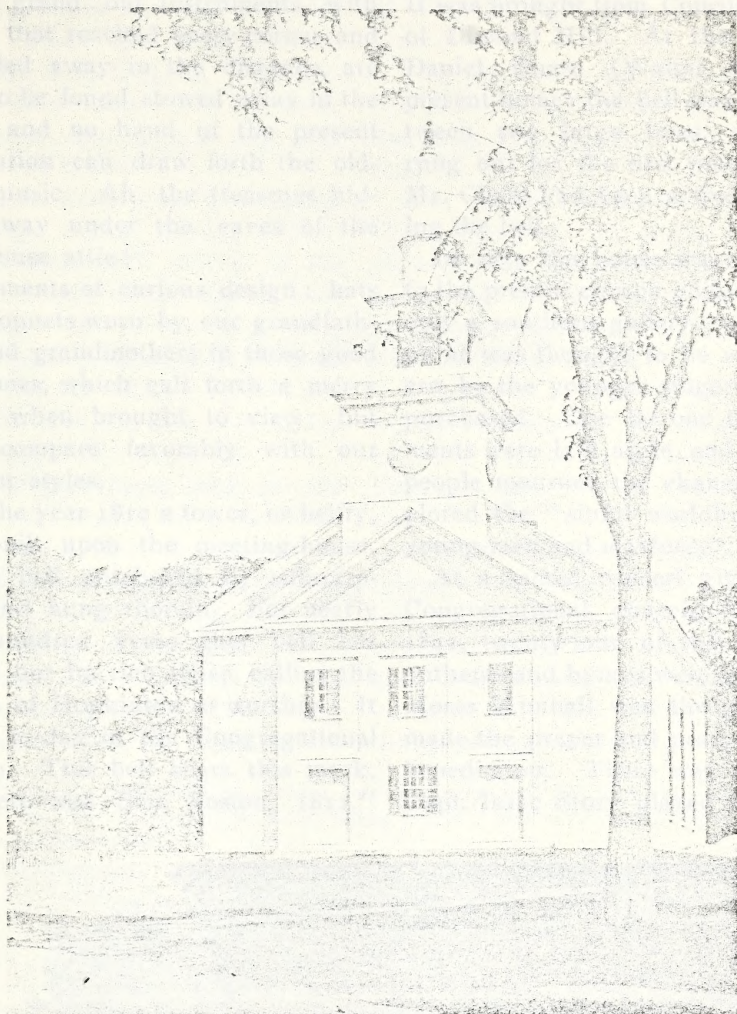
For fifty years this kind of music was used in praising God. But the



Ye Olden Style.

days of the tuning fork have long since passed; the sweet notes of the flute and the trombone are things of the past. Let me quote from a poem of Samuel Burnham written in 1868,

And when at last the loud amen
Fell from aloft, how quickly then
The seats came down with heavy rattle
Like musketry in fiercest battle,
And farther off and higher yet
The singers and the players sat,
Oh, what a deluge of sweet sound;
Northfield came flying swiftly round;
The "New Jerusalem came down,"
On slippery catgut, on the town;
To old St. Martin's air so light;
The shepherds watched their flocks by night,



Congregational Church, Hopkinton.

How these old tunes call up the past
 And memories throng both thick and fast;
 "Old majesty," with sad complaint,
 And wailing "China" for dead saints;
 Lenox and Duke St., and the rest,
 That to the service added zest.
 But song and singer now are dead,
 Those Sabbath days have long since fled.
 The strings are broken, mute the tongue
 That then God's praises sweetly sung.

In vain we try to imagine our modern church choirs rounding out the tones of "Jerusalem, my Glorious Home," "Child of Mortality," with

its grand orchestral accompaniment; "Sound the Loud Timbrel," with its mighty ending,— "Jehovah has triumphed His people are free!"

Who that has ever heard those various instruments that made up the choirs can forget the inspiration caught from the rendering of "Strike the Cymbals?" Every singer and instrument seemed to possess a voice of its own to swell the sacred harmony. It is a matter of regret that

those grand old instruments, with music that reached every corner and trembled away in the distance, are only to be found stowed away in the attic, and no hand of the present generation can draw forth the old-time music. Ah, the treasures hidden away under the eaves of the farmhouse attic!

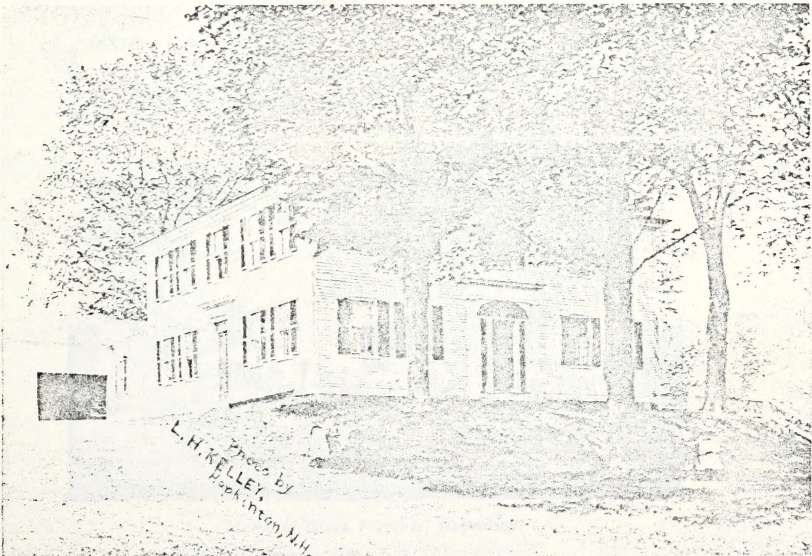
Garments of curious design: hats and bonnets worn by our grandfathers and grandmothers in those good old times, which call forth a merry laugh when brought to view; but they compare favorably with our modern styles.

In the year 1812 a tower, or belfry, was built upon the meeting-house, and a bell purchased by subscription and hung therein. For nearly one hundred years this bell has pealed out its rich tones, calling the people of Hopkinton to worship. It hangs to-day in the Congregational steeple. This bell bears this mark, "Revere and Son, Boston, 1811."

It was brought from Concord by way of Dimond Hill. At the house of Daniel Chase (Walter F. Hoyt's present home) the bell was hung between two large trees, and peals rung out for the first time in town. Mr. Chase had been active in securing the bell.

In 1839 the house was remodeled to the present church edifice, leaving only a southern gallery. As a seraphine was thought to be more modern by the younger singers one was purchased. One by one the instruments were laid aside, and the older people mourned the change and deplored the "sinful worldliness of ye young men and maidens."

At a sacred concert given in the Congregational church, March 22, 1842, twenty-four of the grand old anthems and hymns were sung. Rev. Moses Kimball was the pastor and made the prayer and pronounced the benediction. There was no organ. Capt. Isaac Story played the violin,



Congregational Parsonage, Hopkinton.

Alfred A. Rollins the bass viol, and Jonathan Allen the double bass. There were sixty singers. The music was mostly chosen from the modern Psalmist, and reports say they sang to a full house.

In 1872 the gallery was abandoned. A fine pipe organ, costing \$1,800, was purchased and placed in the northwest corner of the church near the pulpit.

The present parsonage is situated just south of the village square, and was a gift from the late Mrs. Lucia A. D. Long, some years ago.

The first parsonage, built for the first minister, stands, in a sad state of dilapidation, near the summit of Putney Hill, for many years deserted, and it will soon be like our good old music, a thing of the past, unless some kind hands gather up the broken threads of memory and weave them into a home again (with the aid

of shingles, clapboards, and window glass).

This was the home of Rev. James Scales, the first minister of Hopkinton, from 1757 to 1770. He died in 1776.

The second minister was Rev. Elijah Fletcher. He served his people well until his death in 1786. His home was on the main road from Hopkinton to Concord, near the stone watering-trough.

A picture of the house, which stands unchanged, will be of interest, as it was the birthplace of Grace Fletcher, first wife of Daniel Webster.

In the overhanging tree the golden robins build their nests to-day and sing as sweetly as they did for the beautiful youth and maiden so long ago, when the same old sweet song, yet ever new, was whispered under the spreading branches.

NOTE.—The writer desires to acknowledge indebtedness to the "Life and Times of Hopkinton, N. H.," for some of the data in the foregoing articles; also to Leown H. Kelley, photographer, for the illustrations.



Home of Grace Fletcher, Hopkinton.

THE FLOWERING LILAC.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

It nods all over with purple plumes,
Close to the low brown eaves ;
A sound like the music of " Home, Sweet Home,"
Each heart-shaped leaf now breathes.
The dear old-fashioned scent and bloom
Still clings like mem'ries sweet
And the spot where mother's voice was heard,
To the patter of little feet !
Like an old-time friend's, its tap on the pane,
Its incense is pure as the April rain.

THE RETURN OF PROSERPINE.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

She comes with graceful, sandaled feet
From Orcus' dark, Plutonian shades :
The gloom and darkness disappears,
And sunlight flashes through the glades.

She pauses by the ice-bound streams,
Their loosened waters laugh and play ;
She passes on through wood and mead
Where pussy-willows plume the way.

The tiny rootlets hear her steps,
And spring to meet her joyous smile ;
The dull earth gladdens at the sight,
And spreads with green her path meanwhile.

Beneath her touch each shrub and tree
Unfold their treasures to the eyes.
The song birds follow in her train,
And swallows, bees, and butterflies.

So up and down the earth she roams
Through verdant fields and sylvan glades.
Shy lambkins gambol where she comes,
And shepherds pipe 'neath woodland shades.

Her footsteps grace each lovely vale,
They gladden every fruitful plain ;
Till Mother Ceres smiles again
In fields of golden corn and grain.

THE PASSING OF INTEMPERANCE IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

By Ida G. Adams.



AT this time, when the one great question before the people of New Hampshire is the regulation in suppression of the liquor traffic in the state, it may be of interest to the readers of this magazine to review with me the advance of the temperance movement in one country town during the last sixty years.

When the county of Hillsborough was organized, the court of general sessions began to license liquor sellers.

In 1771 Aaron Quimby was licensed as a taverner in Weare and Ebenezer Mudgett and Samuel Philbrick as retailers. Mr. Quimby drew the first barrel of rum to town on a spruce-pole jumper.

In 1792 and subsequent years the selectmen of Weare licensed many men to keep tavern and to "mix and sell spiritous liquors." At the beginning of the nineteenth century New England rum was the common drink. No man could run a grocery store without keeping a barrel on tap in the back room, where all customers could help themselves.

At all trainings and musters, bridge raisings, etc., the town furnished the rum. At all ordinations, installations, councils, and other great religious meetings, the church furnished it. Priests and parishioners regaled each other with the

beverage on every possible occasion. At funerals the decanter and glasses were often placed on the head of the coffin as a token of the liberality of the mourners, and the odor of rum was inseparable from any gathering of the people.

As civilization moved on, however, thinking people began to be alarmed at the condition of affairs in town. The Society of Friends made the first move, and in 1784 made it a part of their discipline that no member should use ardent spirits. Every three months this rule was read before the business meeting and a truthful answer as to its observance was made out and sent to a superior meeting.

The Methodists early espoused the cause, also, and did good work by precept and example.

Enoch Breed, a prominent Friend, was one of the first to make a practical test of his principles. When ready to put up a new barn-frame, he gave notice that he would furnish no liquor on the occasion of the raising, but would serve lemonade in its stead. In spite of prophecies to the contrary, the barn went up, and Mr. Breed's example was followed by others in rapid succession. Moses Sawyer, another well-known Friend, when ready to raise his woolen mill, announced that no rum would be forthcoming, and the mill went up as did the barn.

A barn was raised at Sugar Hill under the same conditions and the next morning the ridgepole was found standing on end in a well, thus suggesting that it represented a cold-water structure.

But the abolition of rum was only the entering-wedge of the crusade against intemperance. There was cider to be reckoned with, and the war against the former foe was a mere skirmish compared with the long and hard campaign against the cider barrel. Enoch Paige, another Friend, was the first to do his haying with neither rum nor cider, and the sentiment against intoxicating beverages continued to increase, and ministers began to vociferously preach against the evil and their flock to pray for deliverance from the curse.

The question was brought up in a town-meeting in 1819. The warrant for the annual meeting for the election of town officers contained an article "to see if the town will pass a vote prohibiting all the store keepers in town from retailing rum and all other spirituous liquors, excepting those licensed to keep a public tavern." This was one of the earliest efforts and 'was defeated by the toppers and the article was dismissed. But the heaven was working, and gradually the advocates of temperance began to talk total abstinence, and when the great Washingtonian movement swept over the country Weare was one of the first towns in the state to follow the lead of the society organized in Baltimore in 1840.

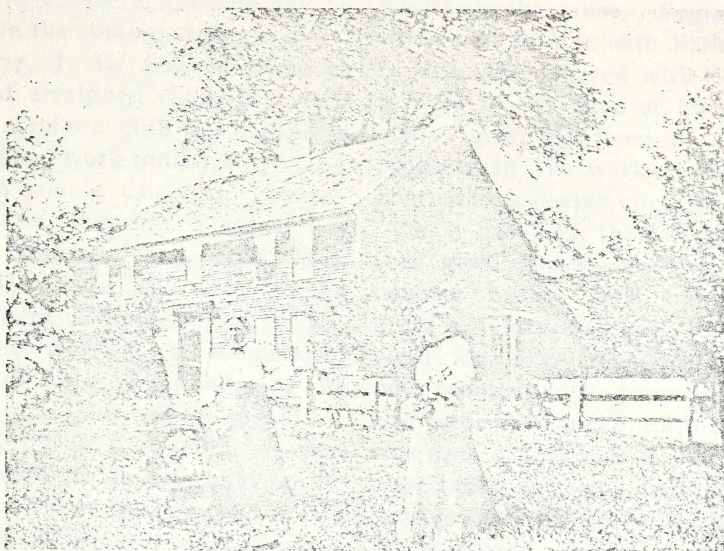
On May 18, 1841, Dr. James Peterson, the popular physician of the town, wrote the following document, and with ninety others signed it:

"Dissolution of Copartnership.—The firm hitherto existing and doing business under the name of Rum, Gin, Brandy, and Wine, and the subscribers, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Being convinced that the welfare of all parties will be generally enhanced by this dissolution, we cheerfully declare it by our signature."

The Weare Washingtonian Society was formed in January, 1842. Most of the leading citizens identified themselves with the movement. Nearly all the common drunkards signed the pledge, but the frequent back-slidings warned the temperance apostles that the pledge must be reënforced by the closing of the drinking-places. To this end all effort was directed. "No trade with stores that keep rum," was the first war cry. At this time seven public drinking-places were in full operation in the north part of the town, but by well-directed efforts the reformers stopped the sale of liquor in them all.

Up to 1845 but little headway had been made against the use of cider, and the situation in this respect was becoming alarming.

At a celebration held in the Baptist meeting-house at North Weare, over the close of the last rum shop, Moses A. Cartland, an enthusiastic reformer and popular teacher of Clinton Grove school, and also a devout member of the Friends society, created a sensation by saying: "It is well we celebrate our victory over rum, but let us not forget another foe, the cider barrel, in which, I believe, the Quaker society is going down to perdition." From that time the campaign against cider was hot and



"Father" Robie House—Oldest House in Weare.

fierce, and the conflict lasted until the sale of the article was forbidden throughout the town.

The name of "Father" John Robie will always be inseparably connected with the early temperance movement in Weare. After the startling announcement of Moses Cartland in regard to the Friends' society (of which Mr. Robie was a member by conviction), he sent his hired man, Jimmie, who had signed the pledge, to cut off the cider taps in his cellar; and from that time until his death, several years later, he was a most ardent worker in the cause. He not only talked and sang temperance in the most enthusiastic manner in Weare, but worked in many other towns as well. From being an opposer of the reform, he became its never-to-be-forgotten advocate. His home was near Weare Centre and the house is one of the oldest in the town.

As a result of the Weare Wash-

ingtonian societies the sale of spirituous liquors of every description was prohibited, and every church had a temperance plank in its platform forbidding the toleration of a minister who drank liquor and expelling all drunkards from the society.

Since that time liquor has never been openly sold in town. Whenever a man has been caught dealing in the liquid on the sly he has been summarily dealt with. One man undertook to smuggle cider to customers, but the women of his neighborhood soon "caught on" and he was confronted with a petition of remonstrance that made him faint. Not a man's name on the list, but the warning was effectual. The basement he had rented was tenantless the following day.

On January 20, 1876, Mechanics Lodge of Good Templars was instituted at East Weare, and has kept up its organization to the present time. Within the last year it has

taken a new lease of life and will be a factor in the coming struggle.

In 1877, J. K. Osgood came to town and arraigned cider, beer, and ale, and a reform club was organized and did good work until 1881.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union also has a quiet but helpful influence, and with Mrs. Eunice H. Chase, the sister of the Rev. Edwin Thompson of Lynn, Mass., the well-known temperance lecturer of forty years ago, at its head, its principles will be upheld.

This sketch of the conflict against intemperance in Weare would not be complete without mention of the late Zephaniah Breed, who was a lifelong

warrior in the cause. Beginning his work side by side with Father Robie in 1841, he labored with voice and pen up to the time of his death in 1901. And he lived to see great progress in the work in which his heart was so deeply engaged.

Such has been the working out of this great moral question in one country town. Step by step the army of reform has been moving onward for sixty years, facing each new problem as it arose with courage and persistence until the field was won, and now it is marching in close ranks and with determined face against the weapons of the opposing license forces.

THE SONG OF JOY.

By Ormsby A. Court.

I read the words in the waving grass,
I hear the song in the rustling trees,
The gladsome song, the song of joy,
The song of the romping lad and lass,
The song of the sun-kissed breeze.

I hear the song in the mellow note
Of the plover that pipes on yonder rail,
Calling her mate with manner coy,
Living a life of love afloat,
In the sun or the blust'ring gale.

Out of the sun, the sky, the sea,
The wood, the field or the placid pool,
Lilts the rhythm of life and joy,
Weaving a magical tale for me,
That knows not a gruesome ghoul.

It's the gladsome song of life and love
That's winding the way of lad and lass.
And sweetening all with a rare alloy—
List to the lark in the blue above,
And the sough of the bending grass.

RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

By C. C. Lord.

RAMBLE XVIII.

THE FARMER PLANTS.



HERE are some days of spring that seem to be nature's gala days. In the wide variety of climatic, vernal experiences, there are some expressions of sunlight and air that make earth seem a temporary paradise. This is one of the days when the magic of spring is exerted in the fulfilment of the highest vernal charms. The sky is bright, but not too dazzling. The temperature is warm, but not too intense. The air is fresh, but not too cool. The earth is dressed in verdure and bloom, but not too gaudily. If there are some days when all the unseen forces of nature conspire with singular efficacy to express the highest potency of sentient delight, this day is one of them.

As we ramble to-day, we find our reflective personality enlivened by the brightness and beauty of the landscape. The broad prospect of hill and dell, forest and field, land and stream, affects us with a peculiar and indescribable pleasure. However, our delight is not simply the creation of merely natural scenes. The artificial aspects of the day excite a prominent part of our enjoyment.

One of the many curious laws of human life is illustrated in the naturally envious dispositions of

men. Herein resides a fact that practically ignores all ordinary sentiments of justice. The best man envies his neighbor. This happens because the vocations and privileges of individuals are different. All temperamental life seems at times to aspire to nothing so much as to an exchange of real or imaginary opportunities and privileges. Consequently, each member of human society, no matter how excellently adapted his personality and his situation may be, experiences his seasons of desire to substitute his lot by that of another no better than his own.

We indulge the present reflection because we find ourself in an envious mental attitude to-day. We envy the farmer, who, on this gala day of spring, is engaged in the preliminary work of planting his seed. The pleasant day, the pleasant fields, the pleasant labor out of doors,—all conspire to impress us with an idea of a privilege that is not our own. Doubtless the farmer returns the compliment. He observes us. He thinks of his toilsome obligations. He sees us rambling in apparent listlessness. He thinks we are doing simply nothing. He wishes his lot were as easy as ours. We do not blame him. We were just wishing that our lot were as favored as his.

The Power that decrees all things has seen fit to subject us to the pains and perils of a characteristically mental occupation. We toil in mind by

day and by night. We are weary and worn with laborious exertion when the manual laborer thinks we are simply indulging idleness. Consequently, as we go out to-day to see the sunlight, breathe the fresh air, and rejoice in the green earth, we observe the farmer. We know him. He is our neighbor. We are familiar with his quality of reflection. We are aware that he is practically exempt from those subjective woes and griefs that afflict the individual who daily struggles with the analytical mazes of studious thought. To-day, in a moment of reflective trial, we wish we were a farmer.

Still, the farmer, like all the rest of our reputable fellow-beings, has his real and legitimate grievance. His own experience of trial is as hard as that of any other respectable laborer. The reason why this fact does not in the first instance appeal to our mind to-day is apparent upon philosophical thought. His peculiarly pleasant surroundings to-day illumine the aspects of his lot with a peculiar charm. Were all the farmer's days like this one, his privileges were indeed suggestive of a prolonged exemption from affliction and care. However, he who contemplates the faithful and industrious farmer aright must view him in all his annual contentions with heat and cold, drought and wet, sunshine and cloud, wind and calm, not to mention the thousand and one perils and losses that are incident to the struggling life of every energetic individual of the human race. Truly the farmer's lot is no better than ours. He mistakes when he thinks ours is freer from trials than his.

The farmer plants. He has planted

before. He will plant again. His life is a prolonged season of planting. Every spring the earth unveils to him its fertile bosom and invites him to deposit there the promise of his future profitable and pleasurable harvest. The sky, the air, the field, decked in the lustrous suggestions of abounding delight, are to him old and familiar aspects of recurring phenomena of nature. He is toiling to-day for himself, for society, for the world. No doubt the burden of his responsibility weighs heavily upon him. As we pass by, he looks up and thinks upon our greater industrial exemptions and wonders why the conditions of humanity are so unequal. In fact, he thinks of us as we at first think of him.

Ideally, planting suggests many conceptions of joy. The boy raised upon the farm has a pleasant recollection of seed-time when years have changed his vocation and subjected him to new toils and troubles. Spring on the farm is ever a choice theme of the poet. The artist perpetuates his inspiration, stirred by the delights of an agricultural spring, upon the canvas. We are all admirers of the beautiful in nature and in life. We can all derive permanent pleasure from the contemplation of every virtuous, industrial privilege. The sense of our own privation makes us envious. We can well ignore it.

RAMBLE XIX.

TREES LEAF.

The discussion of leaves implies an inexhaustible range of thought. The subject of leaves is too wide for the space given to a single ramble. To-

day we observe that the trees leaf. In the use of the term trees we specially mean the forms that are usually so denominated and not merely all vegetation that bears leaves.

This is the first of May, a leafy month of the year. In this locality, trees usually begin to leaf before May, but the renewed foliage of deciduous trees is not usually in full development till some time after the first of May has arrived. As we go out to-day, taking casual observation as we stroll, the progressive development of the leaves of trees is a prominent fact of our reflective consideration. Hence we allow them to predominate in present remarks.

The life of a leaf is a truly suggestive source of study. At times we are strongly impressed with the characteristic unity of nature. The life of a leaf is like that of a man. We all come forth like leaves, flourish like leaves, fade like leaves, and die like leaves. We reflect in this manner because we notice that the leaves exhibit a necessary adaptation to general economic conditions in their annual unfolding and growth. Who has not noticed how promptly the leaves of some trees put forth, and how rapidly they grow? Who has not also observed how slowly and timidly the leaves of some other trees assert their annual vernal existence and influence? The leaves that fulfil their missions so readily and rapidly have often a kind of present monopoly of right in the trees that bear them. The leaves of more moderate individual manifestation are, at times, constrained to bear the competitive claims of catkins, or blossoms, located on the same parental stock or stem. Individually char-

acteristic functions and unitedly dependent existences are strikingly correlated in this wonderful world of ours.

Leaves have a specific vital use in the economy of the tree. They are specially related to vegetable nutrition and growth. No tree is seen to grow when it is leafless. The reason is evident. The leaves are the lungs of the trees, and breath is ever intimately involved in all really vital processes. When the leaves begin to grow, the twig begins to extend, and the whole tree begins to assume a more spacious aspect and stately figure. In the phenomena of foliage we also have a forcible illustration of the grand functional unity of all created nature. In the process of breathing through the leaves, vegetable nature absorbs the carbonic acid, which animal nature rejects as deleterious, and yields the oxygen that is so healthful to both man and beast. Thus the two kinds of organic nature subsist on, as well as compete with, each other. This wonderful dependent aspect of vegetable and animal life is an old theme of scientific demonstration and need not be further noticed here.

The size of the leaves of trees is incidentally a subject of remark. How much larger than others are the leaves of this shrub which is one day to be a tree? Though not yet grown to mature size, these leaves are several times larger than those of an adult tree of the same kind. The fact, though noticeable, is easy of explanation. This shrub, or young tree, is vigorous and thrifty. It has no present object in life but growth. Swifter growth implies more breath and consequently more leaf. When

young and thrifty trees grow in more fertile places the superlative development of their leaves is often phenomenal. In such cases the leaves of young maples can be seen in individual expansion representing a foliar diameter of much the larger part of a linear foot. It is a general rule of observation that the leaves of trees are larger where the soil is richer, vegetable life being there better sustained.

The gradual intensification of the natural coloring of young leaves is illustrated in our annual observation of spring. The buds unfold and at first appear the small, green leaves. Yet the first green coloring of the leaves is not a deep green. Who does not admire the charming, delicate, light green tint expressed in the field and forest, when the leaves of the trees are all young and new? The deep, dark green of the maturer foliage is a fact of the later spring and summer. Artistically considered, the gradually intensified green of the leaves affords much pleasure for the chromatically critical eye, but it bears a fuller significance to the thought of the scientific mind. The characteristic green color of the leaf is the result of the physiological deposit of chlorophyl, which not only colors the substance, but also provides the functional basis of all vegetable nutrition. Trees grow by virtue of the presence of chlorophyl in their leaves. This is a fact of scientific demonstration. In the measure of the paleness of their leaves, trees decline in the exercise of the nutritive function. Fertility may be abundant, moisture may be plenty, warmth may be intense, but there will be no real growth without chlo-

rophyl, which is specially available and active in the presence of light. Hence no tree grows in the dark or flourishes in full potency in a deep shadow. For the evidence of this truth, stroll into the deep, dense forest next summer. There may be seen the slender shrub, with pale leaves, struggling vainly to become a tree. All around it are the defunct, diminutive, arboreal forms that have perished in the attempt to assert persistent vitality in a too heavy shade.

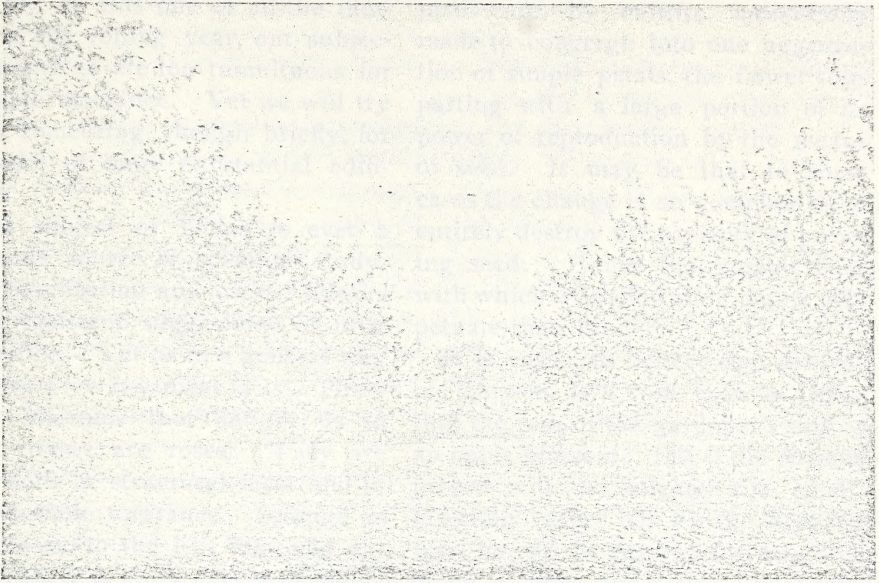
We dismiss the leaves of the trees for this time. The few thoughts we have indulged suggest a theme capable of entertaining many rambles. We regret the enforced suspension of our discourse.

RAMBLE XX.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The apple trees are in bloom. We are now enjoying a floral consummation that has been for some time in anticipation. All the spring we have looked forward with expectation to the gloriously blooming orchard. The present privilege is the result of a progressive development of bloom. About a week ago the first buds of the apple began to blush, and daily since has the floral demonstration of the orchard been increasing, and now it is easy to conceive the local rural world to be in a state of blossoming.

There are days when the present world of nature seems to be gifted with the delights of paradise. Different causes may produce this apparent effect. Sometimes it is the first glow of spring, melting the accumulated snows of winter and disclosing the fresh earth, potent with the promise of summer; sometimes the



Among the Apple Blossoms.

lustrous beauty of the sunshine upon the landscape, refreshed by a genial and copious rain; sometimes the iridescent hues of autumn, when the trees are dressed in their most gorgeous robes; sometimes the sparkle of the wintry sun upon the crystals of frost, or feathery flakes of snow, that turn all the trees of the field and forest into forms of resplendent beauty; sometimes, as to-day, the apple blossoms, that make the landscape look fit for the abode of celestial virtues, destined to roam forever in the mazes of superlative, undefiled ecstasy.

When morning broke to-day, the sunlight disclosed a wide, measureless expanse of verdure decorated with numberless apple trees in pink and white floral magnificence. The circumambient air was redolent with the sweet perfume of apple blossoms. In addition to the wealth of bloom and luxury of fragrance, the birds enriched the air with their rippling

notes of melody. The robin sang, the sparrow chirriped, the swallow twittered, and the thrush warbled. There was a concert of natural harmonies that surpassed the descriptive powers of ordinary language. If we could conceive all days of the year to be like this one, it were easy to reflect upon the present world as the realization of delights well-nigh satisfying to the eager breasts of mortals. No one can wonder that the poet pictures paradise as a land of "never fading flowers," even if we ignore any other considerations of joyful resources he may in imagination attach to it.

In rambling out of doors to-day, we find the mind in a peculiar state of reflective stress. We must be excused for an intensity of emotion and an accumulation of ideas that forbid detailed expression. Our feelings and thoughts are too deep and too many for words. Our temperament is sensitive, impressive, and respon-

sive, but on this one of all the rambles of the rolling year, our subjective impulses are too tumultuous for complete utterance. Yet we will try to say something, though briefly, for the sake of more substantial edification.

The subject of bloom is ever a profitable source of scientific study. The classification and uses of flowers afford constant suggestions of utile instruction. Let us in a general way rehearse a few botanical facts. These apple blossoms that delight us so much to-day are roses. They are roses both in structural form and in characteristic fragrance. Strange as it may seem to the less informed observer, there is but a degree of difference between the blossom of the wild apple tree of the roadside and the rose that hangs upon the choicest bush of the most fastidious cultivator of flowers. In the one case, it is a floral peasant, dressed in an unpretentious yet tasty garb; in the other, a floral prince, attired in a stately robe of the most elaborate art. The one is the product of crude nature; the other, the result of refined cultivation. The one is to be perpetuated in progeny; the other, mainly in fame.

It requires but a little observation and reflection to attest the truth that affirms the identity of wild and cultivated roses. It seems to be the fact that, in their original state, all kinds of flowers are single. In truth, all double flowers appear to be products of human cultivation, by which an increase of æsthetic attraction has been attained at the expense of inherent fertility. In other words, the natural, distinctive, subordinate parts of the rose—the petals, stamens, and

pistil—are, by culture, measurably made to converge into one aggregation of simple petals, the flower thus parting with a large portion of its power of reproduction by the means of seed. It may be that in some cases the change is so complete as to entirely destroy the capacity of growing seed. Hence the greater ease with which wild, flowering plants perpetuate their kind.

It is easier to believe that the apple blossom is a rose than to think that the rose of the gardener's skill is an apple blossom. But if the curious person will investigate the small, blushing carpel left by the decayed rose, he will be surprised to find how much it looks and tastes like a tiny apple. In fact, what the apple blossom misses in spectacular beauty the rose of the garden loses in palatal lusciousness.

Just as we reach the end of this ramble, we pass underneath a spreading apple tree to hear the busy hum of bees in its branches. The beauty and the fragrance have attracted the honey gatherers, and while they collect their sweets, they distribute the pollen that bears the fructifying promise of future fruit. Thus we have an illustration of the blending of one vital economic purpose in another. All life at times seems to express but an aggregated complement of uses.

RAMBLE XXI.

FOREST SHADES.

To-day we ramble into the woods. There is a special pleasure in so doing. The woods offer us an invitation that they have long foregone. We give the woods our particular

companionship at this time. In the presence of the woods, we, for the time being, forget the charms of the open landscape.

Only a little reflection is needed for the interpretation of the motive that predominantly sways us to-day. The trees are all in leaf. Some of the leaves are not fully grown, but the newness and the freshness of the foliage of spring is sufficient to compensate us for any æsthetic losses sustained in consequence of any smallness of the leaves. The privilege of a ramble through the dense, leafy woods has been denied us since last late summer. During the last autumn we saw the leaves brighten, fade, and fall, and in the chill winter we crept into the somber evergreen shelter of the pines and spruces, listened to the hoarse whisper of the dead foliage that here and there clung to a deciduous tree, and indulged the liveliest thoughts that frosty and windy nature would allow us. Now the spring has renewed the forest's wide canopies and draperies of green, and we enter the woods with a heart and spirit revived in anticipation of an enjoyment long missed.

There is apparent, positive evidence that people who are susceptible to the imaginative appeals of natural scenery have a peculiar enjoyment in the deep shade of the woods. A reflective analysis of the loftier conceptions realized in the presence of the densely-leaved forest affords a knowledge of the mind that rules one in the woody shades. Probably there is no spot where the imagination tends to sublimer heights than in the forest. In the deep woods, the reflections seem to aspire to abandon the realm

of sense and ascend to the domain of soul.

The history of the æsthetic world seems to confirm the expressed idea of the imaginative sublimity of the woods. The poet tells us that "the groves were God's first temples," and thus affirms the power of the woods to direct the thoughts of man to attitudes of worship. Who knows but that the first man who ever fell upon his knees to invoke the divine, magisterial Presence did so in the woods? This is something more than a mere fanciful suggestion of a possibility. That the groves are still God's most powerful agents in awakening sublimity of religious thought is an idea evoked in divers ways. The reflective individual often feels this idea when walking in the woods alone. The congregation of devout men and women is conscious of it when camping or worshiping in the shade, seeking the "good will of Him that dwelt in the bush." The most conservative devotee feels it when he enters the vast cathedral whose pillars and arches seek to express the primitive architecture of the forest. What observing person does not see the influence of the woods in the characteristic type of the grandest Christian church? The best art is only nature in a state of copy, though conventionality may modify many of the details. Who has not noticed the tendency of the best specimens of ecclesiastical architecture to recognize and cultivate the Gothic style? What indeed is the Gothic style of architecture but an attempt to reproduce the woods in a structurally conventional form?

In imaginatively susceptible persons it is the province of natural scen-

ery to inspire feeling. The elevation of feeling is an experience peculiarly afforded by the woods. In the degree of the realization of this feeling, one inclines to dismiss analytic thought for synthetic reflection. In the woods one is moved to ignore science and adopt sentiment. Consequently prose retreats and poetry approaches in the recesses of the forest shades.

Every age of human history doubtless has its advantages and disadvantages, its successes and its failures. In the earliest historic age of man there was little knowledge and much ignorance. Yet then human nature was imaginative, as it is now. It was in that early time that the poet enjoyed the greatest freedom of his muse. His imaginative flights were not hampered by the heavy ballast of intrusive prosaic facts. Consequently, in the historic morning of the human race, poets sang as they have never since done, and perhaps as they will never again. In the absence of analytic thoughtful hindrances, the ideal flight of the first poet's fancy was often lawless and wild, but, within its consistent limitations, it proved the æsthetic model of all future ages.

Thus we ramble and thus we reflect. Yet the woods to-day are not only suggestive but impressive. In the deep forest we feel as if in the presence of a living, conscious entity. This sublime immanence of calmness, broken only by the whispers of the leaves and the subdued twittering of birds, seems like a hushed expectation of approaching majesty, to which one owes not only respect but reverence.

As we turn our steps homeward,

we emerge from the forest, bearing away an inward sense of a privilege that is entitled to a long residence in our choicer recollection.

RAMBLE XXII.

A DROUGHT BROKEN.

A drought is broken. In the common acceptance of the fact, there can be no doubt about it. The relief from drought is an occasion of happiness. Every person we meet seems to wear a cheerful aspect. There is something so comforting in the idea of returning moisture after dryness that people cannot fail to attest their gratification in it.

In the present condition of things, unconscious nature seems to join man in the expression of rejoicing. All the landscape seems gay. The earth looks refreshed, the grass looks renewed, and the shrubs and trees look revived. There is in the landscape an appearance of newness that cannot fail to impress the appreciative observer who once witnesses it.

In a special sense the farmer enters into participation of the manifest and apparent delight of men and things. The earth is his special reliance for sustenance and profit. Its fertility, largely dependent upon the presence of moisture, is his potential capital. The farmer's prospects and happiness depend in a large measure upon the rain. In dry times we find him downcast and discouraged; in moist seasons, hopeful and happy. The nature of his dependence, as illustrated by his countenance, affected as it is by the weather, is logically affirmed. It is a fact that the solid fertilizers in the soil must be solved in water before they can become the

food of plants, and thereafter the nutriment of man and beast.

There is a particular reason why the tiller of the soil is liable to watch the sky for moisture in the early season of the open year. In fact, the farmer's mind is in a special state of anxiety for the necessary supply of rain during the time his crops are growing. This is the time when, perhaps, he frets more than all the rest of the year. He apprehends and dreads drought more than at any other time. The fact of an average fall of rain during the growing season of the year hardly abates his anxiety. He still broods over the existing uncertainty. He is scientifically consistent. There is reason for his care.

The dependence of all the prospects of fertility upon water is wonderful. The prevalence of water in the composition of the different forms of vegetable and animal life is extensive. A relatively large amount of liquid, and a comparatively small quantity of solid, substance briefly express the components of all conscious and unconscious living creatures and things. For everything that grows nature must provide a comparative abundance of water. If the water is not supplied by rain, the requisite moisture is drawn from the reserve resources of the earth, or else the progress of nature's growing processes is suspended. The farmer properly demands an extra amount of rainfall when his crops are growing.

Any fact is liable to be in a measure merely relative. This is specially true of the rain. Who has not noticed how little permanence of moisture is afforded by a copious rain, if the year

has passed to the season of leaf and bloom? How soon the earth dries after a later spring or earlier summer rain? In the growing season the springs and streams are apt to be very low, and when a rain of considerable copiousness falls it hardly seems to increase the accumulated stores of water. What is the reason? The water that falls in warm and growing seasons is almost instantly absorbed and appropriated by the vegetation that is constantly aspiring to greater development and maturity. The volume of water thus daily appropriated in spring and summer is immense. If we could see it in one measurable quantity, our eyes would be astonished. We can obtain an approximative idea of the amount of moisture utilized by growing vegetation, if we observe the greater increase of water in the streams when a generous rain falls in autumn. Often the rills and brooks hardly respond to such a rain in the spring or summer, but in autumn they as often overflow their banks for it.

We have expressed enough to convince any thoughtful person that a drought may be only a relative fact. The farmer fears and affirms a drought in spring or summer, when, in fact, there has been, or is, an average annual amount of rain. Vegetation rapidly assumes the moisture, and the farmer misses its presence. Yet the judgment of the tiller of the soil is practically consistent. The fields and forests need more rain in the growing season, and in the human aspects of economy it ought then to fall more frequently.

A drought is broken. There is no doubt of it. The gratification in the

change is general. However, we shall not complete our pleasure in the simple contemplation of the renewed moisture. We shall have days of profitable happiness in the observation of the revived processes of nature. As we trip out of doors from time to time, we shall witness the unusual luxuriance with which vegetation grows till the time when languishing for rain is again resumed. We shall see the twig extend, the leaf expand, the bud swell, the blossom unfold, and the whole plant or tree assume an aspect of increased prosperity and pride. We shall, in fancy, dwell upon the innate sympathy in all created things. With the imagination exercised a little at random, it is very easy to think of everything as alive. With vegetation luxuriating in the genial warmth of the glorious sun, we shall put away merely prosaic things and revel in the illusions that afford the choicest revelations and delights of poetry. To us the year has a double meaning, and every ramble of the rolling year both an actual and an ideal contemplative suggestion.



THE PASSING OF THE FOREST.

By G. K. Pattee.

At last thy day of doom is come, proud monarch of the North,
Thy knell is sounding far and wide, thy summons dread goes forth.
The woodman's axe rings keen and sharp, and from the shady glen
There comes the buzzing of the saw, and shouts of toiling men.

There was a time not long ago, fair woodland dear to me,
When thou inspired within my heart a rapture none could see.
I loved to wander in thy gloom, and pluck the flowers that grow,
Like all fair things, far out of sight, where breezes faintly blow.

Within thy deep and solemn shade, I lived a life my own,
'T was grand and free to be with thee, thee and myself alone.
And in thy sunlight merry haunts there came a whispered voice
That soft and low as evening's flow bade every heart rejoice.

But now grim forest, vast and gray, whose youth was years ago,
This northern wild must see you die and sadly bid you go.
No longer 'mongst these granite peaks will you your vigil keep,
Nor when the sun sinks in the west, croon soft the hills to sleep.

So now I'll say farewell to thee, before they lay thee low;
And oft I'll think of thy fair charms and in the sunset's glow
I'll think of thee as some dead friend. Engraven on my heart
There lies the image as you looked when we were forced to part.

OUR FIRST WAR OF AGGRESSION.—CANADA THE OBJECT.¹*By E. D. Hadley.*

CHAPTER I.



FEW words of recapitulation of the happenings of the early days of the Revolution will show the rapid march

of events.

On the 19th day of April, 1775, eight martyrs of liberty fell at Lexington and at Concord "the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world." On the 21st day of April the investment of Boston by the militia of Massachusetts began. On the 10th day of May Fort Ticonderoga was captured by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys and others. On the 12th day of May Crown Point was taken by Seth Warner and his detachment. On the 14th day of May Benedict Arnold with a small force captured British shipping and plundered Fort St. John's on the Sorel river within the Canada borders. On the 15th day of June the Continental Congress made George Washington commander-in-chief of the American forces. On the 17th day of June the memorable Battle of Bunker Hill was fought. On the 3d day of July Washington assumed the command of the patriot forces at Cambridge.

For a people who, while loyal to the king, were opposing with arms, which they did not hesitate to use, in their hands, his ministers, his parliament and his policy, matters were

taking the form of a war between two nations with a celerity unparalleled, a whole year before the Declaration of Independence was to be adopted. The operations around Lake Champlain by the patriots had been distinctly aggressive. What will be their next aggression?

Soon after the seizure of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, May 10th and May 12th respectively, and the plundering of Fort St. John's on the 14th, by which achievements under Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, and Benedict Arnold, the mastery of Lake Champlain was secured by the military forces of the colonies with ease; both Allen and Arnold advocated an expedition for the invasion of Canada and the capture of Montreal, the former by letter to congress, the latter by letter of June 2, 1775, to the Provincial Congress of New York.

As General Carlton, the representative of the king in Canada, was hotly proclaiming the colonists to the south of Canada rebels and traitors, was preparing to invade their territory and was instigating the Indian nations to take up the hatchet against them, the American general, Schuyler, was given authority to take possession of St. John's, Montreal, and other points of Canada. This was in June, and was one of the effects of Bunker Hill.

This military move had as a political object the joining of Canada to

¹ Paper read before Ben Franklin Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, Des Moines, Iowa, November 22, 1901.

the thirteen colonies in their struggle for their rights, and as a military object the application of the "offensive defensive" principle of warfare, whereby one party attacks and attempts to disable the other before an attack can be made by the latter. General Schuyler repaired to Ticonderoga, and on the 20th of July the Continental Congress listened to his report upon the condition of the army of the colonies on the shores of Lake Champlain, which consisted of about 2,800 men in a woeful condition as to discipline and efficiency.

About the middle of August Washington authorized invasions of Canada from Ticonderoga by way of Lake Champlain and the Sorel river and also by way of the Kennebec and Chaudiere rivers, the expeditions to be in coöperation with each other and designed to divide the British forces in Canada, which division might prevent Carlton's strongly opposing Schuyler. The secrecy of the despatch of the Kennebec expedition might result in the surprise of Quebec by the troops of this expedition.

In pursuance of this plan of campaign, General Richard Montgomery, second in command of the expedition, sailed from Fort Ticonderoga on the 28th day of August, 1775, with about 1,000 men, and, touching at Crown Point, Willoughby Bay, Grand Isle, Isle La Motte, where he was joined by General Schuyler, the commander, on the 4th day of September reached Isle-aux-Noix, where the lake has its outlet through the Sorel river, above St. John's on the west bank of the river, a little below the outlet of the lake.

On the 6th a landing of a part of

this little army was made at 3 o'clock p. m., about a mile and a half from the fort. The country all around is low, flat, and marshy. After marching about one fourth of a mile through the woods and marshes, an attack was made upon them by Indians and British regulars in ambush, in which nine were killed and as many wounded; and the whole party, although they had inflicted equal injury on their foes and had some slight breastworks at the landing, in a stampede made a rush for the boats. They went up the river a mile and a half and fortified after landing. The next day they returned to the Isle-aux-Noix. This inauspicious beginning was followed on the 10th by a landing at the upper point where they had fortified on the 6th.

Upon attempting to advance toward the fort in the face of some opposition there was misbehavior on the part of our forces, for which the commander of the New York men blamed the New England men. General Montgomery complained of both, but pronounced the New Yorkers worse than the others. Our forces, however, got possession of the breastworks at the place of the lower landing made on the 6th. In the morning the whole force was ordered to advance, but a part at least turned their backs and took to their boats. All were ordered back again to Isle-aux-Noix.

This sounds like the conduct of a lot of cowards, but it is recorded by Colonel Ritzema, of the First New York regiment, in his diary. Let not those who have never faced deadly dangers from an unknown and concealed foe, or death in battle, condemn these men too severely.

They eventually became soldiers worthy the name.

There is an old saying that "The third time is the charm," which proved true when the third landing with the little army, swelled by fresh arrivals to the number of 1,500 men, was made on the 17th at the breastworks previously built nearest Fort St. John's. There was no more retreating. General Schuyler, a brave officer and a wise statesman, had departed for Ticonderoga in poor health on the 11th and all the operations at the front depended on General Montgomery, who proved equal to the emergency and to the achieving of success under very adverse circumstances.

On the 19th, the very day on which the Kennebec expedition sailed from Newburyport, Mass., the erection of a "bomb battery" against the fort was begun. The siege progressed with varying fortunes, the general was baffled in many of his plans by the unsoldierly conduct and insubordination of his men, but generally making progress until the fort was surrendered on the 3d day of November. The augmentation of his army had enabled General Montgomery to detach enough of his troops to coöperate with the Canadians of the vicinity in forcing the surrender of Fort Chambly, twelve miles to the north, on the 18th day of October. The capture of war materials at these two forts was large, and the prisoners numbered more than 750. They were marched to Connecticut.

The weather, as is usual in that latitude in November, was very inclement and the roads very poor, and the progress possible for General Montgomery and his troops was nec-

essarily slow, but, making incredible exertions, he was able to enter Montreal a conqueror, on the 12th day of November, three days after the arrival of the Kennebec expedition at Point Levi opposite Quebec, and the day before the crossing over the St. Lawrence of the bulk of this little band of adventurous spirits who had undauntedly met and overcome every obstacle the elements could place in their paths in a wilderness full of terrors at this season of the year.

The Canadians about Montreal proved friendly. They enlisted under Montgomery in considerable numbers. He caused civil government to be established among them on the New England plan. That portion of Canada which lies above Quebec was held as captured territory for six months, although forced contributions from the people, necessitated by the failure of congress to supply the army of occupation with money or the necessities of life, alienated the people before the occupation came to an end.

At Montreal the Americans captured the British general, Prescott, who scarcely two months before had treated Ethan Allen, when brought before him a prisoner, with insult, and had loaded his limbs with irons and had cast him into the dark and reeking hold of a vessel for transportation to England.

Prescott was, however, exchanged after being humanely treated, but was captured again by a party of bold patriots in Rhode Island, July 10, 1777, in his bed, near Newport, and was subsequently exchanged for General Charles Lee who had been captured under not very dissimilar circumstances while lodging without

the lines at Mrs. White's tavern, at Basking Ridge, New Jersey, in December, 1776.

Gen. Guy Carlton, captain general and governor of Quebec, escaped from Montreal by an obscure water route and in disguise, to reappear at Quebec in a few days and conduct the defense of that city.

Leaving General Montgomery in full possession of Montreal and Upper Canada to recruit his army both in numbers and in vigor, and to clothe them in the spoils of war, with abundance of stores of clothing and provisions in his hands to succor Arnold's men at Quebec, let us follow the course of the Kennebec expedition.

CHAPTER II.

The expedition designed to invade Canada by the way of the Kennebec and Chaudiere rivers was composed of men from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and numbered about 1,200. It had neither artillery, baggage wagons, nor horses.

Both because of his energy and recognized ability as a leader, and because of a desire to make amends for his disappointed ambition for the leadership of the expedition for the capture of Ticonderoga and the command of the forces on and around Lake Champlain afterward, Col. Benedict Arnold of Connecticut was made commander, and it is but just to say that he discharged his trust with courage, energy, and wisdom, and accomplished all any man could have done under the circumstances. We can, while we consider his career in the early days of the war, lay

aside our horror for and condemnation of his conduct in the later years and admire his bold and restless activity and patriotism, even while we recognize his unbounded ambition and impetuous temper.

These troops, men carefully picked, marched from Cambridge in detachments on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th days of September, 1775, and rendezvoused at Newburyport, Mass., from which place they sailed on the 19th. Wafted by favoring breezes they entered the mouth of the Kennebec river the morning of the 20th, the next day, and dropped anchor, but proceeded up the river three leagues in the afternoon.

On the 23d they reached Fort Western, now Augusta, fifty miles from the mouth of the river. After two days of preparation, on the 25th, the first division under Colonel Morgan, of Virginia, set out on their watery and almost unknown way. On the 26th the second division, under Col. Christopher Greene of Rhode Island, started. On the 27th the third division went forward under Colonel Meigs of Connecticut, and on the 28th the fourth and rear division under Colonel Enos of Vermont, all in their bateaux, 200 in number, which had been built before their arrival. These bateaux or boats were not only clumsy craft but were loaded down with forty-five days' provisions, and, of course, their arms and ammunition. To say that now for them "came the tug of war" is not to utter a mere pleasantry. The current of the river was swift and the rapids numerous, and much of the way the bateaux must be dragged against the current—every step in advance being laborious.

Several of the soldiers and officers kept diaries which have been published. They are monotonous chronicles of progress, slow and under the greatest difficulties. Here is that of Capt. Henry Dearborn of the third division under Colonel Meigs. Captain Dearborn was from Hampton, and led a company of seventy-eight New Hampshire men. He served through the war; was a major at Bemis Heights, and later on a lieutenant-colonel, a major-general in the War of 1812, and secretary of war in the administration of Thomas Jefferson. His company formed a part of the third division under Major Meigs.

From this diary we learn that during the first day his division made a progress of four miles, the second day the same distance and crossed a carrying place, on account of rapids, of ninety-seven rods, three-tenths of a mile. Three miles, nine miles, three miles a day the chronicle runs. October 4, carried over a portage of one and one-fourth miles. October 15 carried across to Dead river. October 16, "Lieutenant Hutchins and ten New York men ordered to assist Capt. Webb to build a block house." This block house between the Kennebec and Dead rivers was for a storehouse and shelter for the sick.

They are now on the sluggish Dead river, or longer branch of the Kennebec. They advance five miles, thirteen miles, four miles, eight miles a day. October 22, a terrible flood covers all the low lands and washes away nearly all their provisions. October 23, they send back twenty-six sick men. October 24, they proceed up the river with great diffi-

culty. October 25, Captain Dearborn has a headache and fever. They are now on the plateau or watershed between the two rivers. They have rowed, pushed, and dragged their bateaux 180 miles, and carried them 40 miles. October 26 and 27, they work their weary way along among ponds, and are ordered to leave the greater part of their bateaux. They now hear of the defection and retreat of Colonel Enos with the fourth division, and it is considered cowardly and a dastard act. He was officially exonerated, however, the danger of starvation having been so imminent, but was driven out of the army by public opinion.

October 28 and 29, entangled among a labyrinth of ponds, with only one canoe to rely upon. They are now among the ponds of the plateau at the headwaters of the Chaudiere. October 30, marched down the banks of the Chaudiere. "Some companies had but one pint of flour for each man and no meat," but made thirteen miles. Several of the few boats still used for baggage and ammunition "were this day upset with loss of baggage and ammunition and one man drowned." Growing sicker himself. October 31, marched thirty miles. "Some men almost famished, am more unwell." November 1, on down thirty miles. "Some footmen almost starved. Captain Goodrich's men killed my dog and another dog and eat them. Remain unwell."

Captain Hendricks of Pennsylvania, another diarist, says, under same date, "passed some of the musket men eating two dogs, which they had roasted, skins, guts and all, not having eaten anything for two,

some three days before." Reached first house. Lieutenants Hutchins, Thomas, and fifty of his men arrived. Many were barefoot. New Hampshire men are getting to the front.

November 3, seventy miles from Quebec. As an illustration of medical methods we note this entry of this date: "Took a puke." "Many men died the last three days," says the brave New Hampshire captain. Others tell us that during this part of the journey men staggered on so weak that tripping against the slightest twig they would fall headlong from the weakness of starvation. Ephraim Squire in his diary tells of the cold weather with squalls of snow as early as October 13. On the 19th his record was: "This morning early it began to rain and we no shelter, and are obliged to go to carry our battoos and barfels—the way muddy and slippery—hard for poor soldiers that have to work hard in the rains and cold, and to walk a mile and a half knee deep in water and mud—cold enough and after night to camp in the rain without any shelter." He belonged to Colonel Enos's rear division which turned back on the 25th.

On the 2d day of November as this starving, half-naked band of patriots staggered forward in their weakness they met a convoy of four oxen, which had been sent back by Colonel Arnold, who had hastened in advance to secure supplies for his exhausted men. Then there was joy and feasting. Here was rescue. Here was hope. Here was rest for Captain Dearborn's men, at least, through the 3d and 4th days of November. True, their dead comrades had been hastily and rudely buried

in undiscoverable graves by the lonely trail through the wilderness; the sick had been left to breathe their last in some sunny nook, while a solitary companion watched their last moments, sustaining his own life by the chance of shooting a squirrel or a bird. But their faces were now turned northward with courage and hope.

November 5, the captain's command marched six miles to a "tavern." This was the first house to greet their vision for a month. This was the point called Sertigan, and had been reached by the advance the preceding day. They now had reached the homes of friendly Canadian settlers. Their hardships on the march were over.

The march continued nine miles on the 6th to the place of a Frenchman written down by the captain as Sen-so-Sees. Here our brave captain was obliged to give up the unequal conflict with disease. "Went to bed with a fever" in his record.

The next day, the 7th, deprived of their faithful captain, the brave men of the Granite state, who were mostly from eighteen to thirty years of age, went on with the rest of the little army, the main body of which arrived on the south branch of the St. Lawrence river, at Point Levi, opposite that, Quebec, which had been their object for so many weary leagues, on the 9th day of November, according to Captain Dearborn's diary, on the 10th, according to current history.

The frowning battlements opposite bristled with artillery, and the lines were manned by an efficient force, while the means of crossing were limited, nearly all the boats having

been gathered up by the British in anticipation of the invasion coming out of the wilderness at the South.

For Quebec was not surprised. The letters despatched by Indian messengers from Colonel Arnold to Montgomery and friends in Quebec had been intercepted, one or more, and the British were in possession of information which put them on their guard.

Here was this little army, dwindled by the defection of Colonel Enos, by casualties, by sickness and death to a paltry 700 men, without a single piece of artillery, with many guns un-serviceable, with ammunition small in quantity and poor in quality, with scanty supplies, with want of all things but indomitable courage and patriotism, ready to be led against the strongest fortress in America!

With his characteristic energy Arnold embarked his men in thirty canoes, which they had brought down the Chaudiere or had gathered elsewhere, on the night of November 13, and, eluding the vigilance of a British vessel of war below them, made two trips and landed all but 150 of his men before daybreak at Wolfe's Cove, and like Wolfe, mounted to the Heights of Abraham. Alas! here the resemblance to Wolfe's campaign ended. There was no victory for Arnold on those heights—no wreaths of laurel, nor the halo of undying renown.

Arnold had been a horse trader in Quebec, and had many acquaintances in the city. A large part of the people were disaffected toward British rule, and he trusted to a rising of his and the colonies friends, the disaffected population, and coöperation with him inside the walls, which

would give him the city by a sudden coup.

So, on the 14th, he caused his men to march within a half mile of the walls on the heights and then they "huzzaed three times." He also sent a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the city. It was treated with scorn and not recognized. He led his army back to their bivouac. The next day he sent another flag and summons to surrender. This met the same fate.

Arnold now so far as his little force would permit, laid siege to the city. He placed guards on all the avenues leading to the city, and absolutely prevented fuel or fresh provisions from being brought in. While the British would not venture out beyond the walls to drive away the invaders, they had no fear of them whatever.

"November 17. The weather is very pleasant for this country and this season. The men left at Point Levi were brought over to join the main body."

The words of Captain Dearborn tell the story of Arnold's operations before Quebec in most realistic fashion. He says:

"November 14, after reconnoitering, proper guards being placed to cut off all communication from between town and country, at 12 o'clock the enemy surprised one of our sentinels and made him prisoner. Soon after our main body turned out and marched within a half mile of the walls on the Heights of Abraham. Immediately after being full in their view, we gave them three huzzas, but they did not choose to come out and meet us. This afternoon the enemy set fire to several houses in

the suburbs. At sunset Colonel Arnold sent a flag to town demanding the possession of the garrison in the name and in behalf of the United Colonies. But the flag being fired upon was obliged to return. We lay constantly upon our arms to prevent a surprise. We are by a gentleman from Quebec informed that we may expect an attack very soon from the garrison.

"November 15, Colonel Arnold sent a flag to demand the town again this morning, thinking the flag's being fired upon yesterday was done through mistake, but was treated in the same manner as yesterday. This morning an express was sent off to General Montgomery. At 12 o'clock we were alarmed by a report that the troops in the garrison were coming out to attack us; we turned out to meet them, but it proved to be a false alarm."

November 16. The report reached them that Montgomery had taken Montreal. How much of hope, cheer, and joy that report must have brought to this little handful of a forlorn hope, baffled by impregnable walls, powerless, helpless, almost defenseless and almost harmless to the enemy, far from home in a hostile land! How ardent the patriotism that could sustain them until this hour! No greater fortitude was shown during all the long years of the war. Captain Dearborn states that a rifle sergeant was killed today by a cannon shot, and that they took possession of the general hospital. He says quaintly, "In this building is a nunnery of the first order in Canada, where there are at present about thirty fine nuns."

Arnold spent four days thus.

Meanwhile his examination of the state of the ammunition showed that his men had only five rounds to the man. A battle would be imprudent with so small a supply. So on the 19th Arnold and his men retired seven or eight leagues up the St. Lawrence river to Point aux Trembles and awaited orders from and the movements of General Montgomery, who had been in Montreal since the 12th. Captain D. says, "We find the people very kind to us."

On the day of Arnold's arrival at Point aux Trembles, General Carlton, who, as we have seen, escaped in disguise from Montreal, arrived by way of the river at Quebec.

CHAPTER III.

Messages were now received daily from General Montgomery, who embarked with 300 men at Montreal on the 26th and started to Arnold's relief. On the 30th Captain Duggan arrived from Montreal with provisions and ammunition. These necessities were duly distributed on the next day.

December 1. General Montgomery at 10 o'clock arrived with three armed schooners, with men, artillery, ammunition, provisions, clothing, to the great joy of our men. Toward evening our detachment turned out and marched to the general's quarters, where we were received by the general who complimented us on the goodness of our appearance.

Here, then, the two expeditions are united after many vicissitudes, the one bringing the prestige of unbroken success, the other worn with hardship, suffering, privation, sick-

ness, and the toils of a march unequaled in the whole seven years of the war, and with few equals in the history of the world, but disappointed in securing the object of their hearts, desires, and unequaled heroic labors, the possession of Quebec. What shall be their united fortunes? It is a painful story, but glorious with the renown of heroes.

General Montgomery the next day sent his large cannon by water down to a point near Quebec, and the boats were to go to Point Levi for the scaling ladders. The day following the men drew new clothing. On the 4th, at noon, the army marched toward Quebec as far as St. Augustine, and halted for the night. On the 5th, at noon, the miniature army arrived at St. Foy, a suburb, and Captain Dearborn's company took up their quarters again in the general hospital near the "thirty five nuns." The 6th, 7th, and 8th are monotonous days except that there were a few shot from the enemy's guns on the 8th. The 9th a battery on the Heights of Abraham was so far advanced that about thirty shells were thrown into the town that night. The 10th there is cannonading on both sides, and the 11th is like the 10th. "The weather is now exceedingly cold." The 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th were spent in desultory cannonading with a few casualties. On the 14th a flag sent to parley with the enemy in the town was refused admittance. There were several fatalities these days.

Captain Dearborn records: "It is now in agitation to storm the town, which if resolved upon I hope will be undertaken with a proper sense of the nature and importance of such

an attack, and vigorously executed." A sober reflection upon a serious matter.

On the 16th a council was held by all the commissioned officers and it was resolved to storm the town as soon as the men were well equipped with good arms.

The chronicle is now as monotonous as the biting cold was continuous from the 17th to the 24th, except that on the 20th it was recorded that the calamity greatest of all, except Montgomery's death, had befallen the little army in that, as he says, "several of men have the small-pox." Think of that dread visitation, ye that shrink with dread and horror at the mention of this pestilence, and reflect that vaccination against it had not then been discovered as a preventive! This disease proved a horrible plague and the deadliest enemy in all Canada, even the story of which excites loathing.

On the 25th he records: "Col. Arnold's detachment is paraded at 4 o'clock p. m. Gen. Montgomery attended and addressed us upon the subject of making an attack upon the walls of Quebec in a very sensible, spirited manner which greatly animated our men." This brilliant man could fascinate and inspire his men at will. All this time it was very cold, as it was expected to be in midwinter in Canada.

On the morning of the 27th the troops were paraded with a design to attack but the attack was postponed because the weather was too clear. The 28th, 29th, and 30th were passed waiting for a cloudy night to conceal the movements of this little band of heroes, in the freezing temperature and frosty air where scanty fires only

feebly supplemented the scanty supply of clothing to keep off the clutches of the frost demon. But the enemy were at ease in the shelter of thick walls and comfortable barracks.

Is there any hope to cheer, any prospect of success against the great odds of thick walls, superior numbers (nearly two to one) and armament and the hostile elements of nature, all conspiring to overwhelm the little band about to strike a blow? From what source did Montgomery and his faithful band draw their hope of victory? From the desperation of the situation. Expiring enlistments required that a blow be struck before the New Year should be rung in or never. General Montgomery felt that the eyes of America were upon them and he must not fail or falter. The spirits of the colonies must be cheered by victory if human heroism and endurance could achieve it. "Trust me. You shall never blush for your Montgomery," had been among his last words to his wife. So on the fatal 31st day of December, 1775, long before daylight the little army was moving in three divisions in a blinding snow storm to the attack.

Thus out of the snow storm and the darkness came the divisions of Montgomery and Arnold marching in opposite directions which, if Providence smiled on them, would bring them together to make a joint attack, under the beetling cliffs, along the river's bank, over rocky steeps, along the faces of ledges where a misstep would precipitate any unfortunate into the abyss below, with stinging hail, with icy beard, with benumbed fingers, with blinded vision, with

dampened firelocks, with snow and ice everywhere and blood chilled in every vein.

Among the snow drifts before daylight, Montgomery, with the head of his division, reaches a barrier of tall and stout pickets, near Cape Diamond, before Arnold has found his way into action. Aiding with his own hands the carpenters to tear away the pickets, Montgomery passes inside this barrier with some sixty men and, with a few well-chosen words of appeal to their New York pride, he leads the charge upon a second barrier, a block house filled with guards on the alert and defended by two guns shotted to the muzzle and trained with care upon the narrow path. "Fire" is the command within the block house, and with a blinding flash the grape-shot go hurtling through the air of the dark morning and Montgomery and his two aides and ten men fall before the deadly tempest, the general pierced with three wounds and instantly meeting a painless death. The pure snow becomes his winding sheet and the wind of the wild storm sounds his requiem. His wife in distant New York mourned but did not "blush for her Montgomery." The survivors of this division retreat with headlong haste to their camp. The inspiration of their beloved general's presence no longer gives them courage.

Arnold's division encounters and overcomes a barrier similar to the one Montgomery first encountered, but Arnold is borne back to camp with a knee shattered by a bullet. Morgan, the indomitable, second in rank, keeps up the fight. The rear of this division, as accident would

have it, never approached the point of danger and the company of Captain Dearborn, the New Hampshire boys, whose fortunes we have been following, only advised of the movement in the morning after the others were on the march, after wandering aimlessly in the dark for want of a guide, approaches the scene and after some desultory fighting, is cut off by a sally of two hundred of the garrison from the Palace gate after he and his men have passed beyond it, and being hopelessly entrapped surrendered to six times its number.

Morgan and his men fight on manfully from house to house for about four hours but finding both victory and retreat impossible, surrender at 10 o'clock. Four hundred and twenty-six officers and men enter Quebec, but alas! as prisoners of war. Sixty-seven of the attacking party are killed and wounded. Half the little army are dead or prisoners.

To such an end came courage the most unbounded, efforts the most strenuous, and fortitude the most unexampled. The tale has been told a

thousand times. The romance of it all is never failing. The heroism of it all, for which the deeds and fate of Montgomery are ever memorable types, is not excelled in lustre by human deeds of any age or any clime. The pitiful story of the retreat of the skeleton army shall be left for another doleful chapter, which may never be written by this pen. It is all a tale of sadness.

The objects of the campaign for the conquest of Canada failed, utterly failed of attainment. We fail to find any compensating results to offset the toil, privations, hardships, suffering, loss of life, and expenditure of treasure. When we gather the disasters, the terrors, the sorrows of that ill-fated campaign into one picture, the all-pervading gloom derives hardly a ray of light from the transient success at St. John's and Montreal. Save this, the only light that illumines the black picture is the glow of patriotic ardor and of heroic courage and fortitude of the heroes of the barriers below the walls of Quebec and of the inhospitable wilderness of the Kennebec.



SEA SHELLS.

By Clara E. Heath.

Storm-tossed they came to me,
From unknown depths of sea,
 Their colors warm and rare,
As if from wood-pinks blown,
Or wild-rose petals, sown
 On summer air.

These little boats of gray,
That now all stranded lay,
 Were rocked by many a wave;
That coil as white as foam,
Was once a living home—
 Perhaps a grave.

Flecked with all shades of brown,
From darkest chestnut down,
 Are those round ones that curl;
That fan-like shell of blue
Has edge of darker hue,
 With rays of pearl.

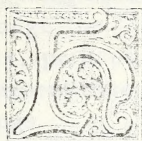
Who knows what patient hand
Did gather from the strand
 These sea-born shapely things?
This one with lips so pink
We sometimes choose to think
 A sea-song sings.

A little song of love,
Caught from the world above,
 And breathing of its bliss;
Unmarred by a complaint,
And free from any taint
 Of worldliness.

Or, was the rhythm found
Where coral isles abound,
 And pearls have hid their snow?
Dumb lips of pale dead things
The tide so kindly brings—
 Speak, if you know!

Storm-tossed they came to me,
From unknown depths of sea,
 Near islands' girt with palm;
Or some wild northern shore,
To rest for evermore
 In summer calm.

WHY HE WAS CALLED ELDER.

By A. C. Hardy.

E was not a clergyman, nor the son of a clergyman; the nearest approach to it was that he was the son-in-law of a clergyman. He never professed to be a Christian, according to a churchman's standard of a Christian. He never joined a church; doubt if he was ever baptized, as he lived in an age when New England sentiment was opposed to infant baptism and christenings. The father or mother, either or both, selected a name by which he was to be distinguished, and recorded it in the old family Bible, and that completed the matter. And we are constrained to believe, from our personal acquaintance with him, that after he came to years of discretion and choice, he never had any serious intention of joining the church, but like thousands of others waited for a more convenient season, nevertheless he was a good and sympathizing neighbor and friend; a better friend to others than to himself. He was a man of much more than ordinary ability, witty, and quick at repartee, an excellent raconteur, and most admirable mimic. As such he was gladly welcomed to all festivals, for where the Elder was, there was fun and laughter.

He was cursed with one overpowering habit, a habit that has always dragged its votaries down to a living death, destroying all their usefulness. The most of his life was lived in

"grog times," when everybody, priest and people, professional and laborer, all drank more or less. One of the largest and most prominent items to make up a stock of goods in the country store at that time was its liquors for sale. I well remember my father's back store in one of the largest and most flourishing villages in the Connecticut valley. It was mainly filled with five articles, salt codfish in quintals, Turk's Island salt, molasses, brown sugar, and liquors. A long row of barrels and hogsheads were ranged all across one side, holding New England or Medford rum, brandy, gin, and high wines. There was no whiskey or lager beer or ale in those days.

I sometimes please myself in looking over some of those old day books and store accounts, when everything was charged, and settlements of accounts were made only once or twice a year, at most, when the farmer sold his wool, or the harvests had been all gathered in at the year's end. The charges have a great similarity; something like this: Molasses, codfish, 2 gals. rum, 1 gal. gin, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl. rum, 2 gals. gin, 1 loaf sugar, codfish, gal. molasses, etc., etc., just like repeating decimals, occasionally interspersed with 8 yds. calico (34 cents per yard), or 2 lbs. brown sugar.

Settlement days always brought a large additional trade, for the customer generally felt pretty well, and much richer just then, especially af-

ter several visits to the "back store," for at such times everything was "on tap" then, and they improved the opportunity as stockholders do now on "railroad days."

With such environments we should judge the "Elder" with more charity, perhaps, than we might at the present time, with different surroundings.

But to our story. It is not fiction founded on fact, but all fact, as I have time and again listened to its relation by the "Elder" himself.

The "Elder's" brother-in-law, the notorious Steve Burroughs, was one of the most daring and reckless criminals that New Hampshire ever produced. The son of Priest Burroughs, and given all the advantages of a Christian home and training, he says himself, in his autobiography, that from earliest childhood, he was always in mischief, and as he grew older, his recklessness only increased, and his many pranks are still rehearsed at old Dartmouth. All the restraining influence of home, by admonition and correction, were useless. The college faculty bore with him till patience ceased to be a virtue and sent him adrift. Soon afterward he heard that the church in Pelham was looking for a pastor for their flock. He stole some of his father's old sermons and presented himself as a "candidate" for the place, introducing himself as the son of the Rev. Burroughs of Dartmouth. Whether this was the only truth he spake is left to the imagination of the reader. Bright and slick in appearance, quick to take in his surroundings, he was most favorably received, and was unanimously elected to supply their pulpit for the

succeeding year. He was quick and dashing, and took mightily with the people, especially the younger element. He very carefully copied his father's old sermons, with an occasional paragraph of his own, so that everything should appear to be new and fresh.

Everything went to his heart's content till very near the close of the year, when he was unexpectedly called upon to attend a funeral. In those days a funeral service was not complete, unless a funeral sermon was preached that "improved the opportunity," as it was called. The funeral service was held in a private residence, which was crowded with people. Not having time to copy a sermon he, without thinking what his surroundings would be, took one of the old ones that he thought would fit the occasion. The rooms were so crowded that he was surrounded with the people, and his sermon was exposed to the onlookers, among whom was one of his deacons. He looked with astonishment at the old sermon, and it set him thinking, and as soon as he got home he wrote (what should have been done at first) to Hanover, making inquiries about the Rev. Stephen Burroughs. The responses were staggering, and soon the whole community were in an uproar. Burroughs got wind of the tumult, and made haste to leave town, but the mob were too quick for him and chased him into a barn. He climbed on to the haymow, armed with a pitchfork, and threatened to stab the first man that should try to climb up on the haymow. Then, with his usual effrontery, he asked them what was the trouble?

"You are a fraud, you have most

outrageously deceived us, you scoundrel," said the deacon.

"In what respect?" asked Burroughs.

"You are not an ordained minister," said the deacon.

"I never said I was," replied Burroughs. "You said you wanted a preacher, and I offered myself for that purpose, and you hired me, and haven't I fulfilled the contract. Haven't I preached you good sermons?"

They were nonplussed for a moment, when one man cried out, "You haven't finished out your year, you have got one more sermon to preach."

"Very well," said Burroughs, "I'll preach it to you now. And then," he writes, "this text flashed into my mind, and from it I preached to them my first and only original sermon."

"And they did work willingly, and went and made as if they were ambassadors, and took old sacks upon their asses, and wine bottles old, and rent, and bound up, and old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old garments upon them: and all the bread of their provision was dry and mouldy."

He then goes on and gives the sermon, and applies it to his audience and further says that they were so satisfied with it that they let him get out of town without their further assistance. Whether he said just the things that he records as the sermon, we dare not aver, but it was very pungent, witty, and applicable to the circumstances.

The "Elder" memorized this sermon, with some additions and variations of his own, so as to make it less local, and sometimes, when the

"spirit" moved, and company was congenial, he would deliver it.

As we have said, he was a great mimic, and of such physical proportions that he could assume a most dignified presence, so much so, that those who had no personal acquaintance with him would never suspect that his preaching was not regular.

The delivery of this sermon at one time led to the assumption of the title of "Elder." The story is as follows:

One certain winter in the twenties, he, in company with a number of his farmer neighbors, as the custom then was, loaded up their "pod teams" (a two-horse sleigh—when three horses were attached it was called a "spike team") and started for market. In those days there were no freight trains, and not even the era of great canvass-topped prairie schooners, with eight, ten, twelve, and sixteen horses attached, by which all freighting from Boston and all "up country" was once conducted, even as far as Montpelier, Vt., but the farmers would load their pung sleighs with pork, corn, apple-sauce, in barrels, wheat, oats, cheese, and butter, or any produce that the farm produced, and generally went in companies of six to ten teams, to assist each other in trouble or difficulty on the road; for in those days there were no "good road societies," and not so much attention was given to the roads as now, and especially so in the winter, to keep them "broke out," and we had deeper snows then than now, it not being unusual for the snow to be from four to six feet on a level. It was often necessary for these teams to "double up" at many of the hills,

and to shovel paths to pass teams going in opposite directions.

Portsmouth was generally selected as the market town. Here they would dispose of their load of farm products, and reload with purchased supplies for home consumption, consisting of salt, molasses, codfish, iron for their blacksmith, not forgetting a barrel of New England rum. If they were well-to-do they might purchase a sufficient quantity of broadcloth to make the farmer a "Sunday suit," or silk enough for the "gude wife" a company dress. Nearly all other clothing was the fruit of the home spinning wheel and loom. For the very nice suits the web of cloth was taken to the fuller and dyer, trades that have disappeared from the country as has the wheel and loom.

Their expenses on the road would astonish even a modern Yankee. The good wife would make up a lot of "bean porridge" and placing it in pans, out of doors, freeze it up solid. This in frozen cakes, nut-cakes (there were no doughnuts then), corn bread (made of corn and rye meal), cheese, and huge chunks of boiled salt beef, sometimes a spare-rib, roasted at the fireplace, was safely packed on board. In those days the roads were well sprinkled with "taverns" (no hotels), and at the close of the day, on arriving at one of these, they would back their loads under some convenient shed, and stabling their horses, generally feeding grain from their own load, would carry their buffalo robes (and they had quantities of fine ones then) into the bar room, and cutting off a chunk of the "bean porridge" and thawing it out over the fire in the ample fireplace (no stoves then),

would, with other "fixins," make a hearty and healthful meal. But courtesy and etiquette required that they should wash down the meal at the "bar." Then tipping down one of the old-fashioned basket-bottomed chairs, so that the back of it made an inclined plane, they spread their buffalo robes upon them and slept the "sleep of the just," and were satisfied with their sleeping accommodations.

In the morning, up before daylight, horses fed by the feeble light of a tin lantern, filled with slits and small holes to let the light of the tallow candle shine through; breakfast similar to supper, and a strong "sling" from the "bar," and the runners again commenced their squeaking over the snow path. Their only expense was the hay and stabling for their horses, and the "practice at the bar." What would a modern boniface think of such guests now? But everyone did so then, and "custom" makes things appear all right at the time.

Well, the party was a jolly one, and finding a very good snow path they made good progress, and "put up" at a very popular "tavern" on Boscawen Plain. As I said, they were jolly, and after supper and considerable patronage at the bar, to amuse the company they induced the "Elder" to preach to them his sermon.

Nothing loth, after again patronizing the bar, he, with all the dignity and appearance of a D.*D., spread his large red silk handkerchief over the back of a chair and commenced.

Just as he announced his text, two strangers came in, and appeared to

be astonished to find a religious meeting, apparently going on in a bar room. Just before he closed his sermon they were obliged to leave so they were not disabused in regard to the character of the religious meeting.

Several years after the "Elder" was up to the "College" on business one day, and was sitting in the store when two strangers came in to do some trading. He saw that they eyed him very sharply. Soon he heard one say to the other, "That's the man." The other, after scrutinizing him sharply, said, "He looks like him anyway."

The "Elder" began to be suspicious. Sometime before, his brother-in-law, Steve Burroughs, had left in his care some of his counterfeit money, for he was a notorious counterfeiter, and he said he began to fear that perhaps some of it might have got mixed with his good money, and he had unwittingly passed it. He didn't like the appearance and glances of these strangers, and thought that he had important business at home that needed his immediate attention. But while he was getting into his team the men had followed him out and began to question him. The "Elder" thought he was in for trouble, but he would put a bold face upon the matter.

"Are you living here now?" was the first question asked him.

"No, I don't live here," he said; he might have said that he lived about four miles out, but he didn't.

"Are you preaching now?" was the next question.

"Oh, I don't preach."

"You are a clergyman, are you

not?" said the gentleman, with some surprise.

"Oh, no, bless you, I'm not a clergyman, you must be mistaken in your man."

"Didn't you preach in the bar room of the tavern in Boscawen Plain one evening in the winter of —?" giving the date.

The "Elder" thought for a few moments, when there recurred to him the time when he did so for the amusement of the company, but he would not let on about the funny part of it.

"Oh, yes," he said, "that was in my younger days, when I did occasionally preach, but I never took regular work."

"Oh," said the man, grasping him with both hands, "how glad I am to see you once more. I can never thank you enough for that sermon. Don't you remember me? I was with my friend, here, passing by that evening, and we stopped in to get a glass of grog, just as you announced your text. We sat down, not wishing to disturb the meeting, and stayed as long as we could, but were obliged to leave before you were through. I never heard such a sermon before. It took hold of me, and I could not get rid of it till it led to my conversion, and I joined the church, and am now the deacon. May the Lord bless you, and may you do much more good."

The "Elder" got away as soon as he could for fear that some acquaintance might appear, and then the "fat would all be in the fire." But from that day he assumed the title of "Elder," and claimed that he had more of a following than some other "Elders" that he knew.

NECROLOGY

WILLIAM H. SHURTLEFF.

William Henry Shurtleff, born in Compton, P. Q., July 11, 1840, died in Lancaster, April 18, 1902.

He was one of eight sons of Otis and Eliza Shurtleff. He was educated in the local schools and in Compton academy, and at the age of seventeen went to New Jersey and engaged in teaching for four years. He then returned and went to Lancaster, where he also taught for a time, and entered upon the study of the law in 1862, with Benton & Ray, making his home with Hon. Ossian Ray, whose first wife was a relative. In 1864 he enlisted in the First New Hampshire Heavy Artillery. He was commissioned as first lieutenant of Company I, and served until the regiment was mustered out at the close of the war.

Returning to Lancaster he resumed his legal studies and was admitted to the bar in February, 1867. In June following he located in practice in Colebrook, where, soon after his marriage to Jennie Merrill, a daughter of the late Hon. Sherburne R. Merrill, in 1869, he formed a partnership with Edgar Aldrich, now United States District judge for New Hampshire, which continued for some time. Later he was in practice alone. In 1871 he was made deputy inspector of customs at Colebrook, and held the office until the expiration of President Grant's term. In 1879 he was one of the representatives from Colebrook in the state legislature, and took an active part in the work of the session. He was also for a time a member of the board of trustees of Colebrook academy.

In 1884 he left Colebrook for Florida, where he remained three years, serving during the last as mayor of Tavares, acting, by virtue of his office, as judge of the police court, and giving eminent satisfaction to all, save the few who had occasion to feel the force of his intelligent, just judgment. Coming back to New Hampshire he went to Woodsville and opened a law office with Samuel B. Page. His stay there was of short duration, as he soon moved to Manchester, and became a member of the firm of Cheney, Shurtleff & Cheney, doing an extensive life insurance business for the Mutual Life of New York. In 1892 he returned to Lancaster to the Lancaster House, where he ever after made his home. For a while he followed the insurance business and then opened an office with Edmund Sullivan, Esq., and there remained until the fire of 1899, which consumed building, library, and papers. Ex-Gov. John B. Smith appointed him to the Fish and Game commission, July 12, 1893, in which office he continued until his death, doing excellent service for the state. For some years past he had been police judge of Lancaster, and chairman of the board of supervisors. He is survived by a widow and two sons, Merrill and Harry Shurtleff.

HON. ALPHEUS GAY.

Hon. Alpheus Gay, ex-mayor of Manchester, died at his home in that city, April 21, 1902.

Mr. Gay was born in Francestown, May 14, 1819, the son of Alpheus and Susannah (Scobey) Gay. He was educated in the common school and Francestown academy, and for some years in youth worked at the carpenter's trade with his father. Subsequently he engaged for some time in teaching. He went to Manchester in 1841 and worked at the carpenter's trade until 1850, when he became a contractor and builder. He built many of the largest and best public buildings and churches of his day in the city, including the city library, court house, jail, industrial school, high, Ash street, Lincoln, and Franklin schoolhouses, St. Joseph's cathedral, and Grace church. He also built many private residences of note. In 1886 Mr. Gay was appointed superintendent of the construction of the government building in Manchester, which was completed under his care and direction.

Mr. Gay was a lifelong Democrat, and had the distinction of being one of the few Democratic mayors of Manchester, being elected to that office in 1875. He had been a member of the board of water commissioners since its organization in 1871, and was the president of the board for many years, occupying that office at the time of his death. He was for a time the president of the Citizens' Building & Loan association, and vice-president of the Bank of New England. He served as a member of the building committee of the state normal school at Plymouth.

He was a member of Lafayette lodge, A. E. and A. M., a member of Trinity commandery, and of the Mystic Shrine. He was an attendant at the Unitarian church.

On November 25, 1845, Mr. Gay married Miss Theda G. Fisher, daughter of Richard and Pauline Campbell Fisher of Francestown, who died on August 17, 1885. They had four children, two of whom survive: Anna M., who resided with her father, and Frank A. Gay, a well-known architect.

CHARLES C. KIMBALL.

Charles C. Kimball, born in Charlestown, October 2, 1829, died in Washington, D. C., April 2, 1902.

Mr. Kimball was the eldest son of the late Brooks and Priscilla Vinal (Bisbee) Kimball. He was generously gifted mentally with fine literary tastes, and at an early age acquired a good education. At the age of twenty years he joined the first party of gold seekers who went from this section to California in the excitement of '49. Returning after a few years he entered the mercantile business, in Charlestown, with the late D. W. Hamlin, under the firm name of Kimball & Hamlin. Later he accepted the position of station agent, in which connection he conducted the flour and grain trade. In 1860-'61, and in 1875-'76 he represented the town in the state legislature. In 1858 he was elected town clerk, holding the position consecutively to 1882. On December 25, 1866, he was appointed postmaster, and about the same time was chosen clerk in the Connecticut River National bank, in which, in connection with his duties as postmaster he remained

until the overturn in local politics and bank affairs, which brought about his removal from town in 1882, to accept a responsible position in the post-office department in Washington, where he afterward remained.

May 31, 1860, Mr. Kimball married Olive Phillips Hastings, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Oliver Hastings. Three children were born to them, of whom one, a son, Charles Oliver Kimball, an employé of the post-office department at Washington, survives.

ORRIN A. KIMBALL.

Orrin Abner Kimball, treasurer of the Emerson Piano Co. of Boston, died near Phoenix, Ariz., April 16, 1902.

Mr. Kimball was born in Hanover, March 25, 1844. On October 10, 1861, he enlisted in Company B, Sixth Vermont volunteers, and served three years. He began business life in his native town in the furniture trade. Later he went to Brattleboro, Vt., where he was employed by the Estey Organ Co.

He went to Boston in 1872, and went to work for the Emerson Piano Co. Soon afterward he was placed in charge of the finishing department of the works, and this position he held until the purchase of the plant, in 1879, by the present Emerson Piano Co., which consisted of himself, P. H. Powers and Joseph Gramer. Since the reorganization in 1879 he had held the position of treasurer and general superintendent of the factory, purchasing all the materials, besides establishing agencies.

In politics Mr. Kimball was a steadfast Republican. His first wife was Miss Helen M. Butler of Brattleboro, Vt., by whom he leaves two children, a daughter, Mabel Kimball, and a son, William S. Kimball. Shortly before his death he was married to Miss Lottie I. Wells, who had been a member of the family for several years. He had a charming home at 476 Warren street, Roxbury, Mass., and a farm at Hinsdale, in this state, where he spent his summers.

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON.

William H. Anderson, born in Londonderry, January 12, 1836, died in Lowell, Mass., April 14, 1902.

Mr. Anderson fitted for college at Meriden and at Phillips academy, Andover, Mass., entering Yale in 1855, and graduating in 1859. He went South and taught as private tutor in Natchez, Miss., and New Orleans, returning in the fall of 1860, when he entered the law office of Morse & Stevens in Lowell, Mass., and and was admitted to the bar in December, 1862. Since that time he has practised law in Lowell, Mass. Mr. Anderson was a member of the city council of Lowell in 1868 and 1869, and was president of the same in the latter year; was a member of the school committee of Lowell several years, and of the Massachusetts house of representatives in 1871 and 1872.

He has kept the old homestead in Londonderry, near West Windham; the fifth generation occupying the place, in which he has always taken a great interest and very frequently visited during his last years. He was a well-known and highly respected citizen of Lowell, and one of the oldest members of the Lowell bar.

He married October 1, 1868, Mary A., daughter of Joseph Hine, of Springfield, and had one child, Frances, now an undergraduate in Smith college.

DR. GEORGE V. PICKERING.

Dr. George V. Pickering, one of the oldest dentists in the state, died at his home in Laconia, April 9.

Dr. Pickering was born in Gilford, May 24, 1818, his father having been a pioneer of the town and a veteran of the War of 1812. He commenced the study of dentistry in Boston in 1840, and is said to have been present at the first operation in dentistry in which ether was administered. Completing his studies he located in Laconia, where he was in active practice more than half a century.

He was twice married, his first wife being Mary Elizabeth Rollins of Laconia, who died two years after their marriage. In 1856 he married Miss Armine Prescott of Laconia, who survives him.

REV. GEORGE DUSTAN.

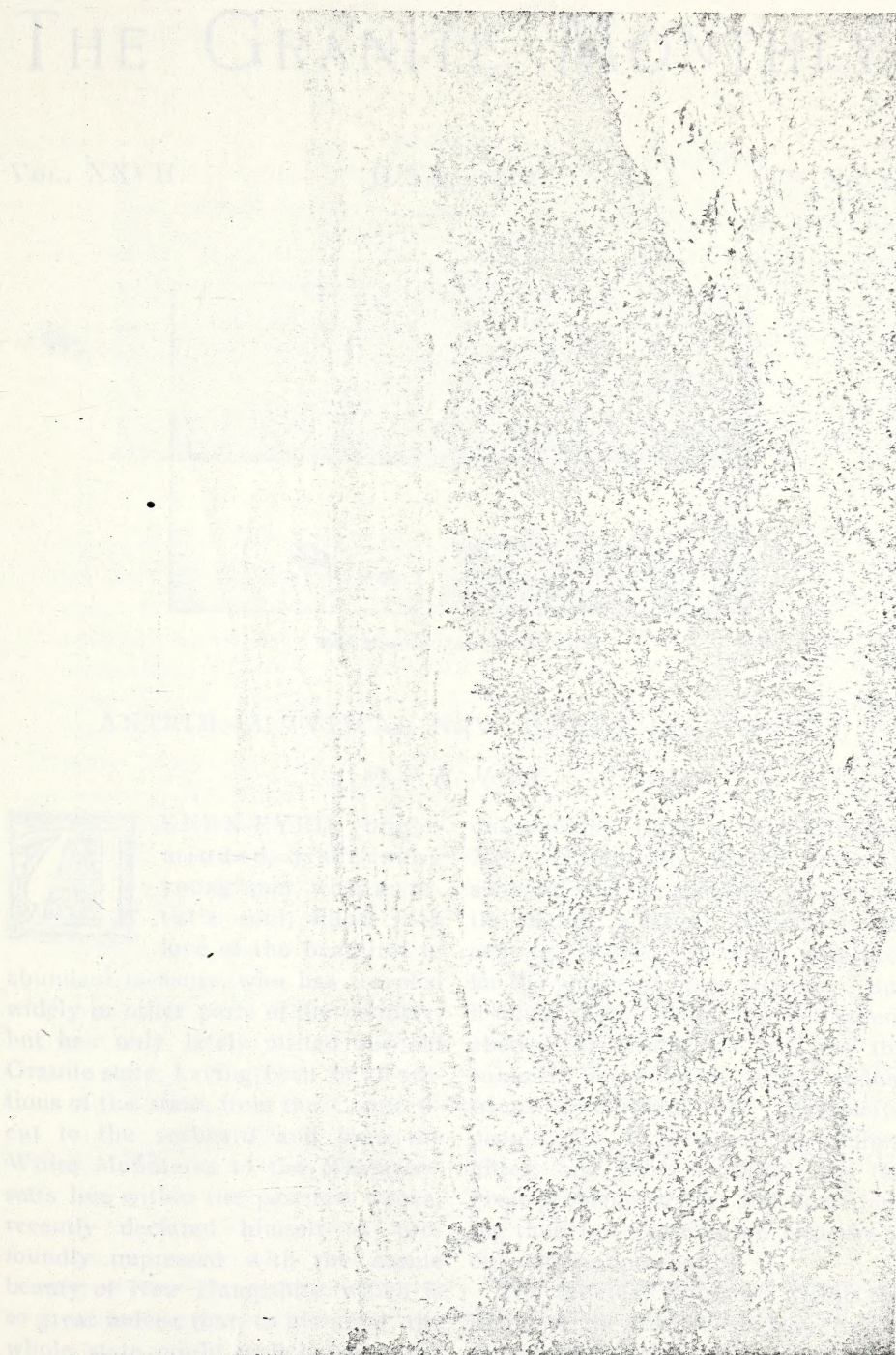
Rev. George Dustan, born in Lebanon, November 26, 1828, died in Hartford, Conn., March 27, 1902.

The deceased was a son of Jonathan and Sarah (Center) Dustan, and a lineal descendant of Mrs. Hannah Dustin of Indian massacre fame. He was educated at Kimball Union academy and Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter in 1852. After graduating he spent four years teaching in New Boston and Andover, in this state, and McIndoes Falls, Vt., at which latter place he was principal of a fitting school. He then entered the class of '59 in Andover Theological seminary, and following graduation accepted a call to the Union Congregational church of Peterborough, where he was ordained and installed October 19, 1859, and where he remained in the pastorate for twenty-five years, preaching his farewell sermon December 7, 1884.

For the next three years he had charge of the parishes in Boxburgh and South Acton, Mass., which he relinquished March 31, 1887, to accept the superintendency of the Orphan asylum at Hartford, Conn., which he held for fourteen years, until March, 1901, when failing health on the part of himself and wife compelled his resignation.

Mr. Dustan represented the town of Peterborough in the New Hampshire legislature in 1870 and 1871, and served for a time as a member of the board of trustees of the State Normal school, to which position he was appointed in 1870.

He married, February 14, 1855, Lucy A. Marsh, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Marsh of Thetford, Vt. She shared with him the first three years of his pastorate in Peterborough, and passed into rest September 14, 1862. On May 4, 1864, he married Sarah Louise Nichols, daughter of the late Dea. James B. and Adaline Field Nichols of Peterborough, and a granddaughter of Dea. John Field. Besides the widow, two sons survive him, Dana Marsh Dustan of Cambridge and George Parker Dustan, postmaster of Peterborough, children of his first wife; also two daughters by the second marriage, Gertrude Louise Dustan and Mrs. Grace Dustan Rawson, both of Hartford, Conn.



VIEW FROM PATTEN HILL, LOOKING EAST, ANTRIM.

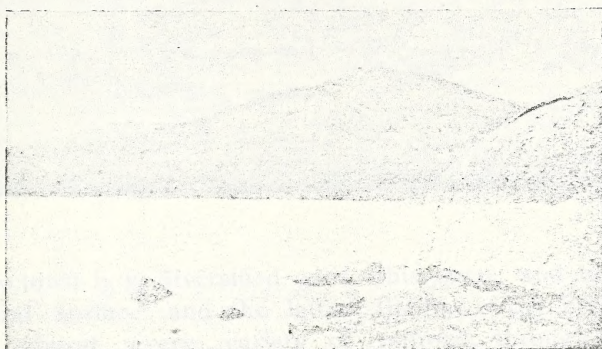
Photo. by Fred L. May.

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Bald Mountain, from Willard Pond.

ANTRIM—A TYPICAL NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

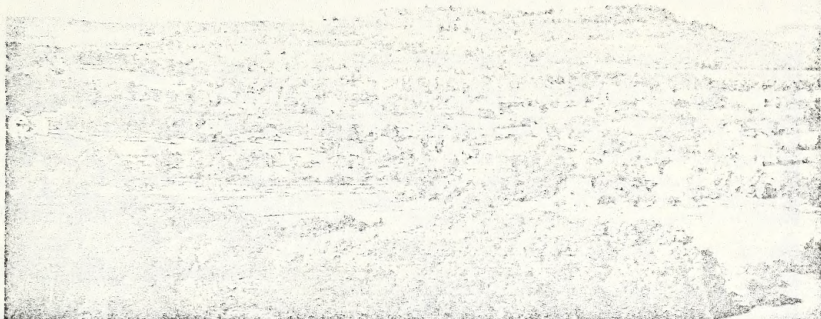
By H. H. Metcalf.



KEEN-EYED, bright-minded, discerning young man, with an artist's soul, filled with love, of the beautiful in abundant measure, who has traveled widely in other parts of the country, but has only lately visited our old Granite state, having been in all sections of the state, from the Connecticut to the seaboard and from the White Mountains to the Massachusetts line within the past few weeks, recently declared himself as profoundly impressed with the scenic beauty of New Hampshire, which is so great indeed that, to his mind, the whole state might well be set apart as a grand national reservation or public park. The young man is un-

questionably right in his estimate. New Hampshire would make a splendid summer pleasure ground for the nation at large. Such it is becoming, indeed, in large measure, for the people of other sections. But it must also remain the permanent abode—the winter as well as the summer home—of a thrifty, industrious, intelligent, and progressive people, who, in their several communities, are nobly working out the great problems of life, and contributing their full share to the measure of our national prosperity.

The territory embraced within the limits of the town of Antrim, in the county of Hillsborough, is the home of a thoroughly representative New Hampshire community. The indus-



VIEW OF ANTRIM

try of the town is as diversified as is its natural surface, and the latter presents almost every variety of scenery—forest and stream, lake and mountain, rugged, boulder-strewn hillside and charming valley, while from the more elevated localities a wide view of distant mountain ranges, with broad stretches of field and forest intervening, is afforded.

While agriculture has been generally and successfully pursued by a considerable proportion of the people since the settlement of the town, manufacturing has also commanded much attention, and for some years past one of the more important industries of the state, outside the big corporations, has been here located. Summer boarding, too, has come to be a prominent industry in Antrim, and in this direction the possibilities of the town are almost unbounded. There are, indeed, few towns in New Hampshire, rich as are the general attractions of the state, whose natural charms, such as delight the eye and satisfy the heart of the summer pleasure seeker, are superior to those of

this town; and to the traveler along the line of the Peterboro & Hillsboro railroad, through the valley of the Contoocook, which skirts the town on the east, the scene presented is that of a veritable haven of delight; as he gazes off to the west, the view embracing the picturesque valley, the beautiful village, the sloping hillsides, and the rugged mountain ranges. That in the years to come thousands of people will spend their summer days in "Beautiful Antrim," where now hundreds come, is scarcely to be doubted.

Antrim embraces about thirty-three square miles of territory, or twenty-one thousand acres, nearly one half of the same being uninhabited and unimproved mountain and forest land, the mountains in several instances rising to the height of some fifteen hundred feet above the sea level. Almost the entire western half of the town and a portion of the northeast corner are thus occupied. The soil is rocky, the surface, like that of a number of other towns in this section of the state, being pro-



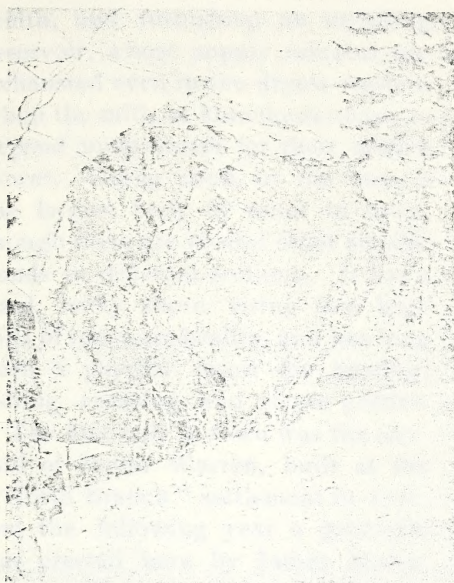
FROM THE EAST.

fusely strewn with granitic boulders, some of immense size, brought down by the ice drift in the early ages. One of these, upon the side of Robb mountain, estimated to weigh more than 1,200 tons, rests upon two small bearings upon the surface of the ledge. It is about thirty-five feet long, eighteen feet high, and twelve to thirty-seven feet wide. It is one of the natural curiosities of this re-

gion, and is visited by numerous parties and individuals every year. Near the buildings on the Thompson farm, a mile and a half northeast of Antrim village, is a much larger boulder, a portion, only, lying above the surface, which measures about two hundred feet in circumference. On the Asa Robinson farm is another so balanced upon the ledge that, although of more than twenty-five tons'



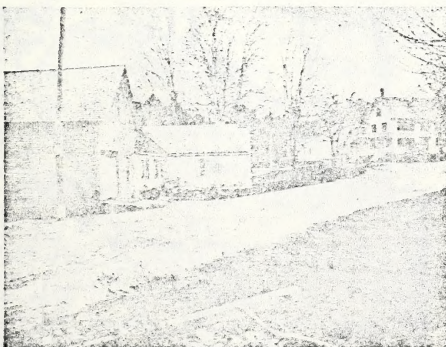
Big Boulder, Robb Mountain.



Boulder on Woodbury Mountain.

weight, it is easily rocked to and fro by the hand.

Notwithstanding the rugged nature of the soil it responds readily to cultivation and produces excellent crops of most varieties common to our New England agriculture. Milk production is a leading item of agricultural industry in the town at the present time, however, some of the best milk farms in the county being found within its limits. The product goes



View in Clinton Village.

largely to the Boston market, being delivered to the contractors at the railway station.

Manufacturing in various lines has been a prominent feature of Antrim industry from the early days of the town's history, power therefor being furnished mainly by the stream known as the "North Branch," which unites with the Contoocook near Hillsborough Bridge, having its source in Washington and Stoddard and flowing through the northerly section of the town; and by "Great Brook," the outlet of Gregg pond, which flows in a southeasterly direc-

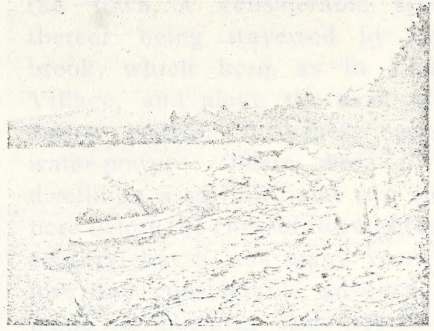


Scene on North Branch River, from Bridge below Loveren's Mill.

tion through Clinton Village and South Antrim, or what is now generally known as Antrim Village, to the Contoocook, a distance of about three miles, with a total fall in this distance of four hundred and sixty-five feet, making it one of the best sources of power, in proportion to size, to be found anywhere in the state, especially when it is considered that the pond itself has been raised by a substantial dam at the outlet to a height of twenty-one feet above the natural level, greatly increasing the surface, which was originally about a mile in length by half a mile in

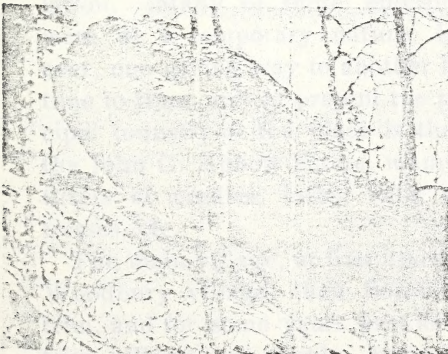
width, and furnishing an unfailing reservoir, whose supply remains unexhausted even in the dryest seasons, when the mills at Manchester have to depend upon steam for their motive power. Gregg pond, by the way, is the largest body of water in town, though there are several other smaller ponds in different sections. It has a hard, rocky shore, rising into high hills of romantic beauty, and has long been a popular resort for boating, fishing, camping, and picnic parties.

The first mill in town was the saw-mill of David Warren, built at the "North Branch" settlement in 1776, and the following year a grist-mill was erected here by James Moore. Other mills were erected at different times, during the early years of the last century, at various points in the course of this stream in the north part of the town, and for various uses, the larger proportion of them being at the North Branch village, so-called, which was for many years a busy and prosperous community, but whose industries are now mainly suspended. Pegs, boxes, and bobbins were made here in considerable quantities at different times, and as early as 1820 one Ephraim Dimond erected a scythe and edge tool fac-



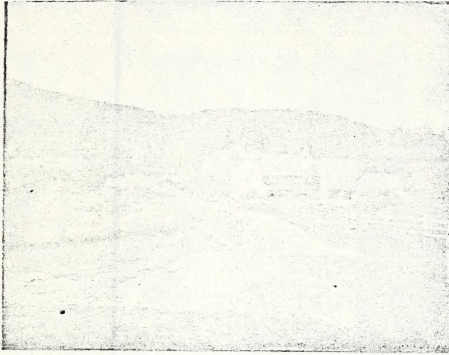
Scene on Shore of Gregg Pond.

tory, in which he did a thriving business for a number of years, his products gaining a high reputation for excellence. It was at this place that one Henry Duncklee engaged in the manufacture of silk about 1849, being succeeded in 1856 by Harold Kelsea, a native of the town of Landaff, who had for a time been engaged in the Methodist ministry, but who, being endowed with mechanical ingenuity, had applied the same in the invention of certain improvements in silk spinning machinery, and who here engaged in the business, removing the year following to the South Village, where he occupied the factory originally built by John and Robert Dunlap for the manufacture of chairs, and subsequently fitted up and run as a woolen factory by Ezra Hyde. This silk spinning business proved quite successful and assumed large proportions. The product ranked well with the best sewing silk produced in the country, and was sold all over the Union and beyond its borders, a company finally being organized to carry on the business. Changed conditions, however, ultimately rendered it unprofitable, and it was discontinued some years ago.



Scene near West Shore of Gregg Pond.

A saw and grist-mill, at the outlet of Gregg pond, was erected by Samuel Gregg as early as 1793, and the same continued in operation, for one purpose and another, with various enlargements and improve-



View in North Branch Village.

ments for more than three quarters of a century. Nearly a mile below the outlet, in what is now Clinton Village, Dea. Imla Wright built, in 1828, a small factory—the first building in this locality—in which it was claimed was done the first cotton spinning in the United States. Deacon Wright was the pioneer of this settlement, which, in time, developed into quite a center of industry, other shops and mills being subsequently erected, providing employment for a busy population. Many of these enterprises were of a temporary nature, however, one giving way to another from time to time, and at present the principal industry of the place is that of the John G. Abbott Estate, manufacturers of cradles, cribs, wire mattresses, etc.

The main village, at first known as Woodbury village, then South Antrim, and for some years past as Antrim village, or simply Antrim, is located near the southwest corner of

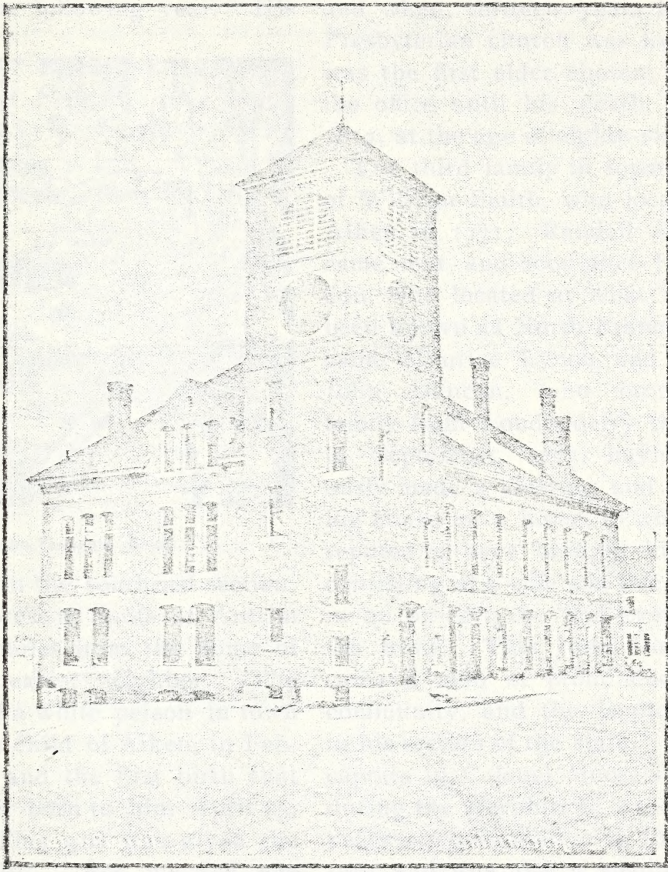
the town, a considerable section thereof being traversed by Great brook, which here, as in Clinton Village, and along the most of its entire course, furnishes superior water-power. There were a few dwellings, a sawmill, and two stores here before the close of the eighteenth century, but it was many years before any considerable advance was made in business and population. The development of the water-power for the prosecution of various industries, between 1830 and 1850, wrought something of a change, however, so that at the latter date there were over thirty dwellings in the place. Numerous manufacturing enterprises have been started here, but none continued for any great length of time, until the organization of the Goodell Company about thirty years ago, which has



View on Great Brook, Clinton.

conducted a prosperous and growing business up to the present time, furnishing the basis for the growth and prosperity of the village which has now come to be one of the most flourishing in the state, with more than two hundred dwellings and tenements, a full complement of stores and shops in all lines of trade, three

churches, a well-appointed school-house for the accommodation of all the scholars of the district, on the graded plan, and a fine brick town hall building, erected some eight years ago at a cost of \$16,000, and Hillsborough. This settlement was but temporary, however, for two years later, upon receiving intelligence of the attack of the Indians upon the settlers in Hopkinton, and fearing that they would be the next



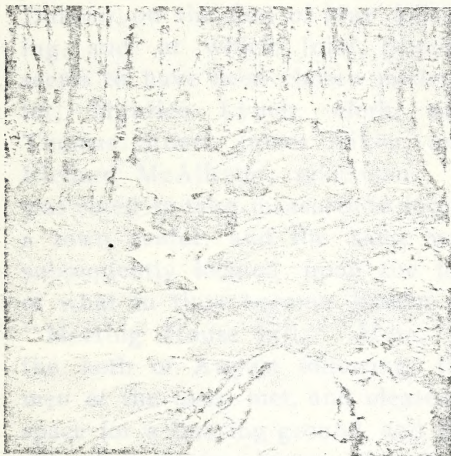
Town Hall.

comparing favorably with any similar structure in the state.

The first white settler in Antrim was Philip Riley, a Scotchman, who located in the extreme north-east corner of the town, not far from the present village of Hillsborough Bridge, in 1744, three or four others having settled nearby in

objects of attack, these settlers secreted their implements as best they could, abandoned their cabins, and, driving their cattle, made their way back to New Boston and Londonderry, whence they came. Fifteen years later, in the spring of 1761, Riley returned to his old cabin, which was still standing, though a

thick young growth covered the clearing, and this time made the first permanent settlement in Antrim, his family soon joining him. In 1766, several young men came into the town and commenced clearings, one of them, James Aiken, bringing his family the following year. His



View on Parmenter Brook.

location was in the southeast section, within the present limits of Antrim village, six miles from the home of Riley, his nearest neighbor. The first death of a white person in town was that of a child of Aiken, in February, 1768, and the first birth that of a daughter born to him April 15, following. This girl was given the name of Polly. She married one Ebenezer Kimball and lived to be a hundred years old. She was the mother of the noted Dr. Gilman Kimball of Lowell, one of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of the country. A son, James Aiken, Jr., born in 1772, was the first white male child born in Antrim. James Aiken was a native of Londonderry, of the sturdy Scotch Irish stock, as were most of the early settlers of An-

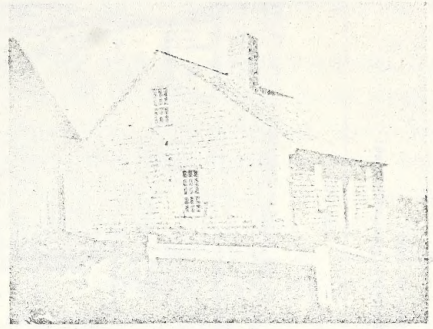
trim. He served in the old French war before settling in this town, and was a member of the celebrated organization known as "Rogers' Rangers." It was in his barn that the first sermon ever heard in Antrim was preached, in September, 1775, and when, thirteen years later, the Presbyterian church was formed, he was the first elder chosen, and held the office until his death, July 22, 1817, at the age of eighty-six.

The third family in town was that of William Smith, who located near Aiken in 1771. Randall Alexander came next, and soon after John Gordon, who located at what has since been known as North Branch. Next came Maurice Lynch, and seventh, John Duncan, who brought his family from Londonderry to Antrim in September, 1773, having previously made a clearing and erected a log house for a home, to which he is reputed to have brought his family, consisting of a wife and five children, in an ox-cart, the first ever seen in the town. This John Duncan became a man of prominence in the community, and the leading citizen in his section of the state. He was a captain in Colonel Moore's regiment during the Revolution, was for many years a representative in the legislature, and was also a member of the state senate.

In 1774 there was a large accession to the population, eight families coming to town, and the future of the settlement began to look promising. The outbreak of the Revolution, however, necessarily impeded its progress, the able-bodied settlers nearly all engaging in the country's service. Some advance was made, nevertheless, so that in 1776 the peo-

ple of the settlement moved for the incorporation of the town, and in the following year, March 22, 1777, a charter was granted by the legislature, sitting at Exeter, and the town of Antrim, named for Antrim in the north of Ireland, soon began its corporate existence, the first town-meeting being held at the house of John Duncan, on the first of May following, and at which John Duncan seems to have been chosen moderator, Maurice Lynch, clerk, and Thomas Stuart, James Aiken, and Richard McAllester, selectmen. It was voted to take measures to locate a town center, and the same was subsequently located upon the top of what in time became known as "Meeting House hill." Here, on the 20th of August following, the men of the town met, and cleared a space for a burying-ground, and the site of a meeting-house, though it was not until eight years later that they were able to proceed with the erection of the latter.

Notwithstanding the depressing effect which the war naturally had upon the growth and progress of the town, all of the able-bodied men being engaged in the service at one time and another during the Revolu-

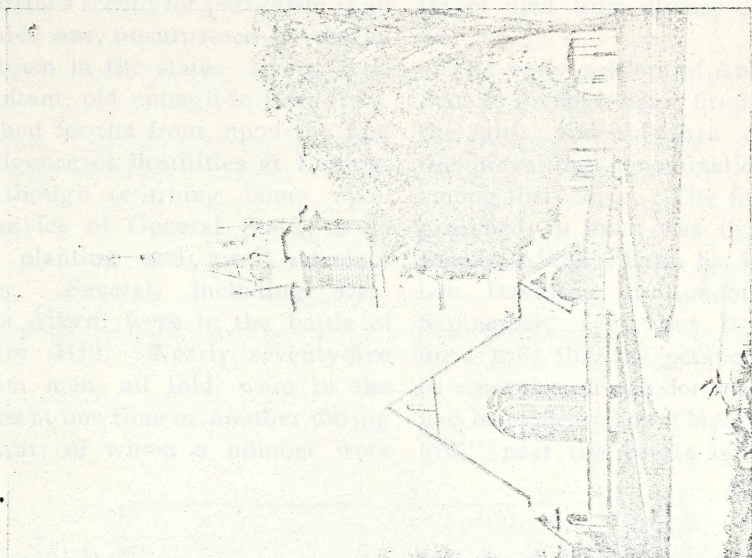


Old Simonds Homestead—One of the Oldest Houses in Town.

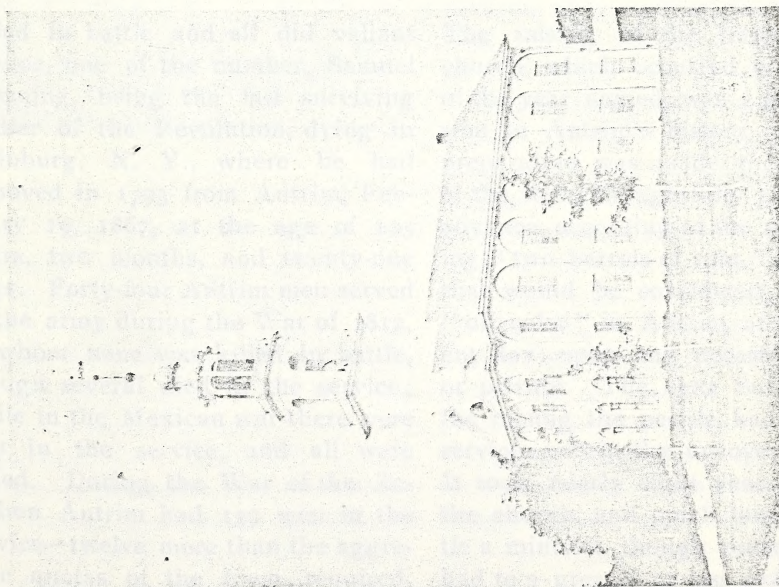
tion, yet the work of clearing away the forest proceeded on the settlements already made, and other settlers came in apace, so that in June, 1781, it is recorded that there were fifty families in town. From this time forward there was a steady increase in population, the number of inhabitants in 1786 being 289, while in 1790 the population was 528. The census of 1800 gave a population of 1,059, an increase of almost 100 per cent. in ten years. In 1810 there were 1,277 people in town, and in 1820 the number reached 1,330. From this point down to 1870, there was a gradual decline, the same as in most of the rural towns of New England, the greatest loss in any decade being in that between 1860 and 1870, when the population fell from 1,123 to 904, the latter being the lowest figure shown since 1800. From this date forward, the development of manufacturing more than offset the decline of agriculture, so that the population again gradually increased, the census of 1880 showing a population of 1,172, that of 1890 one of 1,325, and the last census making the largest showing ever reached by the town, viz., 1,366.



View on Great Brook.



Present Presbyterian Meeting-house.
Built in 1892.

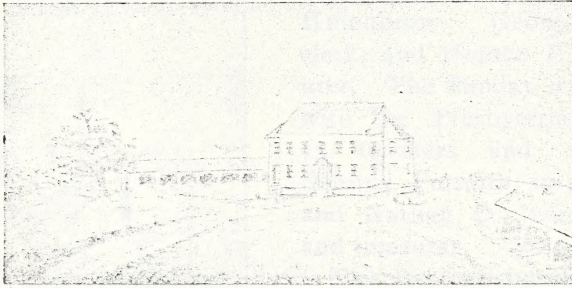


Old Buck Presbyterian Meeting-house at Antim Centre.
Built in 1820. Now taken down.

Antrim's record for patriotism is an enviable one, unsurpassed by that of any town in the state. Every male inhabitant, old enough to bear arms, marched for the front, upon the first intelligence of hostilities at Lexington, though returning home, upon the advice of General Stark, to do their planting and await developments. Several, including Dea. James Aiken, were in the battle of Bunker Hill. Nearly seventy-five Antrim men, all told, were in the service at one time or another during the war, of whom a number were

ble or died from disease during the war.

The early settlers of Antrim were Scotch Presbyterians, firmly fixed in the faith, and this has ever been the prevailing denominational belief among the people. The first sermon preached in town was delivered in Deacon Aiken's barn, by Rev. William Davidson of Londonderry, in September, 1775, but it was not until 1785 that the people were able to erect the church for which a site had been cleared on "Meeting House hill," near the centre of the town.

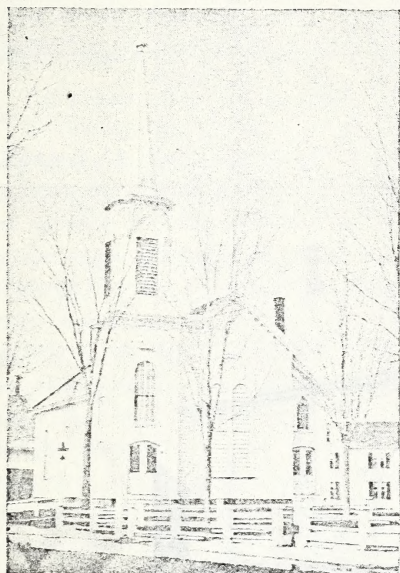


First Presbyterian Meeting-house—Built by the Town on "Meeting-house Hill."

killed in battle and all did valiant service, one of the number, Samuel Downing, being the last surviving soldier of the Revolution, dying in Edinburg, N. Y., where he had removed in 1793 from Antrim, February 19, 1867, at the age of 105 years, two months, and twenty-one days. Forty-four Antrim men served in the army during the War of 1812, of whom none was killed in battle, though several died in the service; while in the Mexican war there were four in the service, and all were killed. During the War of the Rebellion Antrim had 139 men in the service—twelve more than the aggregate quotas of the town required. Of these thirty were killed in bat-

The raising of the frame of this church, which occurred on June 28 of the year named, was a great occasion in Antrim's history, and great preparation was made therefor, one of the items thoughtfully provided in advance, according to the record, being "two barrels of rum," an article that would be considered decidedly "off color" in Antrim at the present day, upon any occasion, public or private. The next Sunday after the raising the people had religious services within the uncovered frame. It took nearly eight years to finish the church, and much longer to settle a minister, though preaching was had to a greater or less extent every year. The Presbyterian church was

organized August 2, 1788, with seventy-two members. This church has had but four settled pastors from the start, the first, Rev. Walter Little, being ordained and settled September 3, 1800, and resigning September 4, 1804. Rev. John M. Whiton, D. D., the second pastor, was ordained and installed September 28, 1808, and continued in service until his resignation, January 1,



Baptist Church.

1853. Rev. John H. Bates, Dr. Whiton's successor, was ordained March 16, 1853, and resigned July 1, 1866. The present pastor, Rev. Warren R. Cochrane, D. D., began his service January, 1868, and has continued since that date.

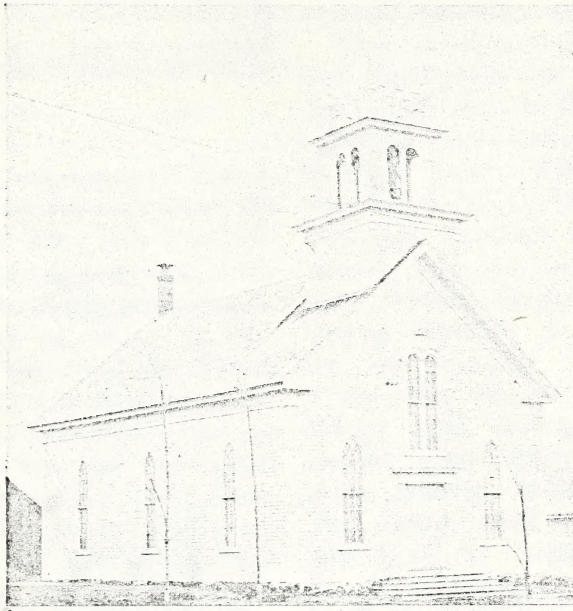
Services were conducted in the old first meeting-house on the hill till 1826, when a new church was erected at the base of the hill in the locality since known as the "Center," by a voluntary organization, being com-

pleted at a cost of \$6,200, exclusive of the bell, which was secured by separate subscription. In this church worship was continued until the erection of the fine new church edifice at Antrim village in 1892, at a cost of \$18,000, with no debt attached, wherein services have since been held. The present membership of the Presbyterian church is 224. The total number belonging since the organization is 1,173. The present elders are Enoch C. Paige, Gilman H. Cleaves, George P. Little, Squires Forsaith, Horace B. Tuttle, Frank J. Wilson, and Ira P. Hutchinson. George P. Little is clerk, and Horace B. Tuttle, treasurer. The Sunday-school connected with the Presbyterian church has 13 teachers and 223 members. Squires Forsaith is superintendent, and Nathan C. Jameson, secretary and treasurer.

The Baptist church, now located at Antrim, was organized in the present town of Greenfield, December 17, 1805, at the house of one Joseph Eaton, under the name of the "Peterborough and Society Land Baptist church." It was afterwards removed to Society Land (now Bennington) and finally to Antrim, when the name was changed (August 29, 1857) to the Antrim Baptist church. For many years after removal to Antrim the church worshiped in Woodbury's hall, but finally determined to build, and on October 25, 1871, the present meeting-house in Antrim village was dedicated, free of debt, it having been erected at a cost of \$6,200. Eight years later a parsonage was also erected. This church has had twenty pastors, of whom the fourteen serving previous to 1866 are

all dead; while the six who have served since that date are all living. These are Rev. William Hurlin, 1866-1873, still residing in Antrim; Rev. E. M. Shaw, 1873-1879, at Rockland, Me.; Rev. H. F. Brown, 1879-1884, Phenix, R. I.; Rev. S. G. Hastings, 1890-1894, Montville, Conn.; Rev. B. H. Lane, 1894-1902, Rockland, Mass. A new pastor, Rev. W. E. Braisted, enters upon

South Village in 1840. The interest was continued, and in 1852 a church was organized, with about fifty members. Preaching was had a part of the time at North Branch, a part at the South Village, and also in the east part of the town. In 1864 a meeting-house was erected in South Antrim, which, with enlargements and improvements, is now the Methodist Episcopal church of Antrim,

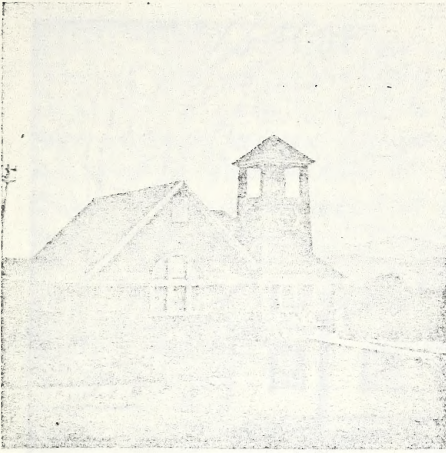


Methodist Church.

his work the present month. Since its organization 491 persons have been members of the church, and by the last report the membership was 140, of whom 93 were resident. The present deacons are H. P. Kimball, D. H. Goodell, F. J. Tenney, and H. A. Hurlin. The clerk is Miss Emma McCoy.

Work was commenced in Antrim in the interest of Methodism as early as 1837 or 1838, a class being formed at North Branch, and another at the

the same being dedicated October 9 of that year, Rev. James Thurston preaching the dedicatory sermon. Rev. Otis Cole supplied the pulpit that year, and some twenty different pastors have served since that date, the present incumbent being Rev. J. E. Montgomery. The present membership is 160. The Methodist Sunday-school has a membership roll of about 125 names, with ten teachers. The superintendent is H. W. Eldredge.



Congregational Church, Antrim Centre.

Recently a Congregational church has been organized at the Center, the first service by those now constituting the same having been held in the old chapel of the Presbyterian church there, February 19, 1893. On November 27, of that year, the church was organized with fifty-one members. Services were held in the old church, which has now been taken down, for several years, but a handsome new stone church edifice has been erected, the same being dedicated May 17, 1899, Rev. B. W. Lockhart, D. D., of Manchester, preaching the dedicatory sermon. The entire cost of church and furnishings was about \$7,500, and it was dedicated free of debt. Rev. Orlando M. Lord, then of Deerfield, preached the first sermon for the people, and, after a few months of supplying by various other ministers, he supplied the pulpit up to April 1, 1894, then declining a call to settle. Rev. A. T. Ferguson was then pastor for two years, after which Rev. Lewis W. Morey of Lowell, Mass., became the regular supply, and dur-

ing his service, which continued until November, 1900, the new church was built. November 1, 1900, Rev. Mr. Lord again began to supply, and on January 1, 1901, began as the settled pastor, continuing at the present time. The present church membership is 74. The deacons are Charles E. Sawyer and John E. Tenny. Deacon Sawyer is superintendent of the Sunday-school, which has 7 teachers and 75 members, with an average attendance of 48.

The Antrim Young Men's Christian Association was organized in November, 1897, for the spiritual, intellectual, social, and physical welfare of young men. For the first four years the rooms on Main street were kept open evenings, wholly by volunteers from the members. First-class reading matter, games, free writing material, a shower bath, etc., are provided. Every winter a first-class lecture course is conducted, and during the summer months good speakers address a grove meeting Sunday afternoons. The present board of directors consists of R. C. Goodell, president; H. W. Eldredge, vice-president; C. W. Prentiss, recording secretary; Scott E. Emery, treasurer; Morris Burnham, C. L. Eaton, C. F.



Y. M. C. A.

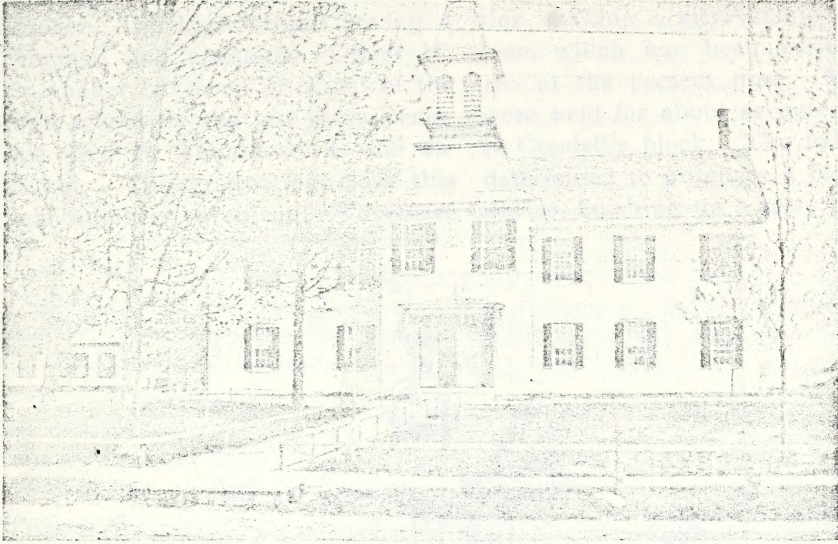


Photo. by B. R. Cochrane.

School-house, Antrim Village.

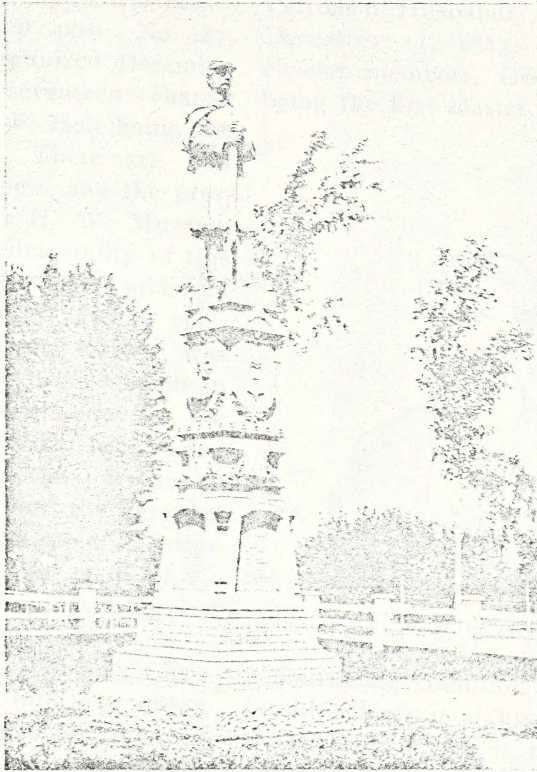
Downes, Eugene Woodward, W. E. Gibney, F. A. Southwick, O. H. Toothaker, and W. E. Prescott, general secretary, who has been instrumental in doing much of the detail work of the association. Under the auspices of the secretary a boys' club has also been organized, with a membership of about fifty boys, between the ages of eight and sixteen, with the following officers: Ralph Hurlin, president; Don Robinson, vice-president; Paul Paige, secretary; Ollie Cutler, Roy Eaton, Willie Gove, executive committee.

The cause of education has been fostered in Antrim from the earliest days, schools having been established even before regular preaching was had. The first teacher in town was George Bemaine, who also taught the first school in Hillsborough. He commenced in the winter of 1770-'71 in the house of James Aiken, teaching for one month, and for the same term for several successive winters.

Mr. Bemaine enlisted in the war for independence, and was killed at White Plains. Several schoolhouses were built in town before the beginning of the last century, and as early as 1786 it is recorded that the town "voted to raise fifteen pounds for the use of a town school." General town supervision of the schools began in 1809. In 1845 there were thirteen school districts in Antrim. Select and high schools have been maintained at different times and for considerable periods, at the "Center," the South Village, and at North Branch in years past; and at the latter place an "academy" was conducted for several years with success a generation ago. Under the existing town system, there are to-day four schools in session, aside from those in Antrim village, at the Center, North Branch, and the East and West schools, so called. The village schools are thoroughly graded and all accommodated in one spacious

building—six schools with seven teachers, the high school having a principal and assistant. Oliver H. Toothaker has been principal of the high school for the last three years, and Eva B. Ammidown is the assistant. The graduating class this year numbers seventeen. There are

tiated on the evening of the institution, making a membership of eighteen, which has been increased to 162 at the present time. Meetings were held for about seventeen years in Goodell's block. The lodge then determined to purchase a block, and did so, finishing up a tasty hall with



Soldiers' Monument.

about two hundred scholars in the village district and fifty in the other schools. Abner B. Crombie, D. W. Cooley, and H. W. Eldredge constitute the school board.

The leading fraternal organization in Antrim is Waverly lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F., which was instituted February 1, 1876, with eight charter members, ten candidates being ini-

the requisite auxiliary rooms in the third story, so that the arrangement is a most comfortable as well as profitable one. The present officers are W. A. Holt, N. G.; Charles H. Dutton, V. G.; John R. Putney, R. S.; James I. Patterson, F. S.; George H. Dresser, treasurer.

Hand-in-Hand Rebekah lodge, No. 29, I. O. O. F., was instituted Feb-

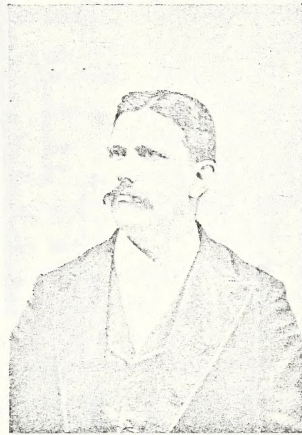
ruary 1, 1886, with 66 charter members. The membership has since increased to about 175. The present officers are: Mrs. Alice J. Roberts, N. G.; Mrs. Addie E. Elliott, V. G.; Mrs. Lena L. Balch, R. S.; Miss Sadie M. Adams, F. S.; Mrs. Nellie K. Putney, treasurer; and Mrs. Emily A. Roach, Mrs. Ann E. Miller, and Mrs. Jennie Bass, trustees.

Ephraim Weston post, No. 87, G. A. R., was organized December 30, 1885, with seventeen charter members, Charles F. Holt being the first commander. There are now about thirty members, and the present commander is H. W. Muzzey. Through the instrumentality of this post a soldiers' monument, procured from the Monumental Bronze company of Bridgeport, Conn., was erected in 1892, on the common in front of the Baptist church, the amount of \$1,000 having been raised by subscription for the purpose by Comrade A. F. Baxter, the agent of the post to secure the same. George H. Chandler Camp, No. 11, S. of V., was organized here in January last with nineteen charter members.

A branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized in Antrim, October 26, 1897, with twelve members, at the home of Rev. W. A. Loyne, Mrs. W. A. Loyne being the first president. The present membership of the organization is twenty-nine and the officers are: Mrs. C. B. Cochrane, president; Mrs. B. H. Lane, first vice-president; Mrs. W. R. Cochrane, second vice-president; Mrs. D. W. Cooley, third vice-president; Mrs. Harry Deacon, secretary; Mrs. E. C. Paige, treasurer. This organization sends comfort bags and a barrel of

literature to the lumber camps every year. It also sends flowers to and otherwise remembers the sick and aged; holds temperance concerts and mothers' meetings, distributes temperance literature, and in various practical ways furthers the temperance cause and white ribbon work.

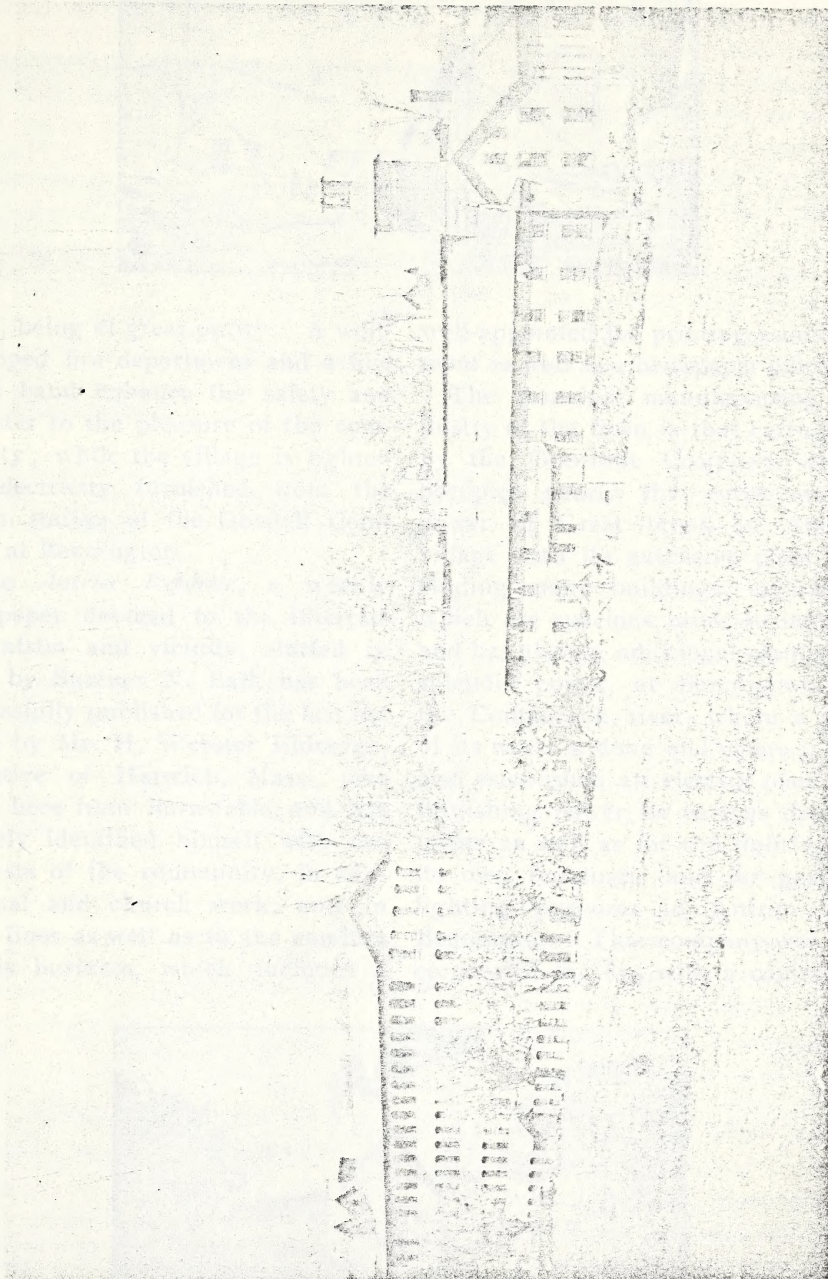
Antrim grange, No. 98, N. H. Patrons of Husbandry, was organized December 11, 1883, with eighteen charter members, George Whittum being the first master. It is now in



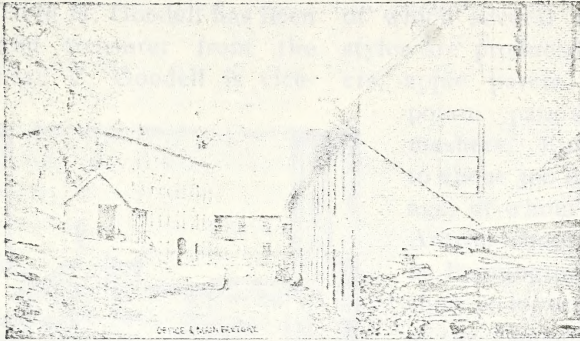
H. W. Eldredge.

a flourishing condition with a membership of about eighty, and owning the hall in which it meets at the Center. This was formerly the town hall, which was relinquished for town purposes when the now town building was erected at the village. J. Leon Brownell is master of the grange, Warren W. Merrill lecturer, and Miss Linda Hutchinson secretary.

A well assorted public library of 1,575 volumes—Miss Sadie M. Adams librarian—is quartered in the town building. The village is provided with a good system of water-works, the source of supply, Campbell's



GOODSELL COMPANY'S FACTORIES. FROM THE WEST.

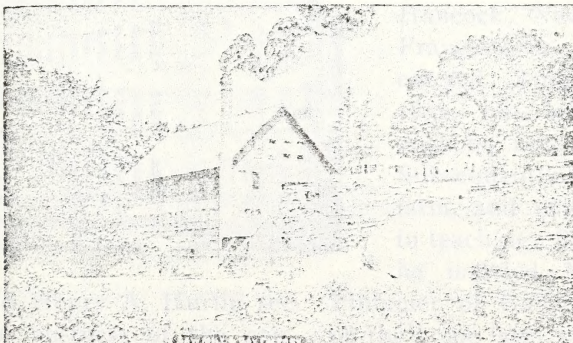


pond, being of great purity. A well-equipped fire department and a fine brass band enhance the safety and minister to the pleasure of the community; while the village is lighted by electricity furnished from the power station of the Goodell Company at Bennington.

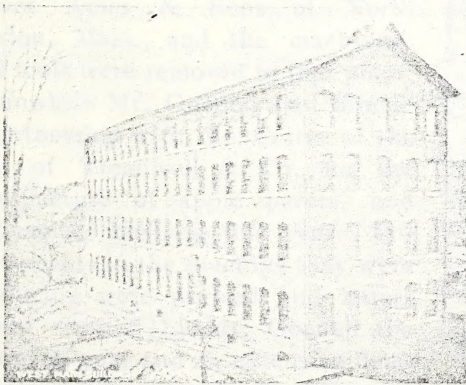
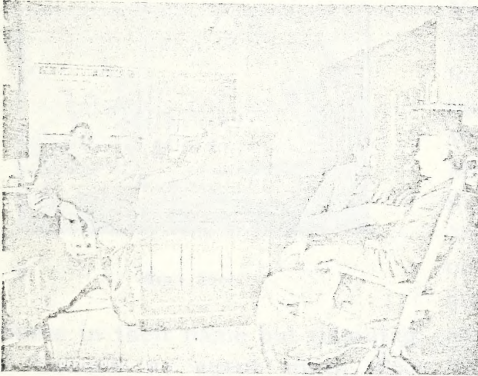
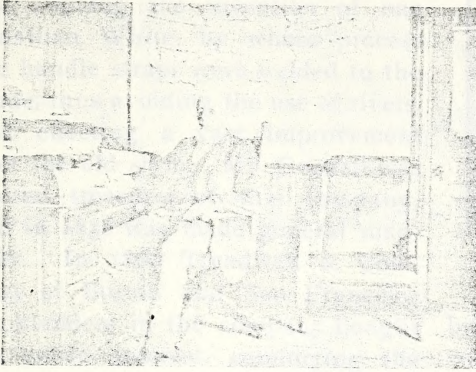
The *Antrim Reporter*, a weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of Antrim and vicinity, started in 1882 by Sumner N. Bail, has been successfully published for the last ten years by Mr. H. Webster Eldredge, a native of Harwich, Mass., who came here from Barnstable, and has actively identified himself with the interests of the community, in educational and church work, and in other lines as well as in the conduct of his business, which includes a

well-appointed job printing establishment as well as a newspaper office.

The principal manufacturing industry of the town is that carried on by the GOODELL COMPANY which occupies nearly the entire water-power of Great brook in Antrim village with its extensive plant, including many buildings, several of which are spacious brick structures, and has also an additional plant with splendid power, at Bennington, on the Contoocook river, where a part of its work is done and where it has also established an electric plant for furnishing power for various departments as well as for the lighting of its own buildings, and for general lighting purposes in Antrim and Bennington. This company was incorporated in 1875 with a capital of



\$60,000. David H. Goodell has been president and treasurer from the start. Richard C. Goodell is vice-



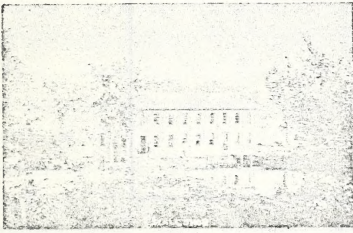
of which several hundred different styles are produced; also seed sowers, apple parers, bread crumbers, potato parers and vegetable mashers. Employment is given to about 300 hands, on the average, of whom 200 work in the Antrim shops and the balance at Bennington, where the forge shop is located. The pay-roll of the company has for several years ranged from \$100,000 to \$125,000 per annum, which amount, largely expended in town, is the principal source of its business prosperity.

Hon. David Harvey Goodell, president of the Goodell Company, and for many years one of the best known and most influential citizens of the state, a son of the late Jesse R. Goodell, was born in the town of Hillsborough, May 6, 1834, but removed with his parents to Antrim in the spring of 1841 to a farm located at the upper end of the present village of Antrim, upon which he has ever since had his home, and which in recent years has been widely known as "Maple Grove Farm." Mr. Goodell was educated in the district school, Hancock, New Hampton, and Frankestown academies, and entered Brown university in 1852; but left after the first year on account of ill health. Subsequently he worked on the farm, and engaged for a time in teaching. September 1, 1857, he married Miss Hannah J.

president and Henry A. Hurlin secretary. The business of the company is the manufacture of cutlery,

Plummer of Goffstown, and settled on the home farm, proposing to make agriculture his life business.

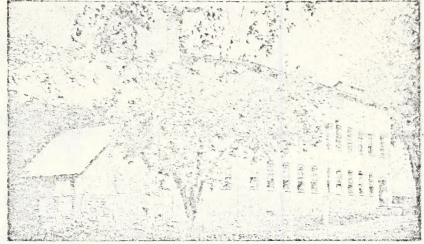
It was shortly before this time, however, that the Antrim Shovel company had been organized for the manufacture of a new style of shovels, utilizing the invention of one Jonathan White, by whose process the handle straps were welded to the blade, thus avoiding the use of rivets, and effecting a vast improvement over the old style. Mr. Goodell was chosen treasurer of this company, and in 1858 was made general manager. In 1860 Treadwell & Company of Boston and San Francisco stockholders in the company bought the entire interest, conducting the



Scale Shop.

business in their name but retaining Mr. Goodell as agent until 1864 when they sold out the business to Oliver Ames & Sons of North Easton, Mass., and the machinery and tools were removed to that place. Meanwhile Mr. Goodell had formed a partnership with Mr. Carter of the firm of Treadwell & Co., for the manufacture of apple parers, and commenced business that year. Improvements in the machine they were producing were devised and letters patent secured by Mr. Goodell the following year and an extensive business was soon assured. In February, 1867, the buildings of the old Antrim Shovel company, which the firm occupied, were burned with the stock

and machinery of D. H. Goodell & Co., but new buildings were immediately erected and fitted, and the



Handle Shop.

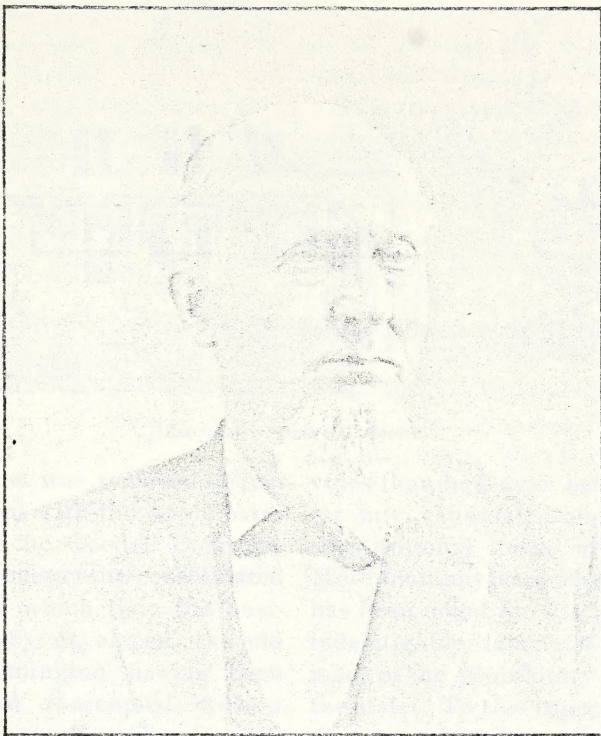
business was again in operation within six weeks.

In December, 1870, the firm of Treadwell & Co., with whom D. H. Goodell & Co. were involved, failed for a large amount, carrying down the latter firm in the general collapse. With characteristic energy, however, Mr. Goodell immediately borrowed \$1,000 of one of his old customers in New York, the same being charged on account, commenced again the manufacture of apple parers and had soon again developed a large business. In 1872 he organized the

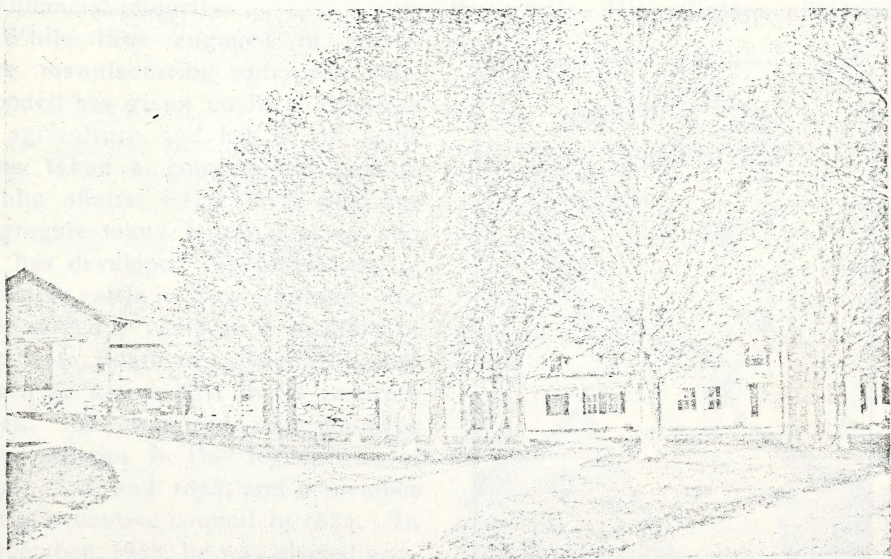


Box Shop—Old Silk Mill.

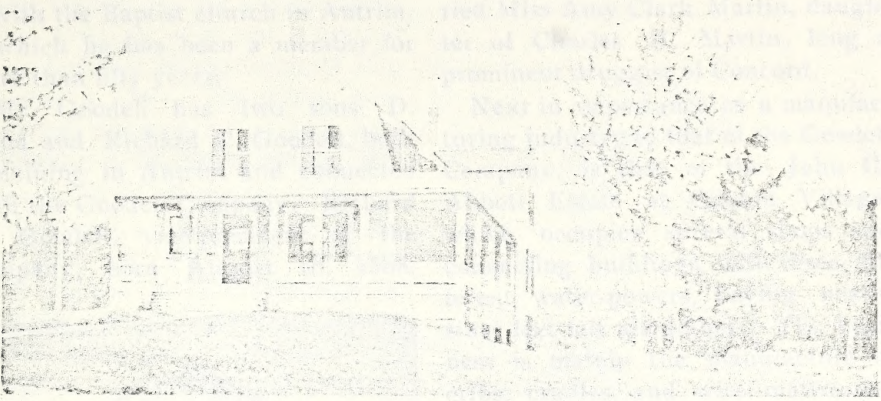
Wood's Cutlery Company, and engaged in the manufacture of table cutlery at Bennington. In 1875 this



Hon. David H. Goodell.



Residence of Hon. David H. Goodell.

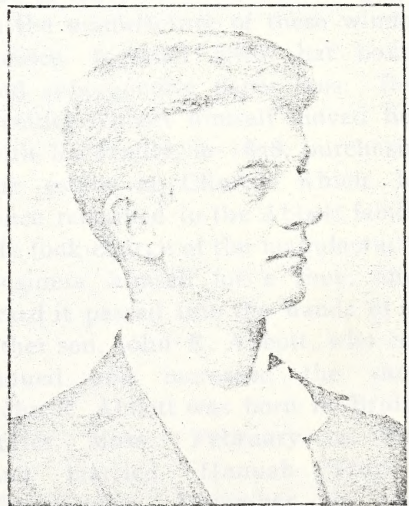


Residence of Richard C. Goodell.

cutlery business was removed to Antrim and united with the apple parer business, and the Goodell Company organized to conduct the consolidated concern, since which time the business has rapidly developed, the old factory at Bennington having been purchased and reoccupied with a branch of the work. The Goodell Company is known throughout the length and breadth of the country for the excellence of its wares as well as its financial integrity.

While thus engaged in extensive manufacturing enterprise, Mr. Goodell has given no little attention to agriculture, and has at the same time taken a conspicuous part in public affairs. His farm holdings aggregate many hundred acres and he has developed the finest herd of Holstein cattle in New England. He has served 7 years as a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and taken an active part in its institute work. He was the representative from Antrim in the legislatures of 1876, 1877, and 1878, and a member of the executive council in 1882. In November, 1888, he was elected governor of the state, receiving more

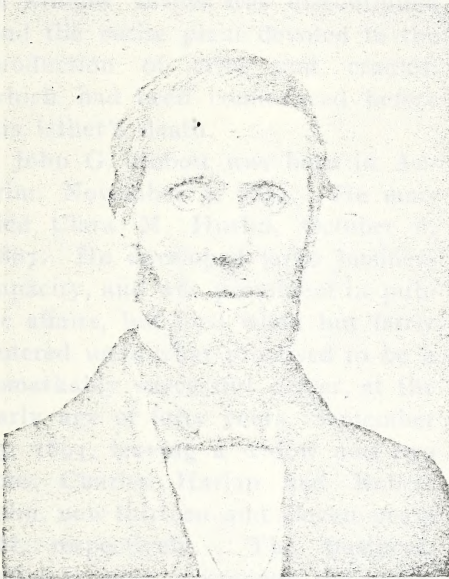
votes than had ever before been cast for any candidate, and served the constitutional term of two years. More than anything else Mr. Goodell has been noted for his persistent and indefatigable labor for the enforcement of the prohibitory liquor law of the state. To this cause he has given time, money, and effort in greater measure than any citizen for the last quarter of a century, and is still as zealous as ever in the furtherance of the work. His religious affiliation



Richard C. Goodell.

is with the Baptist church in Antrim, of which he has been a member for more than fifty years.

Mr. Goodell has two sons, D. Dana and Richard C. Goodell, both remaining in Antrim and connected with the Goodell Company. Richard C. Goodell, vice-president of the company, born August 10, 1868,



John R. Abbott.

was educated at Colby academy, New London, and traveled extensively in the West. He has divided his attention between the interests of the manufacturing company and the farm, the latter having been practically under his direction for a number of years past, the management of the splendid Holstein herd, sales from which, at high prices, are effected for all parts of the country, being with him a matter of special care and pride. He has been twice married, his first wife being Miss Una C. White, who died some years since. February 22, 1899, he mar-

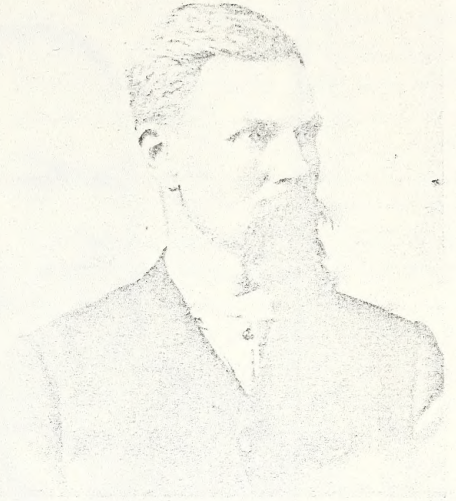
ried Miss Amy Clark Martin, daughter of Charles H. Martin, long a prominent druggist of Concord.

Next in importance as a manufacturing industry to that of the Goodell Company, is that of the John G. Abbott Estate at Clinton Village, which occupies several shops and connecting buildings, with three different water-powers, having nearly sixty feet fall altogether. The business is mainly the manufacture of cribs, cradles, and wire mattresses. Incidentally an extensive undertaking business is also conducted.

The progenitor of the Abbott family in Antrim was Rev. Samuel Abbott, a native of Mont Vernon, born in 1777, who had been settled as a preacher in Middleborough, Bridgewater, and Chester, Mass., and Londonderry. He also possessed mechanical genius and was the inventor of Abbott's rustic window shades, so-called. His son, Samuel W., was the first of the family to come to town, and he, in company with Imla Wright, built a shop on one of the present sites and engaged in the manufacture of these window shades, together with hat boxes, and subsequently paper fans. Rev. Samuel Abbott himself moved here with his family, in 1838, purchasing the estate at Clinton, which has since remained in the Abbott family. He took charge of the manufacturing business himself for a time, afterward it passed into the hands of another son, John R. Abbott, who continued and increased the same. John R. Abbott was born in Bridgewater, Mass., February 14, 1817, and married Hannah True of Francestown, December 19, 1848. Their children were John G., Charles

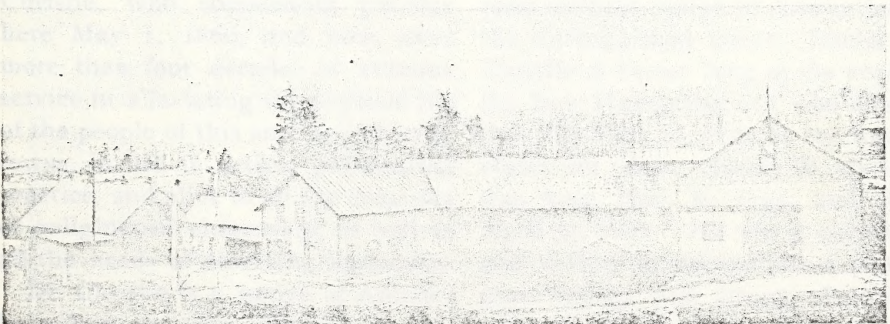
S., and Harlan P. He was an enterprising business man and respected citizen, but died in the prime of life, December 6, 1863. His widow continued the business for a time with her brother, Mark True, as manager, till her death in 1875, when it passed into the hands of the elder son, John G. Abbott, by whom it was soon largely expanded. The manufacture of window shades was discontinued and the entire plant devoted to the production of cribs and cradles, which had been commenced before his father's death.

John G. Abbott was born in Antrim, November 3, 1854. He married Clara M. Hurlin, October 6, 1887. He developed large business capacity, and was prominent in public affairs, but died when but fairly entered upon what promised to be a remarkably successful career, at the early age of forty years, September 25, 1894, leaving a widow and two sons, Charles Harlan and Robert John, now thirteen and eleven years old, respectively. The business, which is most prosperous, the goods being marketed all over the country and abroad, is carried on by the administrators, under the name of "John G. Abbott Estate."

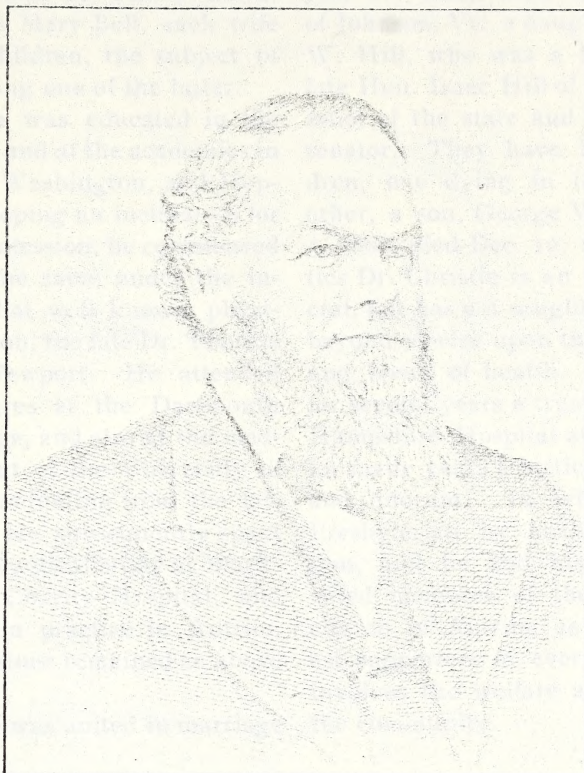


John G. Abbott.

Antrim seems never to have been a fruitful field for legal practice, only one lawyer ever having been settled in town for any length of time—the Hon. Luke Woodbury who located in town in 1826 and continued until his death in 1851, having served for many years as judge of probate and being at the time of his decease the candidate of the Democratic party for governor. There has been a line of successful medical practitioners in



John G. Abbott Estate Shops, Clinton.



Morris Christie.

this town, however, covering a period of more than a century. None of these has been more generally known, has attained greater success in his profession, or commanded in higher measure the confidence and respect of the community than Dr. Morris Christie, who commenced practice here May 1, 1860, and now, after more than four decades of arduous service in alleviating the physical ills of the people of this and neighboring towns, is still in active, professional practice, and alive to all the demands of enlightened citizenship, as well as all the needs of deserving humanity.

Dr. Christie is a native of Antrim, born Aug. 29, 1832. He is a grandson of Samuel Christie, a native of

New Boston, who settled in town upon a large tract of land near the Center, and subsequently erected a spacious hotel in the locality which he kept for many years. His father was Josiah W. Christie, the second son of Samuel, the elder son, and most eminent native of Antrim being the distinguished lawyer, Daniel M. Christie of Dover, long at the head of the New Hampshire bar, who died in that city Dec. 8, 1876, at the age of eighty-six years. Josiah W. Christie was born Nov. 6, 1793, and died April 30, 1862. He was a carpenter and builder by occupation, a man of great energy and strong character, and gained a handsome property and the respect of his fellow-citizens. He

was first married to Fanny Boyd, and second, to Mary Bell, each wife having two children, the subject of this sketch being one of the latter.

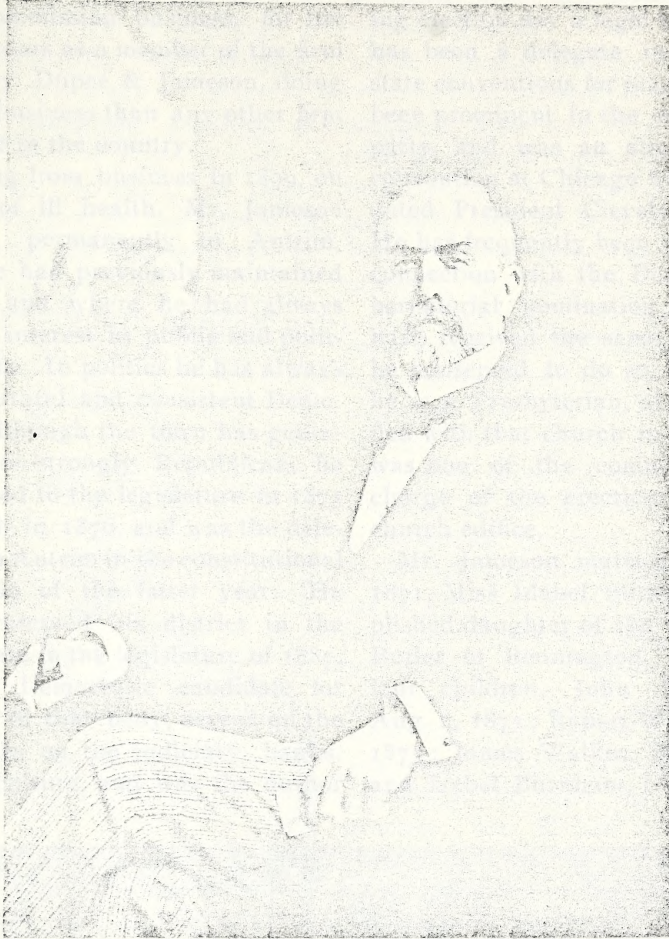
Dr. Christie was educated in the district school and at the academies in Francestown, Washington, and Hopkinton. Developing an inclination for the medical profession, he commenced the study of the same under the instruction of that well known physician and surgeon, the late Dr. Thomas Sanborn of Newport. He attended medical lectures at the Dartmouth Medical College, and also at the medical department of the University of New York, graduating from the latter in 1859. He subsequently spent some time in practical study at Blackwell's Island Charity Hospital, and then located in practice in Antrim, where he has since remained as above stated.

Dr. Christie was united in marriage

July 22, 1863, with Susan S. Hill of Johnson, Vt., a daughter of George W. Hill, who was a brother of the late Hon. Isaac Hill of Concord, governor of the state and United States senator. They have had two children, one dying in infancy. The other, a son, George W., born Aug. 5, 1868, died Dec. 12, 1885. In politics Dr. Christie is an earnest Democrat, but has not sought or held office, beyond service upon the school board and board of health. He has been for several years a trustee of the New Hampshire Hospital at Concord, and for many years a justice of the peace and quorum. In religion he is a Presbyterian by birth and conviction, and he and his wife are devoted members of the Presbyterian church in Antrim, as well as earnest supporters of every cause which involves the welfare and prayers of the community.



Residence of Dr. Morris Christie.



Hon. Nathan C. Jameson.

Among the most prominent and influential citizens of Antrim is Hon. Nathan C. Jameson, eldest son of Nathan W. C. and Caroline E. Mixer Jameson. He is a great grandson of Thomas Jameson, a native of Dunbarton, and a soldier of the Revolution who settled in Antrim in 1783. His father, Nathan W. C. Jameson, a native of Antrim, was in business for many years in Boston, residing in Cambridge, but returned to Antrim in 1851, where he still resides, hale,

hearty, and active, at the age of nearly eighty-four years.

Nathan Cleaves Jameson was born in Cambridge, Mass., May 4, 1849, removing, with his parents, to Antrim two years later. He was educated in the public schools and at Henuiker and Phillips-Andover academies, and at the age of seventeen commenced business life in Boston, in the hat and fur trade, where he remained until 1879, when he went to New York, where he was successfully

engaged for twenty years in the straw goods commission business, for the last ten years as a member of the firm of Tenney, Dupee & Jameson, doing a larger business than any other firm in its line in the country.

Retiring from business in 1899, on account of ill health, Mr. Jameson returned permanently to Antrim, where he had previously maintained a home, and where he had always taken an interest in public and political affairs. In politics he has always been a faithful and consistent Democrat. Although the town has generally been strongly Republican, he was elected to the legislature in 1875 and again in 1876, and was the delegate from Antrim in the constitutional convention of the latter year. He also represented his district in the state senate in the legislature of 1887, was the Democratic candidate for president of that body, served on the committees on the judiciary, banks, and agriculture, and was the author

of the bill, which became a law, making election day a legal holiday. He has been a delegate in Democratic state conventions for many years, has been prominent in the council of the party, and was an alternate in the convention at Chicago which renominated President Cleveland in 1892. He has frequently been mentioned in connection with the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, and might have received the same ere this had he consented to do so. In religion he is a Presbyterian, actively identified with that church in Antrim, and was one of the committee having charge of the erection of the new church edifice.

Mr. Jameson married March 15, 1871, Miss Idabel Butler, an accomplished daughter of the late John D. Butler of Bennington. They have four children, John Butler, born Aug. 2, 1873; Robert Willis, July 23, 1875; James Walker, May 28, 1878, and Isabel Burnham, Oct. 11, 1883.



Residence of Hon. N. C. Jameson.

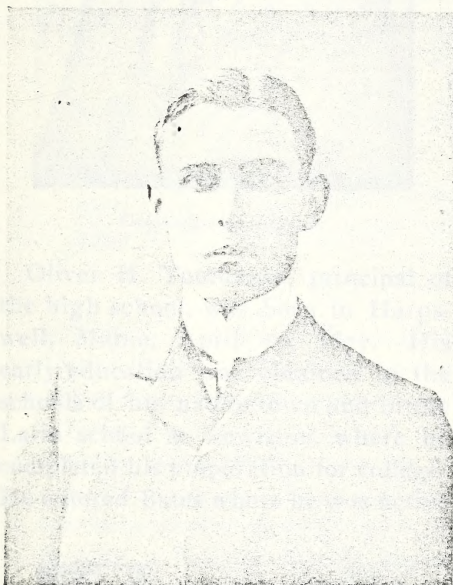
Robert Willis is in business in New York, James Walker, a graduate of Princeton university, class of 1901, is pursuing the study of medicine, while the daughter remains at home.

John Butler Jameson, the eldest son, was educated in the schools of New York city and the college of the

at Kansas City, and secretary of the state delegation.

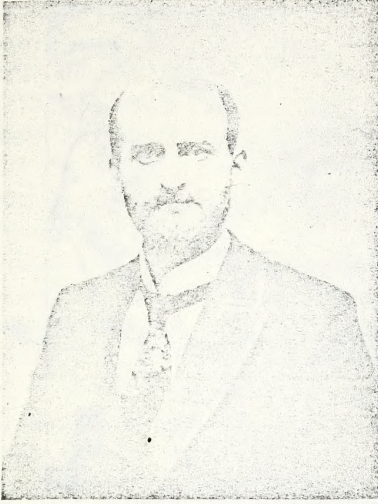
The Jameson home in Antrim is a commodious mansion, finely located, elegantly appointed, and furnished with all the conveniences and comforts essential to modern life. It was originally built by Hon. Luke Woodbury, but has been extensively improved by Mr. Jameson.

Dr. Franklin G. Warner, who has been located in Antrim in the practice of medicine for the last ten years, was born in Chestertown, N. Y., January 18, 1863, the son of David and Lizzie (Jeffer) Warner. He was educated in the public schools and at Elmwood seminary, Glens Falls, N. Y. He graduated from the medical department of the University of Vermont in 1888, and from the medical department of Union university at Albany, N. Y., in 1892, and immediately after settled in Antrim, where he has since remained, having established a wide and successful practice. Dr. Warner married, November 6, 1895, Miss Nettie May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Heritage of Amesbury, Mass., by whom he has one son, Stanley George, born July 6, 1897. Dr. Warner is a Democrat in politics and takes a lively interest in public affairs. He was chosen to represent Antrim in the legislature at the election in November, 1898, by a majority of fifty-eight votes, notwithstanding the town went strongly Republican on the general ticket. He served in the house as a member of the committee on public health. He is chairman of the Antrim board of health, and has been most of the time since his settlement in town. In religion he is a Methodist.

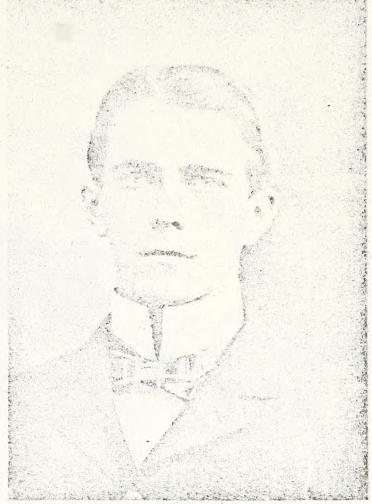


John B. Jameson.

City of New York, but did not complete the course in the latter because of ill health and failing eyesight. He was for five years in the employ of a large firm of straw goods manufacturers in New York, and subsequently traveled extensively in Europe. His home is now with his parents in Antrim, but he spends much time in Concord, where he has the care of large real estate and business interests. Like his father he is an earnest Democrat and was one of the New Hampshire delegates in the last Democratic National convention



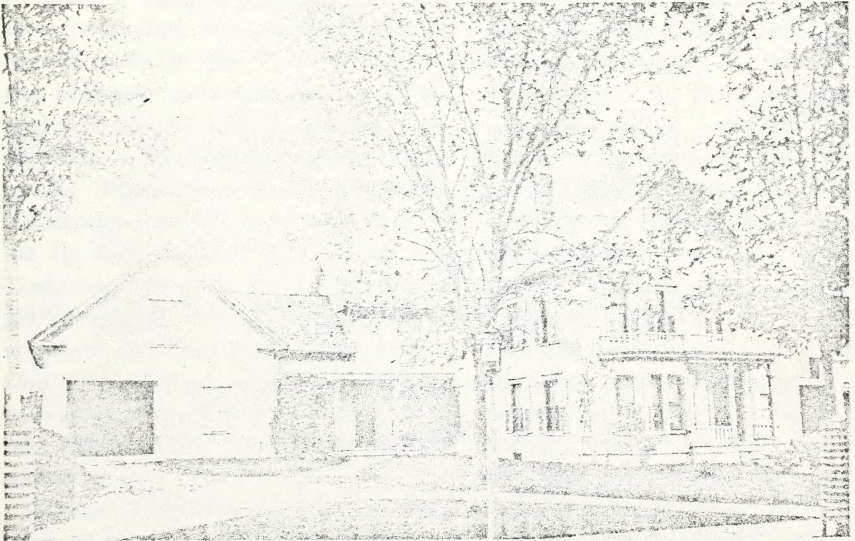
Franklin G. Warner, M. D.



Oliver H. Toothaker.

Oliver H. Toothaker, principal of the high school, was born in Harpswell, Maine, April 10, 1877. His early education was obtained in the schools of his native town and in the Latin school at Lewiston, where he completed his preparation for college. He entered Bates where he was active

in varied interests especially journalism, debating, and the work of the literary societies, and from which he was graduated in due course with honors in the class of '98. During a portion of the following year he was engaged in newspaper work in Lewiston, after which he was chosen



Residence of Dr. F. G. Warner.



Residence of Harry Deacon.

principal of Paris Hill academy at Paris, Maine. This latter place he left in the summer of '99 to accept his present position as principal of the Antrim High school. In his three years' service here the school has increased in round numbers from thirty to fifty, a Latin-Scientific course of four years has been introduced, designed to fit for the B. S. courses of the colleges, and also an up-to-date and standard revised course has been introduced into all the schools of the town. During his residence here Mr. Toothaker has taken an active interest in local affairs, is a member of Harmony lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Hillsborough, and is also at present a member of the State Educational Council. He has recently tendered his resignation to the school board to take effect at the close of the present school year.

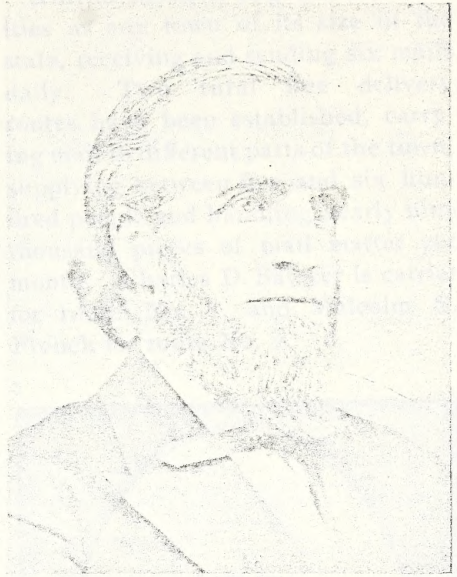
Samuel R. Robinson, who has long been engaged in the manufacture of paper boxes in Antrim, and is the

inventor of several valuable patented devices, is a native of the town, born in 1847. When but 16 years of age, September 5, 1864, Mr. Robinson enlisted in the Eighteenth New Hampshire Regiment, and went to the front, serving until June following, when he was honorably discharged and returned home, suffering from injuries received at the battle of Petersburg. In 1873 he engaged in the box-making business, and continues to the present time, now occupying a portion of the old silk mill establishment, now owned by the Goodell Company, whom he supplies with boxes. He has been commander of Ephraim Weston post, G. A. R., and was the first captain of the Granite State Cadets, organized in Antrim in 1877. He is a Republican in politics, and represented the town in the last legislature, serving on the committee on military affairs.

A leading merchant and hustling business man of Antrim is Harry

Deacon, proprietor of the finest and best arranged general store in town, who also conducts a dry goods store at Hillsborough Bridge. Mr. Deacon came here from Woonsocket, R. I., five years ago, purchasing the business of Harrington & Kibbey. Mr. Deacon was born in 1856 in Manchester, Eng. He came to America in childhood, and has been in business, in different places, since nineteen years of age, traveling eleven years for Goldenberg Bros., lace importers of New York. He has been twice married. His first wife, Alice M. Carr, of Whitinsville, Mass., died in 1887, leaving two daughters, Marion E. and Helen C. His present wife, Viola E. Bass of Woonsocket, a native of Deering, has one son, Howard B. They have a pleasant, tasty home, and enter heartily into the social life of the place.

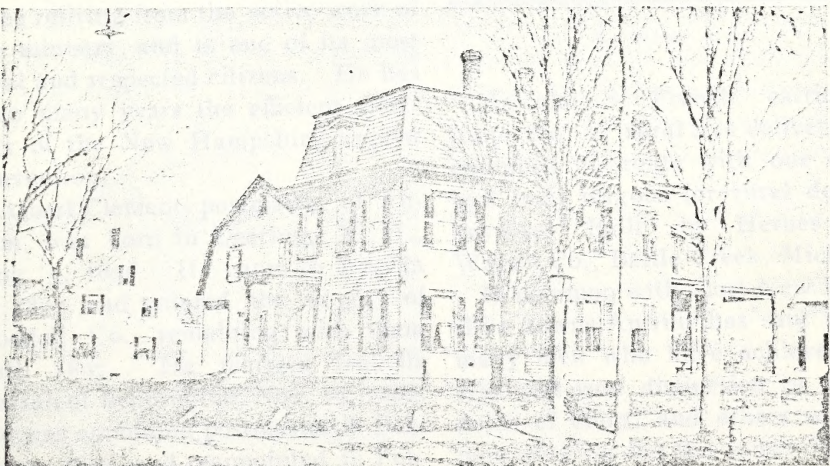
Rev. Warren R. Cochrane, D. D., a native of New Boston, and a graduate of old Dartmouth, historian of Antrim and of Francestown, has been pastor of the Presbyterian church in Antrim for more than forty years,



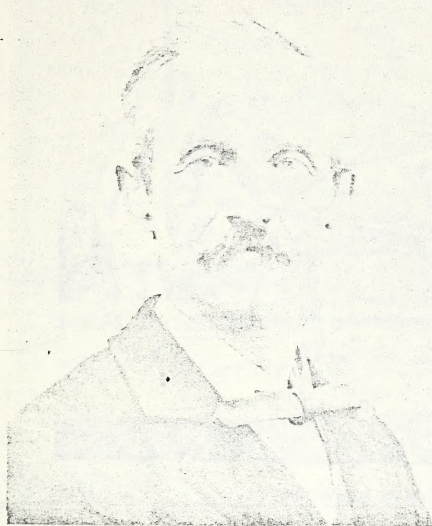
Rev. Warren R. Cochrane, D. D.

and still continues in that service, in full vigor of body and mind, esteemed and honored by all the people.

Clark B. Cochrane, a younger brother of the Rev. Dr. Cochrane, has long been a resident of Antrim, and was for some years extensively engaged in business at Clinton Vil-



Residence of Samuel R. Robinson.



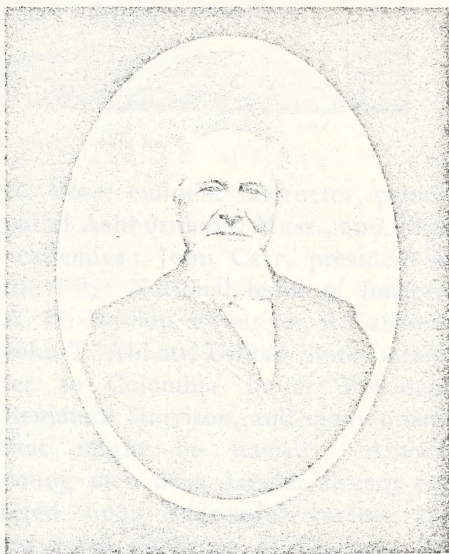
Clark B. Cochrane.

lage. He is a graduate of the Albany Law school, and has poetic genius of no mean order, as evidenced by his published volume, "Songs from the Granite Hills."

Rev. William Hurlin, a native of England, who was for seven years pastor of the Baptist church in Antrim, has made the town his home since retiring from the active work of the ministry, and is one of its most loyal and respected citizens. He has been many years the efficient secretary of the New Hampshire Baptist convention.

Albert Clement, postmaster of Antrim, was born in Deering, N. H., Aug. 5, 1856. He came to Antrim in 1877, and entered the employ of Goodell Co., remaining with them until 1897. He married Isabella Darrah of Bennington, Nov. 29, 1882. He was appointed postmaster in February, 1898, and reappointed in February, 1902.

Antrim boasts of as good mail facilities as any town of its size in the state, receiving and sending six mails daily. Two rural free delivery routes have been established, carrying mail to different parts of the town, supplying between five and six hundred people and handling nearly nine thousand pieces of mail matter per month. Charles D. Sawyer is carrier for route No. 1, and Malcolm S. French for route No. 2.



Rev. William Hurlin.

Malcolm S. French, carrier for route No. 2, rural free delivery, has equipped his route with one of the best mail wagons for rural delivery purposes, built by Hernes Mail Wagon Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

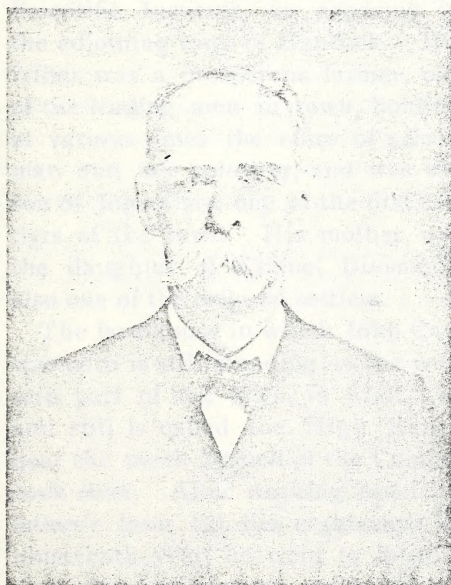
In common with most New Hampshire towns Antrim has sent abroad many men who have achieved success and won distinction in various fields of effort, and others who are now working out the same. Among natives of Antrim worthy of note are



Mail Wagon of Malcolm S. French, Route No. 2.

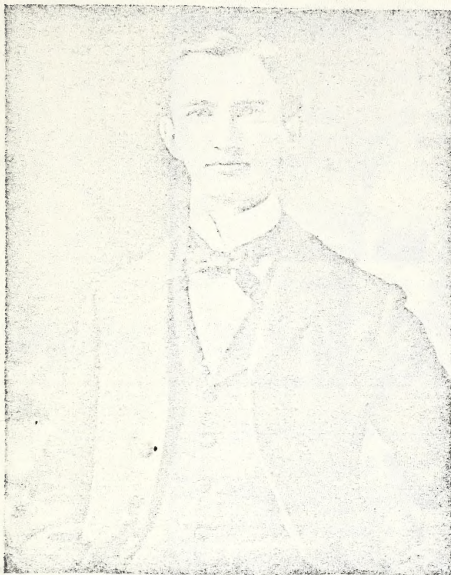
the late Hon. Daniel M. Christie and the late Hon. George W. Nesmith of the New Hampshire supreme court; Daniel Adams, the famous arithmetician; Charles Adams, Jr., state treasurer of Massachusetts; James

E. Vose, eminent instructor, principal of Ashburnham, Mass., and other academies; John Carr, president of the First National bank of Boston; A. H. Dunlap, ex-mayor of Nashua; John T. Abbott, United States minister to Colombia under President Benjamin Harrison, and many others that might be named. Among young men from Antrim already entered upon successful careers are Hayward Cochrane of Chicago, inventor of the electric elevator, and writer of note on electrical subjects; Robert B. Cochrane, inventor and writer on mechanical subjects, and president of the Cochrane-Bly Machine Works, Rochester, N. Y.; W. A. Hildreth, now of Coventry, Eng., electrical inventor, and Julian M. Cochrane of St. Louis, Mo., now making photographic and pen and ink sketches in Central and South America.



Postmaster Albert Clement.

One of the staunch and loyal sons of Antrim is John Carr, son of Jonathan and Annis (Dinsmore) Carr, who



Robert B. Cochrane.

was born in that town Aug. 19, 1828, and received all the education he ever had in the common or district schools of his native town, with the exception of six weeks in the Literary and Scientific Institute, an academy in the adjoining town of Hancock. His father was a prosperous farmer, one of the leading men in town, holding at various times the office of selectman and tax collector, and was the son of John Carr, one of the first settlers of the town. His mother was the daughter of Samuel Dinsmore, also one of the original settlers.

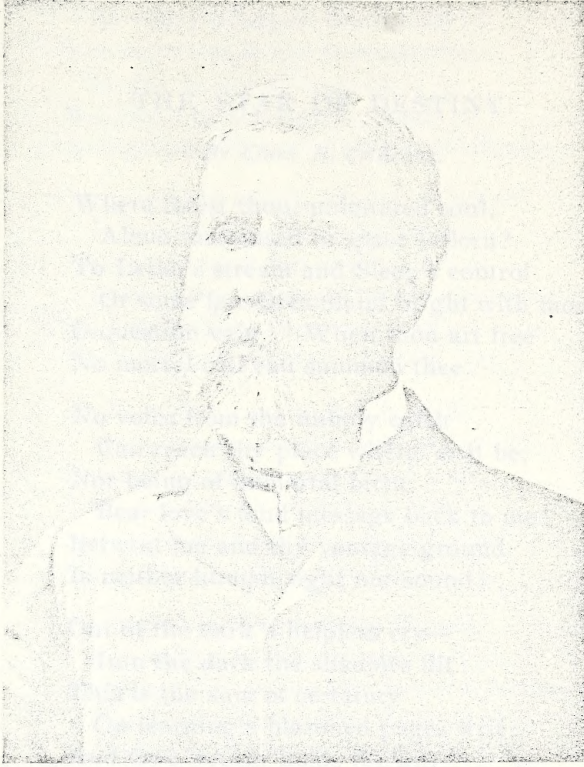
The farmhouse in which John Carr was born is still standing in the western part of the town, in what was and still is called the High Range near the north branch of the Contoocook river. After working upon his father's farm till his eighteenth or nineteenth year, he went to Boston, and, after two or three years of hard work, knocking about in various po-

sitions from a grocery store to a newspaper office, he found a position as messenger boy in the Blackstone Bank, then just started, in August, 1851. After being advanced to paying teller he resigned and went West, settling in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in 1856. After about three years he returned to Boston, and accepted the office of teller in the Safety Fund Bank in 1859. The First National Bank succeeding the Safety Fund Bank in 1864, elected him cashier, which office he held till 1881, when he was elected president, which office he now holds.

He is also president of the Eliot Five Cent Savings Bank of Boston, located in what was formerly called Roxbury, where he has resided since 1862. He is also third vice-president of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance company, and is actively engaged as trustee of several large estates. He is also active in various



Julian M. Cochrane.

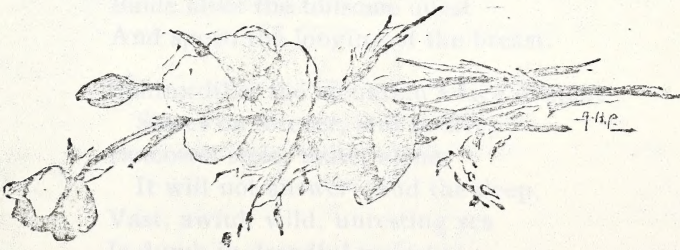


John Carr.

President First National Bank, Boston.

religious, charitable, and fraternal organizations, and is greatly respected and honored in all as an upright citizen, interested in all good works for the advancement and promotion of the prosperity of his adopted city. Yet through all the activities of his busy life he has ever cherished a love for and interest in the welfare of his native town.

NOTE.—The writer is largely indebted for essential facts to the able historian of Antrim, Rev. W. R. Cochrane. Thanks are due to Mr. Fred L. Nay, photographer, of Antrim, for aid in the illustration of this article; also to Mr. B. R. Cochrane for favors in the same direction.



THE STAR OF DESTINY.

By Clark B. Cochrane.

Where fareest thou, unfettered soul,
 Alone, unhoused in space forlorn?
 To Lethe's stream and Sleep's control
 Or some fair Dreamland bright with morn?
 O question vain! When thou art free
 No mortal call can summon thee.

No voice from the unholy earth
 Can reach thy place where'er it be,
 Nor being of immortal birth
 Bear love's fond message back to me!
 Betwixt me and thy vantage-ground
 Is neither human sight nor sound!

Out of the dark a helpless cry—
 Into the dark the shadows flit;
 This is the sum of certainty
 On learning's blazoned pages writ;
 And God forever holds the key
 To life's unriddled mystery.

We trace the stars in orbits wide,
 The paths celestial systems run,
 In prisms of crystal rock divide
 The golden lances of the sun,
 But Death's stern secret still is hid
 Beneath the dreadful coffin lid.

We scan the heavens to find out God,
 The cosmic mists to find out man;—
 The daisies, springing from the sod,
 The stars in God's eternal plan
 Baffle alike the toilsome quest
 And spurn the longing of the breast.

Sphinx-like, the mountain's face of stone
 Stares on forever, still as sleep!
 Immortal stoic, mute, alone,
 It will not answer—and the deep,
 Vast, awful, wild, unresting sea
 Is dumb in dreadful majesty!

So dumb the earth, so deep the skies !
So vain this eager, human cry !
The mole that in the darkness dies
Is wise as our philosophy !
We linger on the shifting sands
And grope with rush-lights in our hands !

Unstayed the wheels of time go round,
In serried files the cycles march—
No certain truth but death is found
Beneath the heavens' far-bending arch ;
No victor wears a crown of bay
Unchallenged till the Judgment Day !

And yet this passing man is great,
He mounts as eagles born with wings !
Striving for larger power and state,
He reaches for all hidden things ;
And oft from Nature's guarded hand
His genius plucks a secret grand !

He binds the thunderbolts of Jove,
Giants that toil in voiceless pain ;
Neptune, with whom the Ancients strove,
Gives him the lordship of the Main !
He sports with Clotho, bland and fair,
His fingers clutch Atropa's hair !

But, though he stays the hurricane
And binds the cyclone to his cars,
And with the marvel of his brain
Unfolds the secrets of the stars,
The secret of his living breath
Is locked in the closed hand of Death.

No matter what we search or know,
Or what attained summits teach—
Beyond us ever lies the glow
Of suns and systems out of reach !
Orion and his glittering train
Sweep but the verge of God's domain !

The fount is greater than the stream,
And God is greater still than we,
We only stand and gaze in dream
Upon the margent of the sea ;
And whatsoever light He will
He giveth or withholdeth still.

Not what we would He giveth us,
 We cannot wield His fire or sword,
 Nor grasp His mighty plans, and thus
 Make ours the glory of the Lord!
 But all we need is ours by grace
 Until we meet Him face to face.

Above the plains of Bethlehem
 He set His signal Star of Peace,
 The splendor of Night's diadem
 Whose omen bright will never cease,
 For Christ, the Lord of Life was born
 Beneath that herald Star of Morn.

He walks the ages dark with death—
 With murder, lust, and hellish greed,
 With love unmeasured pitieth
 The sons of men in sorest need,
 And lets His dear compassion fall,
 Like Heaven's sweet rain, upon us all.

We cannot see His bleeding hands
 Nor touch His pregnant wounds again;
 But we can see the glorious lands
 Made great by what He taught to men;
 The light nor Rome nor Athens saw,
 Freedom, religion, order, law.

The Star which led the Magis' feet
 Swings low its beauteous flame no more,
 No more the Sons of Heaven repeat
 Their Peace-Song on Judea's shore;
 But Faith, in Love's high realm afar,
 Still hears that Song,—still sees that Star!

O steadfast Star of Destiny,
 Bright Gem of Heaven which never sets!
 Illume, from faith's serener sky,
 New Bethanys and Olivets!
 Across the desert hills of time
 We look to thee, O Star Sublime!

And Thou, O Lord of Life and Light,
 Who prayed in dark Gethsemane,
 Who died on Calvary's tragic height
 To make the living ages free,
 Lead Thou our way! Our feet are clay,
 Our eyes are blind—lead Thou our way!

PASSACONAWAY GOLF CLUB, AMESBURY, MASS.

By Dr. H. G. Leslie.

Weetamoo
Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt
In the old time on the Merrimack.

—Whittier.

From these lines and the tragic tale told by the poet, of the old chief of the Pennacooks, was derived the inspiration of the name given to one of the most notable organizations, formed for the purpose of cultivating and enjoying this breezy and healthful sport in the valley of the Merrimack.

It is not necessary that grounds devoted to this ancient form of sport should possess historic interest. The ease of access, the general contour of the land, together with the various problems that present themselves to the golfer, are of the first importance. When, however, these conditions can be associated with the poetry and romance of a particular locality, it gives an added interest. The Passaconaway club is especially fortunate in this respect, as, aside from the fact that the links are an almost exact reproduction of Scottish Moorland scenery, lacking only the yellow bloom of the broom and the purple of the heather, it is notably Whittier's own land, and his poetic instincts have added the music of song to the glamor of history connected with every rod of this diversified and picturesque slope—

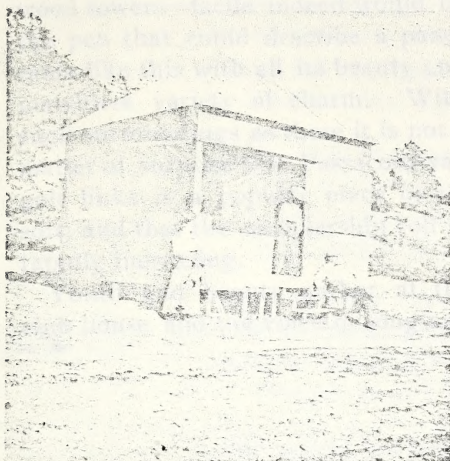
Lift we the twilight curtains of the Past,
And, turning from familiar sight and sound,
Sadly and full of reverence let me cast
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy grounds.

When in 1641, or a little later, the first settlers of Amesbury blazed a pathway from Weir Point on the Powwow towards the distant hills of Pentucket it wound its devious way through those grounds, and although long since discontinued for a more direct route, still the cellars of the first inhabitants of white blood, line the half-obliterated trail.

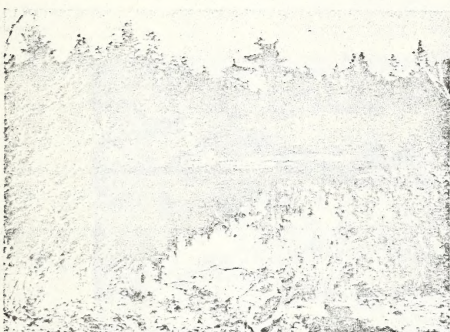
It was here that Nathaniel Weed built his rude log house, and lighted his hearthstone fire so soon to go out, with all his hopes and pleasant anticipations for the future, in that terrible tragedy known as the Weed massacre, in which his wife and children were murdered before his eyes by the vindictive savage.

Here, too, beside the first hole of the links is the Haunted Pool, the scene of that strange fight in witchcraft days of old Sam Huntington with the eight black puppies, the details of which sent Susannah Martin to her death on Gallows Hill, in Salem. From this spot, only a few rods away, on the slope of the hill, is the depression in the ground of the cellar and a scraggly pear tree, that marks the site of her old home.

In "The Witch's Daughter," Mr. Whittier has picked up the thread of this story and sealed it with the seal of immortality. Whether all that his poetic fancy saw is historically correct, is, perhaps, a question, but certainly no sweeter ballad has ever been strung on the twine of fact.



At the Links.



Haunted Pool.

Legend and tale and story
Cling to each treasured rod
The glint of borrowed glory
Where poet's feet have trod.

Here also runs Brown Burn with water of that peculiar amber tint, which is rarely seen in this country, and is again suggestive of the Scottish Moorlands, as it derives its color from the same material that lends its dye to the streams in the highlands, the peat moss.

Following this stream down to the fourth hole in the course, we look across the willow-bordered little loch called Bayley's pond with just a



"A glimpse of the shining Merrimack."



"The long drive down the sloping field."

glimpse of the shining Merrimack to the laurels beyond.

Sing soft, sing low our lowland river,
Under thy banks of laurel bloom.

Above on the hilltop, one can well pause, even in the most exciting contest of skill to catch one faraway glimpse of ocean's foam-crested line against the sky, the rocky headlands of Cape Ann, the sand dunes of Plum Island, the restless roll of surf on the harbor bar, the winding river, the spires of Newbury, and nearer still, Deer Island, the home of Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Hawks-

wood towers—facile indeed would be the pen that could describe a panorama like this with all its beauty and matchless variety of charm. With such surroundings as these it is not a matter of surprise that Passaconaway golf links is a popular place of resort, and that the membership roll is rapidly increasing.

Youth and beauty gather at the club house and the voice of song and

laughter is in the air, while from the long drive down across the sloping field the couples who stand there together can but learn the same story told so beautifully by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Last Walk," and form acquaintances and attachments that will make the great drive into the misty years of life to come, pleasanter and infinitely replete with joyous associations.



The Merrimack at Amesbury, Mass.

SALISBURY POINT FROM BAYLEY'S HILL.

By Dr. H. G. Leslie.

Where the river's gray and silent tide
Touches the village's crescent shore,
Where century's elms with drooping boughs
Their shadows cast by cottage door,

The enchanted stranger stops to view
A Naples 'neath New England skies,
From Hawkswood towers to Amesbury shore
Each scene fairer in his eyes.

Does the sunlight fall on Pipestave hill
 Or shadows cling by Laurel side?
 Does the evening's golden afterglow
 Cast ambient light on swirling tide?

With each varying change of light and shade
 New pictures rise to greet the eye;
 The emerald green of the valley shore
 With deeper shade of pine trees vie.

He may have stood by the foam-flecked Rhine,
 Have seen the Tiber and the Tweed;
 All unrivaled still New England's stream
 Though beauty may for others plead.

For gentle flow and a nameless charm
 The Merrimack is peer of all;
 A halcyon light like evening's mists
 O'er all her graceful stretches fall.



MEMORIAL DAY—1902.

By Eleazer W. Smith.

Rest, comrade, rest. The sweet notes of the bugle
 Rouse thee no more at the breaking of day;
 Here o'er thy dust we scatter fair flowers,
 With memories so tender of those passed away.

'Neath the green sod which thy blood has hallowed,
 Under the flag you fought to save;
 Sleep, comrade, sleep, God watches thy ashes,
 And proudly to-day we honor our brave.

Rest, comrade, rest. The flag that you fought for
 Brightly is waving o'er land and on sea;
 Speaking with pride to the new generation,
 Ours is the land of the brave and the free.

Rest, comrade, rest; each coming of springtime,
 We'll march to thy grave with slow measured tread;
 Rest, comrade, rest, while we are living,
 We'll garland the places of our noble dead.

RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

By C. C. Lord.

RAMBLE XXIII.

THE COOLING ZEPHYRS.



It is now summer. We say this because the present month is June. When June arrives every one in this latitude concedes the arrival of summer. We are now impressed with an idea of the advancement of the open season of the year. We no longer contemplate the existing spring, which, in popular conception, has yielded to summer. The joy of the leaf has given way to the glory of the blossom.

Life is often suggestive on account of its frequent contradictions. Time constrains us to abandon things that we may adopt the conditions and privileges of their opposites. This fact is abundantly illustrated in our climatic life. Winter and summer alternate and reverse the experiences of human beings in a thousand ways. How true is this fact in central New Hampshire! In this geographical location, if one rambles out of doors for recreation, he is often constrained to seek the low, sheltered, sunny nooks and vales, where the boreal blasts are less potent, and where the smile of the pale, wintry sun is more inviting. In the same place, strolling abroad for pleasure in summer, one frequently seeks the heights, where, exposed to the gentle, refreshing breeze, as he rests under the shade of a spreading tree, he courts the grateful coolness of the air and shadows and thinks of luxury un-

qualified and unlimited. Truly, in our climatic life, as in many aspects of being, we are creatures of circumstance and the reflective victims of contradictory necessities.

Summer is now only in its inceptive progress. The weather is not yet very warm. The mornings and the evenings are chilly, and the middle of the day is, as a rule, only moderately hot. Yet the season of warmth is so positively a fact that no one feels compelled to hide himself in a sheltered recess of the landscape to avoid the rough wind and bask in feeble sunlight. We advance boldly to the tops of the hills, overlook the expanse of beautiful country, and, as we grow warm by exertion, sit in the shade of a tree and invite the mild air of heaven to touch and cool the uncovered head.

Gladly we ramble to-day to the summit of Mt. Putney. The temperature is not high but it is warm. There is a tree by the old cemetery gate, and under its shade we have often reposed, leaning the back against the wall, our eyes poring over the broad and beautiful western valley of the Contoocook with delight, sight stretching even to the horizon, where it touches the soft outline of the far distant peaks. Here the westerly winds gently blow, composing nature to a luxurious feeling of comfort.

In the language of mythology, the soft, west wind is called zephyr. By the extension of a cultivated idea, the zephyr is every wind that breathes gently and pleasantly. As

we sit in the cool shade to-day, contemplating incidental features of the scene around us, we are reminded that both western blasts and zephyrs prevail to a great extent in this elevated region. The unmistakable influence of westerly winds is permanently impressed upon the immediately surrounding landscape. In fact no other winds that blow have ever left a similar impression upon this scene. Everywhere the eye observes that the trees that are most isolated, and consequently most exposed to the winds, exhibit a tendency to lean towards the east. Sometimes a whole tree—trunk, branches, and twigs—manifests the described tendency. The characteristic leaning of the trees is the result of the continuous propulsion of both more violent and more gentle westerly winds, the influence of which contributes, in a marked degree, to the spectacular outlines of the local prospect.

The zephyr breathes to-day, cooling and comforting the heated brow, uncovered for the reception of the kind air. Yet it is proper at this time to use a plural, descriptive term. There is a wind, but it is broken into somewhat slowly succeeding puffs of atmospheric breath that seem like an aggregation of individual winds. Hence we may with propriety speak not only of a zephyr, but of the zephyrs. We sit and meditate upon these pleasant breezes, and, as we observe the easterly leaning trees, the mind takes a scientific turn and asks of the meaning of this westerly prevalence of the local winds. In this aspect of thought, we can only touch a theme that is as far extending as the surface of the globe.

In the torrid regions of the earth, by the rarefying influences of the intense heat, the atmospheric currents rush up and away to the poles, thence to work their way back, along the surface of the earth, after first being subjected to the effects of extreme cold. On their equatorial return the great currents of air are somewhat modified in directions by a variety of causes, the rugosity and rotation of the earth's surface participating in the general effect. On the Atlantic coast of our country, the influence of the ocean, particularly in consequence of the warmer temperature of the great gulf stream, is potent in diverting the southerly movement of the great continental currents of air towards the shore. Hence, in part, at least, the prevailing winds of this locality.

The cooling zephyrs breathe, but how far reaching are the causes of their activity! We live in a world of influences that daily widens to our comprehension. With this thought we turn homeward:

RAMBLE XXIV.

THE MONTH OF BEAUTY.

If one is accustomed to court the attractions of rural nature in this latitude, he can hardly fail to be impressed with an idea of the superlative beauty of the month of June. We have often thought of June as the supereminently beautiful month. We do not intend to convey the impression that June is in any sense an exclusively beautiful month. In fact, beauty is manifested in the natural phenomena of all of the months of the year. In June, how-

ever, the rural world appears in an almost or quite continuous dress of unqualified beauty.

The month of June is specially notable on account of the unlimited and unqualified freshness of its verdure. In the spring the verdure of the landscape is in a progressive stage of assertion; in later summer it is apt to be parched by the intensely burning heat of the sun in a sky of drought; in the autumn it perishes, but in June it is habitually new, full, and fresh, a luxuriance of green that is usually witnessed only once in a year in this locality.

There is no time in the year when local travel is more abundant in ocular charms. If all circumstances were propitious, it were well for all those seeking the beauty of our local landscapes to make, at least, one trip a year in June. The sight of the limitless expanse of perfect verdure, rising over the hills, sinking into the vales, and sweeping across the plains, affords an æsthetic pleasure that needs only to be witnessed to be appreciated. An extended journey in June is a source of delight that fills the rest of the year with a wealth of gratifying memories of nature robed in transcendent loveliness.

But June is not simply the month of verdure. It is in an eminent sense a month of flowers. In June, blossoms seem to fill the earth. Yet June is not an exclusively blooming month. Neither is bloom in June so ostentatiously assertive as it is in May, when, so to speak, all the trees are in blossom. But in June there is a phenomenally wide distribution of flowering beauty. Hill, vale, and plain are, as it were, everywhere abounding with flowers. We stroll

and crush blossoms under our feet. We look forward and behind, we turn right and left, and bloom greets our sight continuously. If we seek the recesses of the wood and there wander in the peaceful shade, still the smile of blossoming beauty will cheer us as we roam.

The quality of the beauty of June is not a gorgeous one. It partakes of no greatness of ostentation. Still it is no less beauty. The skilful eye discovers true ocular delight without the necessity of being startled. More than this, the most permanent pleasures are often modest in their expression. The floral pride of the orchard in May and the leafy grandeur of the forest in October have each but a brief existence, but the modest beauty of June is, in a measure, the pleasant gift of the whole warmer part of the year. Even the blossoms of June are, as a rule, of humble features. If we except certain domesticated specimens, the flowers of June are lowly in habit and small in size. Let us look around and view them as we ramble. The white strawberry, the yellow cinquefoil, the blue-eyed grass, the golden buttercup, the pearly daisy, and numberless others that might be named, are all flowers of unpretentious characteristics. In the meadow, the iris and the azalia are hardly more pretentious, and in the woods the Jack-in-the-pulpit, the moccasin flower, and the columbine are as modest as they are attractive. We might make a possible exception of the American laurel of the moist meadows, but no mere general remark is exempt from the necessity of exceptional consideration. The blossoms of June are, in fact, too many for ev-

en a mere passing individual notice. There is one beautiful feature of the landscape that annually becomes incipiently observable in June. It is the characteristic waving in the wind of the taller, growing grasses. In the earlier season, the new, low grasses may ripple, but in June they may be said to begin truly to wave. As the stalks of the aspiring grasses tower upward, tempting the application of the haymaker's scythe, in their continued responses to the passing breezes, they, in fancy, imitate the throbbing billows of the mighty sea and stir the imagination to delighted flights of conception.

We suppose there is no person possessed of ordinary powers of observation who does not enjoy the beauty of June. But the ability to give expression to the delight that at any time dwells in one depends upon a special gift that invites the cultivation of language. The world is full of appreciative people who cannot give utterance to their emotions because they have no terms with which to clothe their ideas. In the department of æsthetic description, it is only the poet who enjoys the greatest facility of expression, and it is often through the poet that the ordinary observer finds the means of a tongue, which experience proves to be effective, though only a borrowed one.

It is not to be thought a surprise that the poet sings in June. Beauty is an ever active inspiration to the world's bard. It were happy if all the world realized how much it owes to the poet, who has not only found but loaned a tongue and voice to the widest constituency that perhaps any age has ever seen.

RAMBLE XXV.

A BEREAVED BIRD.

The summer is the special season of rural delights, but it is also the season of peculiar afflictions. Nature reacts upon itself in a multitude of ways. The sunshine is always attended by shadows, and the pleasures of life evince a tendency to graduate into pains. Whoever assumes a privilege takes with it a corresponding liability. This truth appeals to reflection in contemplating all the departments of animate nature.

We are moved to the expression of the present thought because of our incidental observation of this ramble. As we go out to-day, our emotions are stirred in sympathy for a bird. A tiny, hopeful, promising bird has met with a disappointment that savors of genuine bereavement. If birds weep, this bird must have suffered the experience of tears. If birds think, this bird must have pondered one of the deeper problems of mundane existence.

It is not a trifling consideration that regards the pleasures and pains of the life of animals. In the sentimental aspects of being, the lower orders of animal life appeal to us in a thousand ways. There are those among us who think that the existence of sympathy between men and brutes is a proof of their essentially identical nature. They assume that we cannot love anything with which we have nothing in common. Be this as it may, it is a fact that the most refined human beings have a strong susceptibility to emotional excitement at the fortunes and misfortunes of the brute creation. We

have no doubt that Burns felt what he uttered when he gave the world his delicate poem addressed to a mouse, and we believe that Cowper was within the sphere of veracity when he declared his unwillingness to recognize the man who needlessly crushes a worm. We are not wanting in sincerity when we assert that we are affected with sympathy for a bereaved bird.

Our afflicted bird is a sparrow, or a finch, or some other one of the many classes of migratory birds. We are of limited attainments in ornithology, and we do not wish the language of these rambles to be too abstractly technical. Our poor, dear bird is the chippy, or chipping sparrow, a plain, brownish bird, wearing a closely fitting brown skull-cap, and of an unpretentious chirping, or chipping, note that doubtless confers its popular name upon it. This bird, when apparently happy, elevates its tiny head in the air, throws open its beak, and pours out of its throat a succession of vibratory, monotonous tones that require the aid of imagination in order to be construed into the aspects of a song. The chippy is in all respects a plain bird, though its tininess and inodesty are calculated to promote its endearment by its kindly human observers.

The chippy builds a delicate little nest on the twig of a tree or bush, the general structure being very much like that of many other birds' nests, but it is lined with long, smooth hairs. Hence the chippy is sometimes called the hair-bird. Enconced in a shady bower of leaves, this nest eventually contains about four tiny eggs, of a light blue general tint, but spotted with brown. In due

time a nest-full of little chippies appear to be nourished with insectivorous food from a parental beak until fledged and able to take care of themselves. We mean to say all this happens in the event of a propitious Providence, which is not always within the enjoyment of birds.

We have been acquainted with our chippy for some length of time. Weeks ago, there was a pretty nest in a bush by the roadside, where we often pass. A mere accident led to its discovery. In time, the eggs numbered four, and the maternal chippy began the work of incubation. How many conscious hopes were stored in the breast of that chippy we do not know. But there were anticipated delights in our breast. We daily looked forward with pleasure to the time when we should pass by, peep in, and see the little chippies greeting us with their widely gaping mouths. Yet we never saw them.

One day not long ago we passed that way and took a peep at the chippy's nest. The bird was gone. The nest was rumpled and partly turned over. Within were the broken shells of once delicate and beautiful eggs. What was the cause of the devastation and desolation? We do not know. Speculation is our only resource at this time.

The chippy and other birds of similar habits have many enemies. There are hawks, owls, squirrels, serpents, etc., that make them their prey. We surmise, however, that a domestic cat was the despoiler in the related instance. Our suggestive conclusions are the result of an inspection. The bush containing the nest was too frail to bear the weight of

a cat. A feline, attempting to reach the nest, would naturally stand on its hind feet, placed nearly or quite on the ground, and then extend a paw upward and overhaul the desired object, in anticipation of a delicate taste of bird's flesh, tenderer, doubtless, for being very young.

We conjecture that the maternal chippy escaped and became a bereaved bird. What sorrows a bird must have felt in such an exigency! How many doubts of the rewards of virtuous patience must have harrowed a bird's mind in such a case! But we forbear a too intense manifestation of condolence. A bird has courage that surmounts adversity. As we pass the desolate bush again to-day, we espy a chippy in the act of gathering some delicate fibers for use in constructing a nest. We are cheered by the thought that it is the same chippy whose domestic fortunes have so recently been shrouded in misfortune. This chippy is still in heart. In its tiny breast, faith supplants doubt, and hope overrules despair. We shall love this chippy better hereafter.

RAMBLE XXVI.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

One of the useful things that this world is now rapidly learning is the distribution of social privileges. As the world grows wiser, it learns to admit that no form of social life is exclusively endowed with advantages. Every respectable and moral human association has its benefits, no matter how much it differs from some other one, and there is no social circle where favors are exclusively enjoyed.

Childhood, if reasonably indulged, is everywhere happy. In the city or in the country, on the pavement or in the field, budding humanity can find enjoyment. Yet there is a privilege of childhood in the habitual enjoyment of rural haunts that forever affords a reflective zest in maturer years. The child who never rambles at large in the expanded realm of nature loses an inexhaustible fund of pleasure in the walks of mature manhood. Pity the man who, in childhood, never trod the path of unalloyed delight through the fields and forests and by the streams and ponds of a common, country district!

Among the fondest affections of the manly breast are those born of attachment for the rural walks of one's childhood. The man in meridian life loves to think and talk of the days when he romped, hunted, and fished in the country. Old age even loves to revisit the scenes of childhood's rural, excursive delights and mark the familiar paths and objects, more dear to reflective appreciation than ever before. The loss of a familiar stone, or tree, or artificial structure, which was the property of childhood's appreciation, is the occasion of genuine, if not poignant, grief to old age. The closing scenes of life are seldom more happy than when spent among the permanent, rural associations of blithe and elastic childhood.

There is a reason for everything. There is an explanation for the permanent enjoyment man experiences in the walks of his rural boyhood. The nature of a child is unfixed, expansive, and immature. It cannot properly be subjected to all the restraints of manhood. The inceptive,

developing, organic form must have enlarged space for the amplification of its growing powers. This fact is as true of the mind as it is of the body. The elaborating consciousness of childhood is helped to an inestimable degree by the wide expanse of the bright, fresh world, as it appears to the emotionally and reflectively susceptible child who rambles at large in the country.

The healthful advantages of the sunlight, air, and exercise, afforded childhood in the country, are sufficiently apparent. Every observing person has noted the rapid growth, the accumulative strength, and the florid complexion that attest the superior physical condition of the rural, juvenile Rambler. But there is still a superior advantage in the larger outdoor life of the country boy. The greater benefit arises from the intimate relation existing between the body and the mind. In a sense, the body is only the foundation upon which the superstructure of the mind is reared. A healthy mind in a sound body has been the theme of philosophers from immemorial time. Yet this idea is only partial in its deductive results. The mind of childhood is characteristically impulsive and sympathetic. It reflects comparatively little, and it analyzes still less. In its inceptive state of development, the mind of childhood has most need of a quality of impressions which only the country can perfectly supply. The rural world abounds in ideally illustrative facts that are simple in distinction from complex, consequently the instructive ideas afforded by the country are better adapted for the use of the growing child, who ought to be still a

child for years to come. In the artificial walks and haunts of life in the city, the reflective suggestions of a child's environment are often too complex, and in their enforced application tend to create or encourage a too early, and hence a logically undesirable, maturity. Speaking in a philosophically relative sense, the country is the place for the child, and the city is the abode of the man. Perhaps the ancient biblical writers were thinking of this when they described man as beginning in the country and ending in the city. The intelligent observer comprehends the force of our essential assertion. The city is, in an eminent sense, the conservatory of some of the most important treasures of enlightened society, but the persons who entertain the closest relations to the great urban treasures are often those who spent their childhood in the country.

The country boy is the type of a hopeful and expectant human character that anticipates the glories of the highest achievements. As is his juvenile life, so will be his manly love. As we ramble abroad to-day, we now and then have a glimpse of a child. Equally as often we take note of a location where was born and reared some child that has been or is a prominent and useful citizen of some more populous locality. Then we look around and contemplate the ancient walks, objects, and scenes, every one so dear to those who, far away in busier social haunts, still think of and dote on them, and seem to feel the thrill of pleasure with which the gray-haired visitor often comes back to the home of his childhood and reviews the place of his happiest days.

APOSTROPHE TO JUNE.

By L. J. H. Frost.

Oh, June! Thy breezes seem bliss laden, like
 The breath of angels. Thy flower embroidered
 Robes are dripping wet with fragrance. And thy
 Smile is like the beam that gilds some mould'ring
 Tower with golden light at evening.

Oh, June!

Thy presence is a prophecy of good
 To come, a promise of the gifts our kind
 And loving Father hath in store for us,
 A whisper of fair skies and music sweet
 That all day long shall haunt the mossy woods
 Where berries red and rich lurk cunningly
 Beneath green leaves.

Oh, June! Why is thy stay
 So brief? Doth no one bid thee welcome? Dost
 Thou tire of wasting thy rare melody
 On souls attuned to grief? When thou art gone
 Why should I linger? Could I bear to see
 Thy roses dead, crushed buds and withered sweets?
 Should I not sadly miss thy gifts of love
 And pine for thy companionship? Ah, yes;
 And ever and forever would my soul
 Be longing after thee and restful sleep.
 Far better would it be, could we but be
 Exhaled together, while some loving friend
 Looked on and said "Requiescat in pace."

TO A ROBIN.

By Mary M. Currier.

Robin, robin, I am glad
 That thy bird-heart is not sad.
 Human hearts, this sunny spring,
 Often are too sad to sing,
 Though the little brooklets play,
 Flinging high the crystal spray,
 Though the hills, and vales between,
 Deck themselves with fairest green,

Though the sweet refreshing breeze
 Shakes the cradles in the trees
 Where the leaf-buds lie asleep,
 Waking them from slumber deep.
 Robin, robin, I am glad
 That thy bird-heart is not sad ;
 That thy heart is true and free,
 And thou art not, like to me,
 These bright sunny days of spring
 Too farspent and sad to sing.

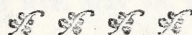
TO THE MOUNTAINS.

By Elta F. Johnson.

Though oft' I've heard you praised in song and story,
 And seen your beauties sketched by artists bold,
 With eyes uplifted to your wondrous glory,
 I cry, "The half has never yet been told."
 No human language justly can describe you ;
 No brush that e'er to mortal canvas laid,
 Could paint your ever varying beauties ;
 No hand portray thee, save His hand who made.

Ye stand as lofty monuments unto Him ;
 Far nobler than the tallest spires we raise ;
 Your sacred silence breathes His holy presence,
 Your every peak doth mutely speak his praise ;
 I claim a humble kinship to you ;
 For that same voice whose mighty "Let there be,"
 Brought forth the mountains from dark void and chaos ;
 Spake, too, the word that quickened life in me.

With many a holy thought have you inspired me,
 Full well to me your silent sermons preached ;
 For, gazing at your towering grandeur,
 Far up above your heights, my heart has reached
 Toward God, our wonderful creator,
 To whom the mountain and the plain belong ;
 And for the lessons you have mutely taught me,
 I offer unto you this humble song.



NECROLOGY

HON. ANDREW J. GUNNISON.

Hon. Andrew J. Gunnison, born in Goshen, October 30, 1822, died in San Francisco, Cal., April 26, 1902. He was one of a large family of sons and daughters, who, with the parents, Samuel and Elisabeth Gunnison, have passed to the other shore, but one sister remaining, Mrs. A. J. Cofran of Newport, and one brother A. R. Gunnison, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal. The late Capt. J. W. Gunnison was a brother who met with a tragic death in the service of his country, while conducting the first survey of the Pacific railroad.

Andrew J. Gunnison commenced the study of law in early years with Knowles & Beard in Lowell, Mass. He was admitted to practice in 1844, and became a partner with Hon. Moses Norris of Pittsfield, in that year. In 1847 he became a partner with Hon. Ithamer W. Beard at Lowell. While there he married Euphemia L. Briard, English by birth, a lady of high culture.

In 1851 he removed to San Francisco, Cal. (crossing the isthmus on mules, with his brother, A. R. Gunnison), where he had been successfully engaged in the practice of his profession until his death, at which time he was senior member of the law firm of Gunnison, Booth & Bartnette. He established a reputation as one of the solid, substantial citizens of the city and state. He had been a member of the legislature of California, representing the city and county of San Francisco.

There were many stirring events in his life worthy of note; one, only, will be mentioned in this connection. It was at the critical period in the history of California, under the administration of Governor Stanford, when an attempt was made to detach this state from the Union. In the successful resistance to this movement he played a conspicuous part, having on one occasion delivered an all night's speech in order to gain time against the secession movement, which resulted in its defeat.

He amassed a large fortune, but was ever ready to bestow a kindness wherever needed. His whole life seemed devoted to the good of others and actuated by devotion to principle and duty.

He died peacefully, honored and lamented by all who knew him. He was the last survivor of his family, and his remains were laid at rest, with those of the dear ones gone before, in Laurel Hill cemetery, San Francisco.

WARREN PARSONS, M. D.

Dr. Warren Parsons, born in Rye, May 28, 1818, died in that town May 20, 1902.

He was the son of Dr. John Wilkes and Abigail (Garland) Parsons. His

father was a surgeon in the War of 1812, and his grandfather, Dr. Joseph Parsons, raised a company in Rye and served with honor under Washington in the War of the Revolution. Three generations practised medicine from the same house, while two previous ancestors in a direct line were clergymen; Rev. Joseph Parsons, who was the first of the name to graduate at Harvard in 1697, settled at Salisbury, Mass., and Rev. Samuel Parsons, who graduated in 1730, was ordained and settled at Rye in 1736, holding his pastorate for over fifty years.

Dr. Parsons attended Hampton and Phillips Andover academies, and then taught school in Rye and studied with his father, Dr. John Wilkes Parsons. In 1840 he received an appointment in the treasury department at Washington, having been recommended to the position by Daniel Webster. In 1842 he was graduated with the degree of M. D. from the Columbia college at Washington, D. C., and practised in Rye and adjoining towns for upwards of fifty years.

He was twice married. His first wife was Sarah A. Dow of Rye. She died in 1850, leaving one son, Warren J., who died in Florida in 1895. In 1854 he married Julia Gove of Raymond, who survives him with one son, Frederick D., of Rye, two daughters, Ella M., wife of John F. Fraser, Rye Beach, and Miss Anna Decatur Parsons.

HON. SOLOMON SPALDING.

Hon. Solomon Spalding, born in Merrimack, July 20, 1811, died at Nashua, June 2, 1902.

He was a son of Solomon and Martha (McClure) Spalding, and a descendant of Edward Spalden, who came to this country from Lincolnshire, Eng., in 1630 or 1633, and located at Braintree, Mass. He was educated in the schools of his native town and went to Nashville, now Nashua, where he entered mercantile business, first as a clerk for Hugh Jameson, whom he subsequently bought out, and continued in business alone or in partnership, for more than forty years. Subsequently he engaged in banking and was president of the New Hampshire company, which owed its success to his financial ability. He was prominent in public affairs, and in early life was active in the militia, being for a time commander of the Nashua Artillery company. He was police judge of Nashua from 1873 to 1876, and was also for many years president of the Wilton railroad.

Captain Spalding was united in marriage February 24, 1834, with Sarah D. Edson, daughter of Asa C. and Thedasia Edson of Springfield, Vt., who died June 25, 1883. Seven children were born of their marriage, of whom three survive. For many years Mr. Spalding was a prominent member of the Unitarian church of Nashua, and always took a lively interest in the affairs of that parish.

JOHN D. SWAIN.

John D. Swain, born in Norwood, Mass., July 15, 1827, died in Nashua, June 3, 1902.

Mr. Swain went to Dover in his youth where he was employed as a machinist. At the outbreak of the Civil War he went to Portsmouth as foreman of the iron plate works at the navy yard, where he remained till January 1, 1880, when he received a flattering call to Nashua to take charge of the Nashua Iron and Steel

Company's plant, which he accepted. He held the position for several years, and at the end of that time was chosen supreme treasurer of the United Order of the Golden Cross, a position held by him for twenty years. He declined to have his name used for reelection last year. For a year past he has led a retired life, chiefly in caring for his real estate.

Beside a widow, formerly Elizabeth Rollins of Dover, he is survived by one daughter, Mrs. G. Ralph Leighton, of Portsmouth.

H. H. SOUTHWORTH.

Hiram Hartwell Southworth, long a prominent business man of Littleton, born in Fairlee, Vt., in February, 1829, died in Whitefield, June 3, 1902.

Mr. Southworth was a son of Ira Southworth, a soldier of the War of 1812. He received an academic education and taught school for a time in Whitefield, and was later in business there, but in 1865 removed to Littleton, where he went into partnership with the late Capt. George Farr in the proprietorship of a general store, which they conducted for several years, Captain Farr then being succeeded by others, but Mr. Southworth continuing for nearly thirty years, till his retirement from business. Meanwhile he was active in public affairs, having served several years as selectman, tax collector, member of the board of education, and trustee of the Littleton Savings bank. Mr. Southworth was three times married, his last wife, who survives him, with one son, Robert M., being a sister of Hon. Henry F. Green of Littleton.

HON. JOHN W. NOYES.

Hon. John W. Noyes, long a prominent citizen of Chester, died at his home in that town May 9.

Mr. Noyes was a native of the town of Springfield in this state, a son of Daniel and Nancy (Weare) Noyes, born January 14, 1810. In 1832 he went to Chester and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He served several years in the legislature, was a member of the executive council in 1864 and 1865, and had been a justice of the peace continuously for more than sixty years.

He was a director of the Derry bank from 1840, and president of the Derry National bank from 1864 till his death. He leaves a widow and two daughters, Mrs. William E. Greenough of Wakefield, Mass., and Miss Mary B. Noyes of Chester. He was a member of the Congregational church, and always contributed to its support in a liberal manner.
